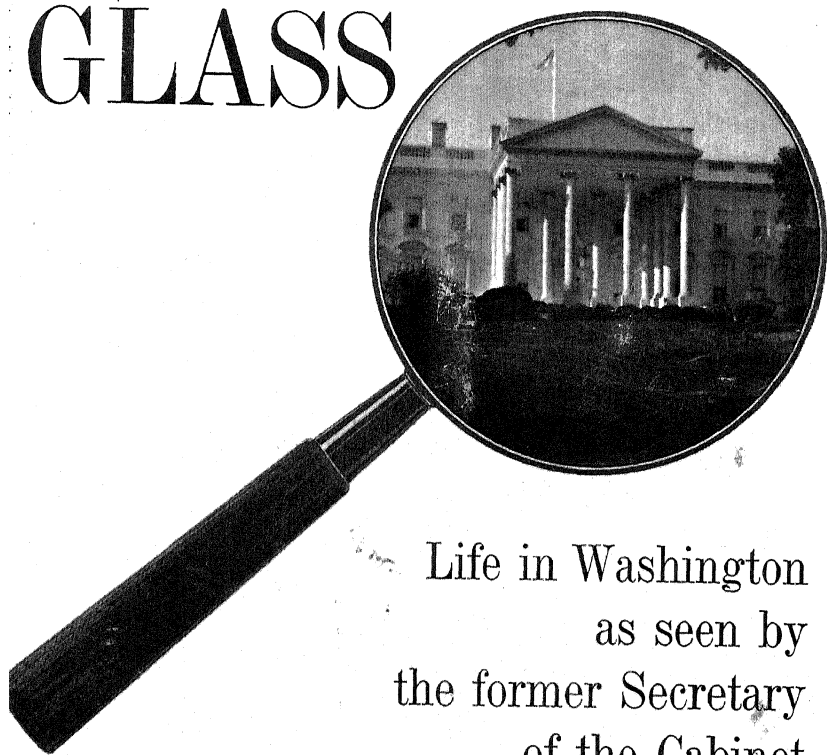


EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS



Life in Washington
as seen by
the former Secretary
of the Cabinet

ROBERT KEITH GRAY

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

ROBERT KEITH GRAY

Through these pages, warm with the words and deeds of well-known political personalities and filled with the humor of countless anecdotes, Robert Keith Gray recreates the whole vast fabric of Washington's political and social life during the later years of the Eisenhower Administration.

Recalling the days when he was Assistant to the volatile Sherman Adams, Mr. Gray tells of the tragic Goldfine episode, which deprived the President and the country of one of the most dedicated and dynamic men ever to enter government service. From the days when he served as President Eisenhower's Appointments Secretary — when he had more hour-by-hour contact with the Chief Executive than nearly any other official in the government — he writes of the visits of kings and queens, and of the days of the President's illness.

As Secretary of the Cabinet, seated two chairs from President Eisenhower, Mr. Gray witnessed the innermost functions of the Administration; he describes how, under Eisenhower, the Cabinet became one

(continued on back flap)



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Eighteen Acres under Glass

~~DEC 23 1962~~
~~LOUIS GEORGE~~

JUL 29 '68

Louis George

~~10 DEC '67~~ ~~AUG 12 '68~~

~~2 JAN~~

~~FEB 25 1963~~

West

~~APR 8~~

~~SAMUEL~~

~~MAY 29~~

Samuel

87

~~MAY 24 1963~~

~~LINCOLN~~

~~4 MAY '6~~

Lincoln

39

~~JUL 12 1963~~

Van Horn

~~JUN 17 '68~~

~~AUG 27 '68~~

~~OCT 18 1963~~

~~BLUE VALLEY~~

Blue Valley

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which perhaps within a few days I should dissent myself.

—Sir Thomas Browne (1605–82)
Religio Medici, Part I, Section VI

Robert Keith Gray

EIGHTEEN ACRES
UNDER GLASS

Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Garden City, New York

1962

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First Edition

To
G. "C. J." G.
and
D. D. E.

Preface

This is a story of devoted men and women and the President they served.

It is the story of one man's good fortune in being associated with the patriotic partisans who were an Administration.

The author acknowledges his considerable indebtedness

- . . . to those with whom he shared these experiences and who subsequently gave generously of their time to match recollections for verification;
- . . . to Miss Kay Wharton for valuable research assistance, and particularly
- . . . to the Honorable Bryce N. Harlow, deputy assistant to President Eisenhower, for his clear and penetrating counsel in the often difficult determination of which part of the story properly can be told today and which part must remain locked in the memory of the Eisenhower team, until time provides the key.

Eighteen Acres under Glass

Part One

I

WHITE HOUSE

As Dwight Eisenhower made his first full tour of the eighteen acres which constitute the White House grounds, he could not help noting their quiet beauty and the illusion of solitude in spite of the never-ending roll of traffic and tourists along its borders. Through a wide swath cut in the tall trees he had an unhampered view all the way south to the Potomac River's tidal basin and the Jefferson Memorial. He had spent many of his military years in the capital, and now he would be able to see the cherry trees in bloom—a sight for which Washington residents wait all year and then wait in line hours more as the traffic crawls within viewing distance—without leaving the south steps of his new home. He walked past the tall old magnolia planted by Andrew Jackson, which stands to the south of the President's bedroom windows and rises nearly to the parapet around the roof. During his term this great old tree would be topped (in the dark of night, to avoid the cries of tree lovers and historians) to remove the roosting place for Washington starlings that on a summer morning would awaken too early even early-riser Eisenhower. Also, during his term the tree would come to shade the only White House burial grounds, the marked graves of Gabby and Hi Glory, the deceased parakeets of the Eisenhower grandchildren.

The new President's first view of his private living quarters must have left him gaping. For in spite of the grandeur of the White House and the elegance of its public rooms, the fact remains that the President and First Lady live in what is the upstairs hall. Their individual sleeping and sitting rooms open from this space, but their family liv-

ing area is a central corridor on the third floor which, on the lower two levels, is used as a walkway.

During his military career General Eisenhower had attended social functions at the White House and had become a regular visitor to the working wings of the mansion in which the cabinet room, the President's office, and those of the staff are housed. In 1941 when he was chief of the War Plans Division of the War Department's General Staff, he had been to the "living" floor of the White House. At that time he was shown into the Lincoln Room where the late Harry L. Hopkins, confined by cancer, tended to affairs of state while propped up in the high bed built to accommodate the extra length of the Civil War President. Until 4 P.M. on the day Eisenhower was inaugurated, however, he had not taken the grand tour of the mansion with emphasis on the presidential living quarters.

Not since 1933, when the electorate had last placed the key to the White House in the pocket of an opposing political party, had there been such a wall of animosity between incoming and outgoing presidents. A novice in politics generally and political campaigns in particular, Dwight Eisenhower had been first shocked, then hurt, and finally made furious by attacks on his career, character, and good intentions by the retiring President. Mr. Truman played his partisanship with an all's-fair-in-love-and-politics abandon and, as he would demonstrate after the nomination of Senator Kennedy eight years later, considered kissing and making up a part of the sport. Mr. Eisenhower wanted no part in the ritual, and sent his representative to arrange for the transition from old administration to new, while he waited outside in the car for the retiring President and the traditional trip to the inaugural ceremonies. Upon his return he toured the premises.

II

The District of Columbia was still a territory when commissioners met on March 14, 1792, to authorize "\$500 or a medal of that value" for the best plan for a palace or President's home. Those who entered

the "contest" were asked to recommend where, on the selected site, they proposed the building be erected and were given only one guideline. It should be planned so that the central part would appear as a complete whole but would lend itself to additions or wings if they later became necessary.

The quiet grace of the most famous residence in its hemisphere is all the more wondrous, considering some of the designs first submitted. The architect of the original Capitol, Dr. William Thornton, suggested a Versaillesian monument in which no less than a king, convinced of the divinity of his ordination, could have felt at home. Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, submitted his entry under a fictitious name, possibly (as he said) because he did not wish unfairly to influence the commissioners, or perhaps because this man of vision was able to foresee that his design, by the twentieth century, would look more like a small-town library than the home of a giant nation's Chief Executive.

The site had been selected by President Washington and the French-born engineer, Major Pierre L'Enfant, whom Washingtonians, with an ineptitude for French pronunciation which still survives, called "Major Longfont."

The prize was won by James Hoban, an Irishman trained in Dublin. His design followed the exterior lines of Leinster House, where the Irish Parliament still meets today. Hoban not only designed the building, but was overseer of its construction and its first superintendent.

Some of the funds to finance the project were obtained by selling government-owned lands in the District of Columbia and by gifts from Maryland and Virginia. The first estimate for building Hoban's original design was \$400,000. At the announcement of this fat figure, the Congress—with a penchant for thrift that has *not* survived—demanded a reduction in size. Even in its more modest construction, however, Thomas Jefferson insisted it was "big enough for two emperors, one Pope and the Grand Lama [sic]."

When President and Mrs. John Adams became the first tenants in November 1800, the great sandstone house was as unfinished inside as the city outside its doors. Water was carried by hand from Franklin Park nearly five blocks away. The building would have a wine cellar before it would have its own well. There was no plumbing, no central

heating, many frames were without doors, and a yawning hole indicated where the main stairway would be erected when time and funds permitted. The family had to enter the house by temporary wooden stairs. Not a room was ready for occupancy. Workmen lived in tents and sheds on unfenced grounds so denuded of trees that the servants could find no outside place to hang the wash and Mrs. Adams, not realizing she was establishing one of the legends about the residence which would be known by every history student for generations to come, ordered the laundry strung up in the ballroom.

President Adams had not favored moving the capital from Philadelphia in the first place, and his wife's displeasure at the state of "this great castle" further depleted his enthusiasm. While the first, Adams was not to be the last to move with some reluctance into the only rent-free dwelling provided for an elected official of the United States Government. Some 150 years later, on January 20, 1953, Adams' mood, in part, if not his reasons, was matched again as Dwight David Eisenhower, escorted by the chief usher, toured the building which was to be his home for eight years. As they passed along the ground-floor corridor, the new President stopped before a shallow marble alcove on which had been chiseled, "The White House was reconstructed during the term of Harry S. Truman, President of the United States . . ." Mr. Eisenhower told the usher he had spotted the perfect place for his favorite painting. "Of course, Mr. President," the usher replied, "and what is your favorite painting?" His favorite painting, the President is reputed to have answered, would be the one that covered up Mr. Truman's advertisement.

III

Between the hours of 10 A.M. and twelve noon, five days a week, the President and First Lady are reminded that their home is public property. On Sundays the mansion is theirs; on Mondays it is taken over by the cleaners who prepare it for the next week's onslaught. During the ten hours a week when it is open to the public, the White

House is invaded by an endless procession of tourists for whom it is history, government, Washington, and patriotism all rolled into one. At the height of the season they number more than 10,000 a day in a queue that winds outside the East Gate and halfway along the eight-foot steel fence that encircles the grounds. The number of Americans who tour the White House each year is now greater than the total population of the United States when the mansion was first tenanted.

These touring visitors represent the widest possible extremes of Americana. They come in mink coats and sweat shirts, they come in Daks and blue jeans and cashmeres, and they come in sneakers. But however different their dress, they have a common denominator in their possessive pride and open awe. Whether they be one-time tourists or nonpartisan employees of various administrations, there is a lump in the throat of the most sophisticated with the realization that part of this is theirs.

In five years I could never become blasé enough to be unmoved when the big gates opened for me each morning.

Those who see the mansion during the public tour go through six abreast and receive two admonitions from the guards—"Keep moving" and "Don't touch anything." For a lucky few, mostly top constituents and relatives of congressmen and senators, there is an early morning tour which is more satisfying. This small group sees the china room where pieces from the official table service of past administrations are on display.

The paneling, woodwork, and beamed ceiling of this beautiful room were hewn from old White House timbers removed during the 1949-51 restoration. Here nearly 200 years of America's history is symbolized by the dishes that have served her great. Mrs. Eisenhower reorganized the display in chronological order, starting with the Sèvres state dinner service George Washington ordered from France. When she did so she found five administrations were not represented because Presidents Andrew Johnson, William Howard Taft, Warren Harding, Calvin Coolidge, and Herbert Hoover had not bought an official service during their terms. With the help of her secretary, Mary Jane McCaffree, and the advice of a Smithsonian Institution expert in White House history, she tracked down a dinner cup and saucer from the Harding Museum in Ohio; four Spode plates from the service

of Calvin Coolidge; two Wedgwood plates to represent the Hoovers, and three different patterns that had belonged to the Tafts. In May 1959 she obtained a Lyons sugar bowl that had belonged to Andrew Johnson, and the collection was completed.

The most famous piece in the collection is the Dolley Madison punch bowl. Of French porcelain and thirty inches high, it is believed to be the oldest piece remaining in continuous White House possession since its purchase. The punch bowl is not the fourth First Lady's only contribution, for the collection also contains two ornaments made from Dolley Madison's hair.

The Eisenhower state china was Castleton, a light cream color with the presidential seal and a four-inch border in heavy gold. After the close of each administration the official china eventually is returned to the factory where all of it is destroyed except for the sample that takes its place with the historic collection in the lighted, built-in cases of the china room.

One of the White House wags once told me of an almost irrepressible desire to hide a dime-store plate under his coat and join a special tour group in the china room. He proposed to stand in the back of the crowd, and when the ushering guard had his charges spellbound with the impressive story of the collection's value and rarity, he would drop his piece of cheap chinaware onto the hard tile floor.

During Mrs. Eisenhower's terms as First Lady the famous painting of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge by Howard Chandler Christy hung in the china room. This full-length portrait captures the famous beauty of Grace Coolidge and was painted when the flapper vogue prevailed. As originally completed, it revealed a considerable length of the First Lady's legs in the style of the day. As time passed and the high-hemline fad with it, the numbers increased of those who thought the painting was not only undignified but portrayed a woman out of character with the genteel First Lady. In 1924 artist Christy was summoned back to the White House and, with the aid of his oil paints, let the hem out of his subject's dress. The picture now shows Mrs. Coolidge, a lady to her toes, in formal dress standing with her white collie, Prudence Prim, on the south lawn of the mansion. The alteration in his wife's portrait must have pleased President Coolidge. At the time the picture was painted it is said he was uneasy about the

racy, crimson-red color used in his wife's dress and suggested to the artist that he use white instead. When Christy argued for the red dress because it would contrast with the white collie, the President suggested he paint Mrs. Coolidge in the white dress and do the dog in red.

From the china room tour groups used to move into the Oval Room, or Diplomatic Reception Room, next door to the room where F.D.R. broadcast his fireside chats. Late in 1960 this room was refurnished with authentic federal period furniture and a hand-hooked rug the shape of the room with the seals of the fifty states. After the refurnishing a chain went across the doorway and the room joined the spaces out of bounds for tourists.

Outside the entrance to the Diplomatic Reception Room, the guard calls the group's attention to the President's seal—in silver—above the doorway. This historic piece was embedded in the floor in the main entranceway for forty-six years, and famous feet have worn down its definitions like a well-circulated silver dollar. Still, it is easy to show the visitor that in the old seal the eagle's head was turned toward the claw clutching arrows, signifying power and war. In the new seal the eagle's head faces the claw filled with olive branches, signifying peace. The seal is used like a family crest and appears on chinaware and bed linen. A replica is even set into the side of the presidential bathtub.

Along the ground-floor corridor are several paintings to interest tourists. Two of them are the portraits of two first ladies who were also presidents—one of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison in the gown she wore to the first White House tea for members of the D.A.R., of which she was President General; the other a portrait of Mrs. Herbert Hoover as National President of the Girl Scouts of America. Actually the original Girl Scout-commissioned painting of Mrs. Hoover hangs in the National Board Room of the organization's New York headquarters. It was unfinished when the Hoover administration closed. The Girl Scouts later were reluctant to relinquish it to the White House, and President Hoover presented the White House another portrait of Mrs. Hoover in the name of the Girl Scouts. Mrs. Eisenhower's official portrait by New York artist Thomas E. Stephens is also a copy of the original, which hangs at Gettysburg.

There are several other paintings in the White House that are

valuable and historic, yet not the artist's original works. In the Eisenhower cabinet room one of the Gilbert Stuart portraits of George Washington hung above the mantel. This portrait was commissioned by Martha Washington and, although she paid for it, she never received it. Stuart, realizing that to paint the first President was a rare opportunity, deferred the painting's delivery to the First Lady. Whenever she went to see him about it, he told her he was not quite satisfied with the shoulder line. She died, having never received the painting for which she had paid, and Stuart continued to turn out copies of the original. Estimates of the number of his forgeries vary. One source puts the figure as high as ninety-two.

From the lower level on, the special group takes the same route as the public tour. But it moves at a slow pace under the leadership of guards who are fountainheads of White House historical information and can give the origin and cost of every object in every room. In the East Room, or ballroom, they point out the famous standing portrait of George Washington, started by Gilbert Stuart in 1797. John Adams' son-in-law posed for the unfinished limbs and body when the work later was completed by Winstanley. This masterpiece was hanging in the same position in the same room when the British stormed the city in 1814. According to the story told to White House tourists, Mrs. Madison was having evening dinner when word was received that the British were burning the city. She slipped away from the table and, taking with her the carving knife and a butler, went down the semilighted corridors of the mansion to the ballroom where she held the chair as her servant cut the Stuart painting out of its frame. When he had done so she calmly rolled it up and carried it with her cherished possessions to safety. This story, so often told that it has the ring of credulity, is not substantiated by the facts as Mrs. Madison herself recorded them in some papers she kept for her husband. She wrote that the picture was screwed to the wall, that there was no time to unfasten it, and she ordered the frame torn apart. The canvas, however, was never cut. The painting she so carefully saved, by whatever means, now stands again in the same location as a tangible tie between present and past.

The East Room is impressive whether filled with guests or populated only with potted palms. Its walls and ornamentation—all of

carved wood rather than the cast plaster used in other parts of the mansion—are painted gray-white. Its draperies are lemon-gold silk and its inlaid floors are kept at a high polish. Each of the three chandeliers has 12,000 crystal prisms which are cleaned by hand twice a year. These chandeliers were donated anonymously in 1902, weigh 600 pounds each, and are controlled by rheostats so their brilliance can be lowered to simulate candlelight. The bodies of five of America's presidents have lain in state in this room. It was also the scene for the weddings of Nellie Grant Sartoris and Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

From the ballroom those on the special tour walk through the Green Room where their guard-guide tells them the hand-tufted rug is a reproduction of the old Aubusson originally on the floor. In the Blue Room they note the gold reproductions of the presidential seal woven into the royal blue silk that covers the walls. The wedding of Grover Cleveland—one of America's two bachelor presidents—took place in this room in 1886. It was the scene for the christening of an Eisenhower grandchild in 1955. Here, as in the Red Room next door, is one of the twenty-four Louis XV white Italian Carrara marble mantels ordered by Irishman Hoban in 1816. After a glimpse of the State Dining Room and the mansion's only sterling silver chandelier, recently gilded as part of Mrs. Kennedy's renovations, the special tour group exits under the giant columns of the North Portico.

IV

A visit to the nation's number-one tourist attraction is a satisfying experience to patriotic Americans who do not realize how little of the White House they have seen. Although they have visited the most historic of them, their tour has taken them through only seven of one hundred and thirty-two rooms! Nevertheless, between the time they enter on East Executive Avenue and leave through the Northeast Gate on Pennsylvania, they have walked the equivalent of several blocks. Because they are giving such rapt attention to the spaces they

are shown, tourists seldom ask what is behind the closed doors at their backs. When they enter the corridor connecting the East Wing to the main mansion, for example, the view through the windows on the south draws their curiosity away from the doors on the north. Behind these doors is the President's movie theater, as luxurious as any in the world. The wide-angle screen is set behind a gold shimmer curtain, and the other three walls are covered with heavy draperies for better acoustics. For the First Family there are four overstuffed chairs in the front row. Behind this "loge" section are sixty elegant, if uncomfortable, gilded period chairs covered in blue silk. The presidential family can see any movie currently showing in Washington by exchanging reels with a local theater. By advising Eric Johnston at the Motion Picture Association's headquarters at Sixteenth and I streets, the White House also can obtain for future showings any movie ever made. The movie operator who served the Eisenhowers was in the control booth during the Truman years as well. He tells an amusing story about Margaret Truman, who was only twenty-one when her father succeeded to the presidency. She was delighted to learn that she could view any movie she might command in her own private theater. Her favorite was *The Scarlet Pimpernel* with Leslie Howard. Miss Truman had it shown so many times the operator learned all of the parts by heart.

Unknowingly, the tourist passes by the White House library begun by Herbert Hoover. Across the hall from the Diplomatic Reception Room he misses a look inside the vaulted old kitchens, now serving as the White House broadcasting studios. Even those few who see inside the china room do not realize they are next door to a space that would be heavily guarded if in less secure quarters. This room contains the nation's gold service, settings for 100 people, originally acquired by President James Monroe in 1818. During his long diplomatic service abroad Monroe developed excellent taste and high standards, and his personal household furnishings were purchased from the homes of French nobility, made poor by the French Revolution. There was not time to assemble proper furniture for Executive Mansion entertaining before the new First Family moved in, and the government, figuring the cost to the last cent, bought many of Mon-

roe's own furnishings, including a table service for thirty of French gilded porcelain and silver plate, made by Fauconnier, consisting of thirty-six knives with silver gilt blades and mother-of-pearl handles inlaid with gold shields.

At the close of Monroe's administration the White House custodian died leaving \$20,000 unaccounted for. There resulted an outcry by one congressman over the money Monroe had received from the government years earlier for his furniture, and to silence this protest Monroe repurchased much of it. The gold service, however, remained. The tourist does not see, adjoining the State Dining Room, the private dining room with the White House's only candle-burning chandelier.

The White House is America's earliest split level. The slope of the grounds gives it one more visible level on the south than on the north. Although the building is exposed to public view on all sides, on the north a truck-size tunnelway conceals delivery wagons and service vehicles as they make necessary calls. The tourist sees part of two floors of the White House; there are six floors in all—two below ground which extend out under the lawns and contain kitchens, heating and ventilating equipment, a dental office, and an extensive bomb shelter. The fifth level, above the ballroom floor, was originally a combination of family living quarters and executive offices. Cabinet meetings were held on this level in the Monroe Room until the Civil War.

Even during Lincoln's tenure anyone who wanted to see the President could open the front door, ascend the main stairs, and take his place in line. As the President moved from room to room those in the halls would badger him with their petitions. The crowd of office seekers at one point became so pressing that Lincoln spread the word he thought he was coming down with smallpox.

During the 1902 reconstruction, the first in nearly ninety years, "Teddy" Roosevelt moved the executive offices to "temporary" quarters in a new West Wing where they remain today, and the fifth level of the mansion was turned over completely to the First Family and its guests. On this floor the wide hall is divided into thirds with the center used as a connecting hallway and the two ends used as sitting rooms. The President's study is off the center hallway. It is oval, as are the Blue Room and the Diplomatic Reception Room on the two

levels beneath it, and, during the Eisenhowers' occupancy, was a museum of the President's war mementos, decorations, and gifts from foreign governments. On the east end of this floor are the Rose Suite, otherwise known as the Queen's Rooms, and the Lincoln bedroom where the Victorian furniture, ornately carved bed, and Brussels carpet with yellow roses and green leaves make the perfect setting for Lincoln's handwritten copy of the Gettysburg Address on the marble-topped bed table. On the west end are the First Lady's quarters and the presidential bedroom, which has eighteenth-century English furniture. The bedrooms on the sixth floor are smaller and are furnished in eighteenth-century reproductions of the Williamsburg collection. There is a linoleum-covered playroom on the east end of this floor and seven large storage rooms on the north that extend out over the portico unseen by the pedestrian below. On the south side of this floor is "Space #337," the sunroom or solarium. From this level a ramp leads up to the roof-top penthouse where Dwight Eisenhower liked to grill a steak for the family dinner.

V

In the middle of a formal reception in January 1948, President Truman heard an unnatural tinkling of the Blue Room crystal chandelier directly over the spot where he and Mrs. Truman were receiving their guests. The Commissioner of Public Buildings was among those present. The President shared his concern with the commissioner, and the latest restoration had its beginning.

Today there is a feeling of solid sturdiness about the White House which marks its recent renovation as a masterpiece of structural engineering. New underpinnings were put down twenty-four feet deep under the outside walls. The interior was completely removed and then set in a steel frame.

Other reconstructions, which attempted only aesthetically pleasant remodeling, had been performed too fast and on budgets too meager for satisfactory results.

In the early morning of August 15, 1814, only hours after the British-built fire that gutted the mansion the night before, Washington was hit by a hurricane and with it a deluge of rain. As the water cascaded down onto the fire-hot stones of the inner partitions, some of them exploded and left great cavities in the bearing walls on which the mansion was then reconstructed. In 1927 a new roof of fireproof construction was added to aged supports not originally built to receive additional loading. Through the years supporting timbers were cut into for pipes and wiring and air-conditioning ducts. At the time of the renovation the East Room ceiling, weighing seventy pounds to the square inch, was found to be sagging six inches. According to Buildings Commissioner Reynolds, the second floor was staying up "purely from habit."

The extensive remodeling, which cost \$5,761,000, gave an excuse for making other needed changes in the mansion. The main stairs, which previously had not been visible from the entrance foyer, were opened. The dark, somber-toned oak of the State Dining Room—from the ancestral home of George Washington—was painted light green. (It has since been changed to white by Mrs. Kennedy.) Heating, ventilation, and air-conditioning systems were set up to accommodate the extremes of White House usage from the slight demands of the official family and household personnel to the thousands during visiting hours or at receptions. Temperature and humidity in each room now can be adjusted from a central master-control panel which is connected to 106 thermostats. For the first time in the history of the mansion every space can be heated as desired—even the cold and drafty northeast end of the ballroom, of which Andrew Jackson said, "Hell itself couldn't heat that corner."

Eight antennas, one for each Washington channel for each of two TV sets, were placed inconspicuously on the roof. To furnish an uninterrupted water supply, duplicate services were brought in from two directions. A complete laundry was installed, as was a built-in vacuum-cleaning system, an incinerator, and fire alarm. Until the renovation no adequate fire protection was provided for, and there were insufficient means of escape. There were no proper exits on either the second or third floors, which presented a special problem to the Secret Service during the term of Franklin Roosevelt. Those responsible for

protecting the crippled President rigged a plan for evacuation. They constructed a canvas chute outside his bedroom window and planned in the event of an emergency to place him on the chute and slide him down to the lawn where an automobile stood ready for service night and day during the war period.

The walls of the White House are of gray sandstone, quarried at Aquia Creek, Virginia. They were not painted until 1817 when President Monroe ordered the job done to obliterate the marks of the fire set by the British three years earlier. Not until 1902, when President Theodore Roosevelt first had the name engraved on his stationery, did the Executive Mansion become officially known as "The White House." Actually, the White House is not white, but a white-gray. I mentioned this to a visitor I was taking through during the summer of 1960. She looked like a youngster who had been told the truth about Santa Claus. Her disillusionment was complete when she glanced out the south windows of the east corridor and saw a groundsman, equipped with a tank on his back, spraying green coloring on the browning grass.

Presidents could be forgiven if they assumed the White House was under the perpetual care of an unseen hand. Repairs are made during presidential absences, full-grown trees are planted and whole banks of azaleas replaced, the mess cleaned up and the paint dry before the Chief Executive returns.

The public tour winds around the East Wing in which Howard Pyle, former governor of Arizona and brother of Ernie Pyle, had his office during the Eisenhower years. During tour periods, bald Governor Pyle had to keep his curtains closed at his office windows. If he did not, his work was interrupted whenever some youngster peered in, saw the top of Pyle's head over the high back of his leather chair, and pounded on the window, shouting, "Hey, Mom! Look! It's Ike!"

The chances of a Washington visitor seeing the President are not so great as the tourist expects. Occasionally the queue waiting for entrance to the White House will be treated with the sight of the Chief Executive's helicopter taking off from the south grounds. A few will catch a glimpse of him in the main-floor corridor when the guard pulls the heavy curtains aside for an instant to admit a staff man. Those with good vision may spot him walking along the west ramp to

his office. The best opportunity comes on those days when a visiting head of state arrives—generally planned at noon or five o'clock when a ready-made crowd is on the sidewalk—and the President accompanies his guest from the airport along an announced parade route. These occasions—second only to the Marine Corps Review on Friday summer evenings—present the most recurrent high spectacle in the nation's capital.

At least one of the service marching bands precedes the presidential party, as do military units, all spit and polish, their chromed bayonets fixed—and not a round of live ammunition among them. Motorcycle policemen pass out small flags to those on the curbs—flags of America and the country of her honored foreign guest. The foreign visitor stands in the slow-moving car, waving to the crowd which waves excitedly back at the man sitting beside him—the man the crowd turned out to see—the President of the United States. Few tourists get closer than this to the President, and most of these see him through the view finders on their cameras.

When one of them does meet the Chief Executive face to face, the moment is a high point of his Washington visit, but it is, nevertheless, a moment he expected from the start. The typical reaction was demonstrated by my two nephews who were on hand when President Eisenhower swore me in as secretary to the Cabinet. After the ceremony they shook hands with the President and spoke for a minute with him. Later in the day they toured the FBI. When they returned to Nebraska they told their friends, "Guess what—I went to Washington and I got to meet J. Edgar Hoover!" *Of course* they had seen the President—why else does one go to the capital?

For visitors who happened through the tour at Christmas time, Mrs. Eisenhower arranged a special treat. She placed twenty-seven Christmas trees in the public rooms and purchased for display in the East Room a three-part tableau depicting the Nativity (which she later gave to the White House). As Christmas visitors came from the State Dining Room, they looked down the long corridor of the Great Hall, its wide red carpet flanked with ivory marble columns wrapped in spirals of evergreen and crowned with glistening chandeliers. At the end of their view stood a twenty-foot natural balsam decorated with thirty pounds of tinsel and a snow of white lights.

VI

At noon guards retreat to their positions beside potted palms, sweepers follow the last tourist to the door, velvet ropes are put aside, carpets are rolled down, and five miraculous minutes later the mansion turns once more from museum to home.

The years of service of many guards span several administrations. They are an efficient, good-natured group with an admirable ability to roll with the daily demands made of them. They have seen presidents come and go, and whether their problem is a petulant presidential assistant, an upset housekeeper, or corridor bike riding by First Family children, their stoicism is a constant reminder that "this, too, will pass."

Except for a bad week or two of August heat and some dreary ones in January and February, White House guards stationed at the gatehouses have the more interesting time of it. For the varieties in the American citizenry which spice the house guards' hours during the tours are the gate guards' all day and into the night.

Gate guards get the first brush with citizens wanting to see the President, and their inability to make any appointment for him does not deter the public from trying every conceivable scheme to get them to do so. One woman sat down in the gatehouse and announced she intended to stay there until she was granted a presidential interview. When she refused to respond to reason the guard on duty stepped outside to hail another for assistance. When they returned to the gatehouse they found the woman had taken off all her clothes. Unless she was given an interview with the President, she threatened, she would run outside the gate and scream to the passing hundreds that she had been compromised in the White House.

A second young woman tried to arrange her presidential interview with the aid of a one-woman picket. In an action by the government her family property in Texas had been legally condemned to make way for an air base. Although fairly reimbursed for the property, the family understandably was upset by the decision. An exchange of let-

ters with the White House failed to convince them that the President, while fully sympathetic, could not interfere. In an attempt to persuade him the family placed a steel chain around the neck of the oldest daughter, fastened it with a heavy padlock, and sent the President the key along with a letter stating the daughter would remain in bondage until the President yielded.

A week later the daughter arrived in the company of an aunt, and the two paraded back and forth in front of the White House to the amusement of passing tourists and the delight of news photographers. At his press conference that Wednesday Mr. Eisenhower was asked by a member of the press what he intended to do about his "slave." The President, thoroughly annoyed with the stunt, told the newsmen he would look to them to inform the girl he was having the key delivered to the gatehouse where it could be picked up from the guard whenever she was ready to stop the nonsense. Late that afternoon the girl asked the guard for the key. With her aunt's help she unlocked the padlock, removed the coils of chain, and, before the astonished guard could stop her, slipped the chain around the bars of the great steel gate, snapped the padlock shut, deposited the key down her bosom, and lost herself in the gathered crowd. Locked inside, the frustrated guard could not go after the key. A metalsmith sawed through the chain twenty minutes later, but in the interim a young Texas girl had singlehandedly managed to close off at least one presidential access to the outside world.

Holiday time brings some citizens to the White House gates in outlandish garb in keeping with the season. "Hardhearted" guards must turn away several in Uncle Sam suits each Fourth of July and a rash of Santas who appear at Christmas with gifts they want to deliver personally to the First Family. In 1960, at Easter time, an old gentleman with white hair and white beard appeared. He was dressed in white and at the end of a long white cord led a big white rabbit—for the President, of course.

It is a further commentary on the idiosyncrasies of the public that gate guards must be doubled when the moon is full.

The tall gates insulate both those in the White House from the world outside and the gate guards from the turmoil within. To those inside the White House, May 16, 1960, will always be known as the

Day of the Summit. This was the day Khrushchev announced in Paris the withdrawal of his invitation to Eisenhower. Each line of the news ticker was more ominous than the one before it and in a furious exchange the Khrushchev invitation to Moscow collapsed. I was late leaving my office that evening, and as I passed the gate guard I said weakly, "What a day this has been, eh?" He took a deep breath of the spring air, turned his face up to the night sky, and said, "Beautiful, just beautiful!"

Excitement for grounds guards comes in spurts. During the Eisenhower administration the summer months brought several garden parties or receptions for wounded veterans, conventioners such as members of the American Bar Association, and political groups. With a colorfully uniformed military band set on one of the rolling green knolls beside the fountains, Mrs. Eisenhower liked to have ice cream served from big silver bowls placed on tables under red and white striped tents. Few other ingredients were needed for a successful party with the gleaming mansion as a backdrop. On such occasions the grounds guards, who otherwise spent days on end without a soul to talk to, would puff up proudly with the air of ownership and an attitude of "so nice you could come."

And of course they could count on the excitement of the yearly Easter-egg roll, a tradition started by Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes in 1878, discontinued under Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1941, and reinstated by the Eisenhowers their first year in the White House. Actually, this occasion, held the Monday after the official holiday, could better be called the Easter-egg throw or, at best, the Easter-egg toss. No eggs are supplied by the White House, so the participants bring along whatever is left from their celebrations at home. Some tourists, caught with disappointed children on their hands, go to nearby hotels and have eggs hard-boiled at twenty-five cents apiece.

I could never figure out what the children were supposed to do with their eggs, and apparently this is a problem that has never been solved by the ingenuity of youth, either. Once inside the grounds, they spend five minutes listening to the band music and looking over the lay of the land. After a relatively quiet start one young boy will drop an egg to the ground, a second will nudge it with his toe, a third will punt it over the bandstand, and the battle is on. To protect the

landscaping from the melee, every bush and tree is barricaded with snow fencing in extreme preparations which take most of the week before Easter.

The first "egg day" he was in office President Eisenhower strolled out in the middle of the afternoon and walked along the snow fence shaking hands. The crush of those in the back rows proved too rough for some of the smaller tots next to the fence, however, and in subsequent years he made his appearance, if at all, from the second-floor balcony of the mansion.

One of the few rules of the White House egg roll is that adults are admitted only in the company of a child. Enterprising youngsters stand outside the gates and, for twenty-five cents, walk an adult inside. After you have seen a Boston dowager professing motherhood for a little colored girl who has her by the hand, you realize that integration needs only the right incentive to make it work.

The most pathetic figure on egg-roll day is the head gardener at the White House, who stands by helplessly and near tears, watching thousands of young feet grind egg yolks and jelly beans into his beloved sod.

Both gate and ground guards are members of the Park Police under the aegis of the Interior Department. Their primary function, of course, is to act as a first bulwark of defense for the President. The times when an unauthorized person gets past these men, to be challenged by the members of the Secret Service whose stations are much nearer the President, are rare indeed.

There was one occasion during the thirties when President Roosevelt, sitting in his study, looked up from his work to see the jubilant yet frightened face of a young stranger. A college freshman, this young man had taken the dare of his friends, scaled the fence, crossed the lawn, entered the mansion, and made his way undetected to the second-floor living quarters. Realizing the number of check points at which the boy could have been shot, Roosevelt was furious with him and gave him a tongue lashing of the roughest terms. To the guards who let this one-in-a-million slip by them, he gave the roughest punishment of all—he never allowed them to give their alibis or discuss the matter in his presence.

One surprised teen-ager once received royal treatment in a case of

mistaken identity. He was trying to see as much of the capital city as he could during a two-hour layover between airplanes and had hired a taxi driver to show him the sights. He asked the driver to pull up to the big White House gates so he could have a long look at the mansion inside. He arrived at the moment the First Family was waiting dinner for the young son of a couple already at the White House. The invited boy was later than they had expected, and to speed his arrival, the head usher had sent word to the gate to admit him without delay. When the tourist's taxi approached, the gate opened swiftly and the guards signaled the astonished driver to proceed up the circular drive to the main doors at the North Portico. There the door of the cab was opened by the White House ushers and the boy ceremoniously escorted up to the private living quarters where he came face to face with the President of the United States.

Late in the Eisenhower administration, and in broad daylight, a man entered the grounds and worked his way to within twenty yards of the President's office. He had equipped himself with a ladder, a rake, a brush, and a pail of red paint. At the far end of the grounds, he put the ladder against the fence, scaled it, and let himself down on the inside. Then, after painting a couple of fence rails red, just in case anyone had wondered what he was up to to that point, he picked up his rake and moved three hundred yards toward the Executive Wing, whistling nonchalantly, walking backward, and raking leaves all the way. Natural as his reverse approach appeared, he had failed to anticipate its weak point. Except for egg rolls and tea parties, the big expanse of the south lawn lies so monotonously quiet that a guard stationed there would, out of boredom, come out of his guard shack and strike up a conversation with any workman who came within hailing distance. It was discovered that the man was under psychiatric treatment, and because it had been announced in the papers that the President would not be at the White House that afternoon, the culprit was not dealt with severely—particularly after it was determined that all he had wanted to do was to take his brush and his bucket of red paint into the President's office and letter the words "I Quit" upon the wall!

VII

Whereas the uniformed members of the Park Police stationed at the White House have the dual functions of guard and guide, there is no duplication in the assignments of members of the Secret Service. Their job is to protect the Chief Executive and his family. They are a gregarious group after hours, but on duty they are all business and as rough as the circumstances necessitate. If a bystander raises a camera or a purse too quickly too close to their charge, the presidential protection detail does not waste time inquiring about motives.

Friends of the First Family, too, occasionally are reminded of the serious business which absorbs these guards. A former-acquaintance and Hyde Park neighbor once drove down to Pennsylvania where President Roosevelt was scheduled to speak. As the Secret Service escorted the President down the aisle to the speaker's stand his friend called, "Hi, Frank," and reached for his hand. Before the President could acknowledge the greeting his bodyguards had sent his greeter sprawling under a row of seats.

Benjamin Harrison was the last President to go where he wanted, day or night, without the annoyance or the safety of a security detail. In Grover Cleveland's term presidential guards were increased from three to twenty-seven. The number and their efficiency have further increased over the years.

Members of the Secret Service assigned to guard the President are among the most photographed yet least recognized members of society. In hundreds of thousands of pictures taken of the Chief Executive both at home and abroad they are the "unidentified" men in the picture, not always in focus but always there. They go unnoticed because public attention as well as the photographers' cameras are focused on the man they are sworn to protect. They are identifiable as a group but nearly impossible to describe as individuals. They do not wear glasses or grow mustaches, are neither so short nor so tall as to draw attention. They wear dull-colored clothing neither too correct nor too casual. Even their facial expressions do not set them off from

the crowd, for they manage to look alert without showing interest, detached without appearing bored.

James Rowley, appointed chief of the Secret Service in 1961, commanded the White House detail during the Eisenhower terms from a small 8×10 foot office off the lobby in the West Wing. Beside his desk stood a yellowed American flag which was one of the props used by those who picketed the White House in 1953 in protest of the sentence of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, condemned to death for giving America's atomic-bomb secrets to the Russians. When word was passed out to the pickets that the executions had taken place and they should move on, the protesters threw down the placards they had been carrying and, as easily, discarded on the sidewalk the United States flag that no longer served their purpose. Rowley kept this flag in his office as a reminder to his men that danger to their country and to its head may come wrapped in apparent patriotism.

A second reminder to which the attention of new members of the White House detail is particularly called was a printed excerpt from a work by David Rankin Barbee which hung on the wall across from Rowley's desk. It read: "When John Wilkes Booth approached he was stopped by the sentry and told that he could not enter. 'This is the President's box, Sir,' said Forbes, 'no one is permitted to enter.' 'I am a Senator,' responded Booth, 'Mr. Lincoln has sent for me. I must see him on important business.' *His gentlemanly and gentil appearance deceived the sentinel who allowed him to pass to the President's box.*"

It would not be in the public interest to discuss the ways in which the White House Secret Service detail efficiently and effectively protects the life of the nation's number-one citizen. Still, it is no secret that their success depends as much on advance planning and preparations for the President's movements outside the White House as it does on the protective measures they take during the time he is "exposed." Those who have been in charge of arrangements for a meeting at which a President of the United States has appeared know that behind the casual appearance given the Chief Executive's participation have gone myriads of plans with details and positions worked out in advance on one or more "dry runs."

These details are carried out with such quiet competence that the

President and those around him frequently forget they have been tended to. Early in 1960, President Eisenhower was invited to make a few remarks at a national meeting of the Young Republicans at Washington's Willard Hotel. In addition to hearing his remarks, the Y.R.s wanted to present him with a scroll of honor, and I went along with the President to brief him on what was going to take place and to suggest one or two things he might say. We rode in his long, closed Cadillac. I sat on the President's left, and in front of us, at what appeared to be a half city block away and behind a glass partition, sat Jim Rowley and the driver. Only the Treasury Building and the Washington Hotel separate the White House from the Willard, and I was talking rapidly to finish my briefing before we arrived. Instead of turning right at Pennsylvania Avenue to the hotel's front entrance, we continued north to enter from its F Street side. When we did not make the first turn the President said, "Hummm. I thought we would turn there." Suddenly it occurred to me that I had not given Rowley any directions. "Driver," I shouted, forgetting that the glass curtain soundproofed the back seat, "we want to go to the Willard." "Relax, Bob," said the President, one of the few to make understatements in Washington during that election year. "These fellows always know where I am going."

Even in short jaunts around Washington the Secret Service takes the Chief Executive over different routes coming and going, and their tactics and their speed are unpredictable. I once accompanied President Eisenhower to the government auditorium located in the Commerce Department Building on Constitution Avenue. On the trip to our destination our car traveled alone, stopped patiently at red lights, and gave every appearance of being just one more government limousine making its appointed rounds. As we sat waiting for the traffic lights to change it was amusing to see an occasional pedestrian look into the car and find himself face to face with his President. He would look hard, blink, look back again, and then as his jaw dropped open the lights would change and the car would take off, leaving the hapless citizen trying to find words to convince a skeptical wife that *that* man in *that* car *was* Dwight Eisenhower.

On our return we had escorts fore and aft and traveled at high speed with sirens going. On this occasion the President's car followed

directly behind the open black Cadillac touring sedan, 1955 vintage, known by the Secret Service as the Black Maria. Its top was down and a driver and three members of the service sat with an assortment of their arsenal inside. The moment the President was seated in his car, the caravan began to move and two Secret Service men who had been standing beside the President's car ran up to the Black Maria and jumped for the wide running boards and chrome handrails along its sides. The car was moving at a good clip when the man on the curb side made his jump, missed the handrail, was caught by the rear fender, and was thrown into the gutter. As our car passed we looked back to see with relief that the injured man was out of the line of traffic; and although his gun had been knocked out of its concealed holster, his trousers torn, and his knee and face bloodied, he did not appear to be too seriously hurt. The incident disturbed the President, but he could not hide the soldier's admiration for the self-discipline evident in the car ahead. "Did you notice?" he asked in awe. "They didn't even look back."

Although their mission is singular, members of the Secret Service perform a variety of functions to accomplish it. They direct the methods under which incoming packages are fluoroscoped and examined, and they oversee the extensive precautions that are taken to safeguard presidential communications. On the insistence of the Secret Service, White House telephone lines are carried in buried pipes containing gas under pressure. Any drop in the pressure immediately raises the possibility that the line is being tapped and high-security measures go into gear.

The Secret Service even supervises the White House landscaping. Each of the rolling mounds around the lawn has been placed strategically to provide maximum protection to the Chief Executive. Although the windows of the presidential office open at ground level on the exposed south side where the tall iron fence comes close to the building, staggered shallow hills of turf-covered dirt stand between those windows and the ogling public or a would-be assassin. These hills, designed by the Secret Service, screen the signs of life around the first level of the White House to the traffic in the street and erase the distraction of that traffic from the view of those in the mansion.

The service periodically combs every inch of the presidential office and cabinet room for concealed wires or hidden microphones. Mem-

bers of the Eisenhower administration became more appreciative of this function following the discovery of a listening device in the office of the American ambassador in Moscow. About the size of a half dollar, the sound-powered microphone was secreted inside a hand-carved wooden replica of the United States Seal. A gift of Russian workmen, it had been hung on the ambassador's wall in testimony of their friendship for our country.

During a cabinet meeting in 1959 a beam of brilliant light suddenly pierced one end of the room. From my place at the cabinet table it seemed to be coming from the top corner of the Washington Hotel. Some of us on the staff had witnessed a demonstration a month earlier of a scientific development which makes it possible to hear a conversation carried on in a car or room blocks away by "shooting" a ray of light off a window. I sent word to the Secret Service men on guard outside the cabinet room, there was the sound of running in the halls, and the light soon disappeared. It may have been only the sun reflected off a polished hotel window. I never asked the source. The head of the Secret Service, then Chief Baughman, properly does not reveal the protective measures he has established or the plots he has foiled.

It is perhaps understandable, if unattractive, that I was impressed with my importance when I first received the pass which would give me entry at any hour past any White House gate or guard. This feeling of self-importance was not diminished by the attention I received whenever I passed the door of the President's office and the Secret Service man stationed there would come to his feet. "Well, Gray," I said to myself, "you have really arrived. Even the man who guards the President of the United States stands when you pass by." My ego enjoyed several days of this blissful balm before I learned that a Secret Service man, when in doubt about a stranger, always rises because he can draw his gun faster from a standing position.

The President also is served by a sizable corps of regular Army sergeants assigned as drivers to the White House car pool. One regularly chauffeurs the President; a second, the First Lady. Others in a double shift which has grown to fifty-four men in the Kennedy administration are available around the clock to serve those who serve the Chief Executive.

This small army, under the organizational control of the Presi-

dent's military aide, is uniformed with ostentatious austerity. Only the half-inch gold letters "W H" on their caps give them identity and adorn their plain black outfits.

Whenever the President goes overseas, the well-traveled White House drivers and the Chief Executive's bubble-top limousine precede the official party and are waiting at the point of arrival with flags unfurled and engines warmed.

Executive staff cars are black Mercuries. They can be spotted by their license plates (MR followed by three digits) and two-way radio antennas. The presidential limousine is tagged AE-962; the First Lady's AZ-438. In the first weeks of the new Administration (until it came to President Kennedy's attention) the other cars in the cortege carried his initials on their plates.

In the last Administration the two-way radio system encouraged the development of a code to cloak the communications of staff personnel as they made their social and business rounds. The navy and military aides used "thunder" and "lightning" as their designations; the code name for White House logically became "castle," for the President, "crown."

Passengers whose curiosity was bettered by their annoyance with the constant babble of coded radio dispatches would turn off their drivers' contact with his dispatcher as soon as they entered the car. In the final months of the Eisenhower administration, after the President had tried unsuccessfully to contact his son, John, who was a passenger in one of the cars, an edict came down and the two-way radios were locked in the "on" position.

One spring evening Presidential Secretary Bernard Shanley was being driven home and was annoyed by something in his eye. He tried unsuccessfully to remove the irritant, and the driver suggested he might be of help. Instead of responding, Shanley stepped out the back door and started to walk up beside the chauffeur's window. The light changed; the driver went on and was almost at the Shanley residence when he discovered he had left the presidential assistant in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue.

The prestige and convenience of the black limousines with their efficient, black-liveried operators provide an attraction acknowledged by members of the current and past administrations. President Ken-

nedy recently was heard to remark about a man he was attempting to entice into government service, "I can't get him for \$22,000, but he will come for a car with driver."

VIII

During the Republican years from 1952 to 1960, a visitor to the White House who referred to the oval room across the hall from the President's office as the "fish room" was immediately branded as politically suspect. For this was the name by which the room was known during the days when Franklin Delano Roosevelt used it to display the stuffed fish which were his trophies and which Mrs. Roosevelt ordered out of the family living quarters on the mansion's second floor. During Eisenhower's terms the room was known as the staff conference room. The staff met here three times each week—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—for the thirty minutes from 8:30 to 9 A.M.

On Wednesdays the room was used for pre-press briefings and for the staff meetings called to discuss the President's ten-thirty press conference. Press Secretary James Hagerty chaired these meetings. He brought with him a list of the subjects which he and his office staff had guessed might draw questions for the President later in the morning. The staff's responsibility was to add to this list as far as possible, commenting both on the kind of questions the President might expect and the responses he might make. Each member of the staff examined his area of responsibility and alerted Hagerty to news-provoking decisions or actions since the last press conference. At the end of the thirty-minute meeting Hagerty and one or two others, depending on the area of the news of the day, went into the President's office to brief him on what he might expect. The idea was to prevent his being taken by surprise, and although in practice this objective was never completely achieved, the staff meeting which took place on press-conference days had the aspects of a sophisticated parlor game played for high stakes.

On Fridays the staff meeting was turned over to a representative of

the Central Intelligence Agency who gave a half-hour lecture on international developments. Many complained that these lectures were sometimes little more than a rereading of the high points in the daily newspapers of the previous twenty-four hours. Particularly for those who dealt with international affairs this complaint had merit, but the President felt repetition to a few was a low price to pay for insuring that his whole staff was kept informed.

Until the end of the term the conference room was viewed with special interest by the few visitors who were privileged to see inside the working wings of the White House. It was in this room that the original Eisenhower Cabinet and staff were sworn in. In addition, on its walls were two of the most interesting White House works of art. One was a large painting, wider than tall, called "Spring Is Approaching in 1952." This canvas hung in the Russian Trade Fair in New York City on the day in 1959 when the President went to view the exhibit; it portrays the first thaw of an icy river on a warm day in spring. At the New York exhibit it had hung beside an oil painting depicting a group of young people going down a river on a raft—a picture which amateur artist Eisenhower said he liked better than any other in the exhibition hall. A few days later the Russian ambassador sent over to the White House, as a gift to the President, "the picture which he so greatly admired." The spirit was there, and the President ordered the painting hung in the staff room even though his original preference had lost its identity in the translation.

Also hanging in the staff conference room was a water color on silk which many, including the author, coveted more than any other work of art at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. With a simplicity which a Western artist might have spoiled with a ripple or a lily frond, this picture portrays in subtle shades of gray a half dozen trout swimming in a tight circle. The illusion of water and fish in motion is superbly realistic. The artist's mark in the upper right-hand corner shows the origin to be Japanese. With partisan pleasure White House art lovers in the Eisenhower years enjoyed telling their visitors that, according to the picture wire on the back and the position in which it was hanging on January 20, 1953, it was apparent the Democrats—who eight years later would claim credit for bringing culture to the capital—had not realized they had this art treasure hung upside down.

Part Two

IX

I was to learn that a personal visit with Governor Sherman Adams was not the beginning of a background study, but the crowning evidence of his full endorsement. As his assistant in patronage, I found that no man was ever invited to his inner sanctum unless he had passed all the tests—that, unless he appeared with three ears, the call to “have him come in so we can have a look at him” was almost final approval.

But these things I did not know when Fred Seaton, the Administrative Assistant to President Eisenhower and Adams’ right hand, called me with word that the Governor would like me to join them for breakfast at seven-thirty the next morning. With Seaton, I was waiting in Adams’ outer office when he appeared at seven-twenty. Carrying a bulging brief case, he walked past our smiling welcome and grunted from within his office, “Hope I haven’t ruined your day by getting you up before noon.” Seaton gave me a reassuring wink, and I followed him into the Governor’s office for the first of many “on the carpet” sessions, afraid to inhale for fear of breathing fire.

The Governor’s office was the big room in the southwest corner of the West Wing of the White House. Although it was rectangular, architecturally it complemented the President’s oval office on the southeast corner. It was different in another way. While the President had adorned his office with only a handful of his possessions, of all the important offices in government Adams’ was the most personalized by its occupant. The office was large, large enough to accommodate a conference table with eight chairs, a leather sofa, an immense

globe of the world, three smaller tables, miscellaneous executive chairs, and an enormous desk bearing on its exposed side the official seal of the President of the United States.

In another room the great desk would have appeared too large. Because of the load it carried in the Adams office it appeared too small. Heaped upon it were stacks of reports waiting for his perusal, mail waiting for his signature, and scores of memoranda keeping him posted on important developments in the Administration and on such details as the names of officials using government limousines and which of all the 400 White House clerks and stenographers had been recommended for promotion. He once complained to me, "This damn thing isn't a desk, it's a swill barrel. If they can't find any place else to dump their junk, they dump it here." Pushed almost off the desk's edges by the mounds of paper work were three different pictures of Mrs. Adams, a fake tree branch in which roosted miniatures of New England birds, a telephone control box, and two of the room's four telephone extensions, which, along with wall-to-wall carpeting and a connecting washroom, are the status symbols in the executive offices of the nation's capital.

The walls of Adams' office were a picture history of New England, with greatest prominence given to etchings of John Quincy Adams by the man who, although not a direct descendant, took pride in his ancestry. There were two original oils, one of the Adams home in New Hampshire painted by Mrs. Adams in a style that might be called Grandma Moses. The second was a Norman Rockwell painting of the President that had been done for and used as a cover by *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The Governor had given the place of honor on the wall behind his desk, not to a painting, but to a framed letter which had been addressed in 1951 to the county clerk in Abilene, Kansas, inquiring into the political registration of one Dwight D. Eisenhower. With a frugality fully appreciated by the man in whose office it hung, the Kansas clerk had typed on the bottom of the incoming letter a reply that went like this: "Our records don't show any registration for the boy, but the family has always been Republican. I wouldn't want to say. Nowadays these youngsters all want to spend more and more money and run the country into socialism. Yours truly." And then,

almost off the bottom of the paper, this postscript: "I guess he is a Republican . . ."

Ten days after I joined the White House staff the President appointed Fred Seaton Secretary of the Interior and I began to work directly under Governor Adams. He announced the news of Seaton's appointment with a not too restrained dissertation to the effect he didn't know how he was supposed to run the ship when the captain kept sending the best members of the crew ashore. Later his disappointment at losing his assistant gave way to pride in his success. He referred to Seaton as "the best cabinet member since Frances Perkins was in Labor . . ."

As "The Iceberg," "The Abominable No-Man," "The Granite Governor from New Hampshire," and under a score of other nicknames, Adams built a reputation which, to a degree, he deserved and, to a degree, relished. None of the names by which he was known by press cartoonists and columnists ever stuck with him among his associates, however. He was always referred to as "the Governor," and, despite the fact that there were at one time four former state governors on the staff, Adams needed no further identification.

For the first year I worked under this wiry little ex-Marine—whose office personality, in addition to all else that could be said about it, was very consistent—I lived in awe of him. The ease with which he challenged the subordinates' accuracy and thoroughness made a potentially memorable act of every memorandum sent to him, of every statement made in his presence, and of every answer to his questions. From my first day he expected me to have the answers to all questions in my field. His attitude at my inability to live up to those expectations was more one of frustration than one of anger. "You should know," he would grump. "That's your job!"

In addition to the efficiency and loyalty he took for granted of others as of himself, he expected complete accessibility. During my first year I had luncheon out of the White House on only two or three occasions and was called back on "crash projects" in the middle of lunch each time.

I instructed my secretaries to cut in on any telephone conversation if the Governor called on another line. In the middle of a conversation his voice would suddenly be on the wire.

The only thing that matched the availability he expected of others was the complete availability in which Adams held himself. From my first day at the White House—as the newest member of the staff—I could go to his office and, if he was alone, walk in and discuss my problem. In the two years I worked under him, I never once sent a memorandum to which he failed to reply the same day. Of the many top executives which the Eisenhower administration brought into federal service, those who had the opportunity of working with Adams will agree he had no equal for making decisions and moving papers. Considering the volume of paper that moved across his desk, this last took some doing.

The Governor worked Saturdays and holidays and usually came in Sunday after church. During the week his eleven-hour day was from 7:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. You could set your clock by his schedule, and members of the staff were wise to do just that.

One morning during an early meeting in his office he picked up the telephone and asked the operator to reach a senior staff member for him. The operator reported that he was not yet in his office. The Governor growled, "Get him at home." When the connection came through he said, "Look, I can't do my job with half a staff. If you're going to keep bankers' hours you'll have to submit a schedule so I'll know when I can do business with you." I looked at my watch. It was 7:55 A.M. This conversation, while not directed at me, had a magical (and, I suspect, the intended) effect. From that day on I was in my office during the time the Governor was in his.

About eight-fifteen one morning he walked into the dining room where several members of the staff were having coffee and said, "Gentlemen, I want to make a speech. My speech is in two parts. The first part is a question: 'When are you going to get to work today?' The second part of my speech is a statement: 'Coffee is going to be the ruination of this country!'" With that he turned and walked out.

Part of Adams' considerable drive came from his considerable impatience with himself, with those around him, with problems that refused to be solved, and with the perishability of time.

At the end of the day I often looked over the reports I had submitted to him—mail my office had prepared for his signature, telephone calls we had referred, and proposals I had submitted—and

concluded that, alone, I was feeding enough work to him to occupy his day. The same situation was duplicated in the dozens of White House and departmental offices that served him or daily turned to him for counsel and advice.

Much of the Governor's reputation for gruffness came from his telephone conduct. He hated to waste time and he hated to waste words and he seldom did either. "Hellos" and "good-bys" were luxuries his schedule simply did not permit. He was stating his business when the party he called picked up the telephone. When the line went dead you knew he was through. He meant this as no slight to the party on the other end, but he was a busy man and assumed that those he called were busy too. On incoming calls, when he was not the intruder, his conversations were more relaxed. Then the caller usually received not only "hello" but occasionally a "you all right?"

Some months after he had been confirmed as Secretary of the Interior, Fred Seaton said somewhat ruefully, "The Governor is not one iota impressed with my new title. He still doesn't say 'hello' or 'good-by' on the telephone, and he hangs up on me when *he* is through."

The Governor received and placed 200 to 250 telephone calls each day. At times he had conversations going on two telephones at once. Since he characteristically put only one half as many words on the line as did the party on the other end, this trick required only timing to make it work.

His conversations, both on the telephone and in person, were free of trivia and redundancies. "The most golden opportunity a man is given is the opportunity to keep his mouth shut," he once said. At one of his rare appearances at a Washington party he was seated next to a woman who considered it something of a challenge to get the "quiet one" to talk. "Tell me, Governor," she gushed, "have you any children?" "Yes," he said, "we have three daughters and a boy at St. Paul's School in Concord." "Oh, you have a son," she said. "Tell me all about him." To which he replied, "I just did."

Under the Governor's hard exterior there was compassion and even charm when he had the time to glow with it. Based on her one meeting with him, my mother considers him the personification of Old World grace. She had come from Nebraska to spend the week with

me during my first Christmas at the White House. As a special treat I obtained a waiver of the "men only" rule so she could lunch in the dining room with the White House staff. As the Governor passed our table he stopped, greeted her, put his arm across her shoulder, and said, "You know, I had a mother!" My puckish inclination to have fun with the statement was cut short by an icy and non-maternal stare which needed no words to convey my mother's message—"Why have so many lied to me about this good, kindly, friendly man?"

X

During Adams' time at the White House the staff dining room was to him an extension of his office. It was located underneath the President's office in the basement-level area (that had included a small bowling alley during the Truman years) and was operated as a side duty by the President's naval aide. At several tables for four and six, thirty-six diners could be accommodated. Serving hours were twelve noon to 2 P.M. There were no assigned seats, and when a staff member entered the room he could join existing groups or start a new table, but Sherman Adams was an exception. He always sat at the same place at the same table and other members of the staff stayed clear of it. Adams frequently brought guests. When he did not he would invite a staff member to join him or occasionally he would eat alone. A telephone always was brought to his place, and the presence of guests either at his table or at others in the room did not prevent his calling out to staff assistants as he conducted noon-hour business.

Members of the staff joined this exclusive club by purchasing a mess share. They were charged on a per-meal basis, plus a 10 per cent override which went to the staff fund to pay for Christmas, anniversary, and birthday gifts. Because several outside guests were usually at hand in the staff mess, Jim Hagerty was sensitive about the impression created. He once had a painting, on loan from the Smithsonian In-

stitution, removed because it portrayed and was titled "The Abandoned Farm." As press secretary, he could see some columnist doing an anti-Republican piece on it for distribution in the farm belt.

A souvenir which luncheon guests took with them was a single white book of matches with the President's seal in gold on one side and an engraving of the White House on the other. Across the folded edge was printed "The White House Mess." So much fun was made of these words that they were struck over with a solid gold bar. Some of the staff feared someone would confuse the condition of the staff itself with its eating facility.

Governor Adams' luncheon guests fell into three categories. The first reflected one of the inconsistencies in the rough Adams character, his love of the arts. He once appeared on Washington's good music station and gave a brilliant discussion of musical topics. This was a field he enjoyed, was glad to help popularize, and despite the press of his heavy duties, he might have been persuaded to become a regular speaker. However, in the middle of the presentation, he was interrupted by a commercial of which he had had no previous warning. He spent his post-commercial time criticizing the station in particular and society in general for permitting such crass practice and was never invited to repeat his performance.

For pleasure, and rarely, he would host a friend from the music or literary fields. Paul Calloway, music director of the National Cathedral, Howard Mitchell, conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra, and poet-philosopher Robert Frost were repeats at his table.

A second group of luncheon guests came from his 11:45 A.M. business appointments. After waiting in anguish as their appointed time dissolved in the backlog of business accumulated at the end of the morning, these men would suddenly find themselves his guests for lunch.

The balance of the Governor's guests were strategically invited to assist him in his job—congressmen and senators, important administration officials, politicians, job applicants, etc. The Governor would see anyone if seeing him would serve the cause. Nevertheless, he would not always agree to a meeting during lunch. "Up in my country," he once told me, "we walk across the bridge with skunks, but

we don't sit down to eat with them. When you eat with a man you raise him to a very high level indeed."

Adams never missed noting which guests had been invited into the mess by the various staff members. He would frequently ask of those at his table or near it, "Who's that fellow over there? What does he do?" Except for these discreet inquiries, he and others in the mess sophisticatedly pretended not to notice outsiders, particularly those of fame.

The only exception to this conduct was Chief Cook Davera, regular Navy and a Filipino who retired in 1959 after ten years of service to the Chief Executive—three years on the *Williamsburg*, the presidential yacht which Eisenhower put out of commission in one of his first acts of economy after taking office, and seven years at the White House. With the ruse that he needed the signatures for his records, Davera obtained a fat and rare collection of contemporary autographs.

George Murphy and Helen Hayes on matters political, the late Benjamin F. Fairless and John L. Lewis concerning international trade, and Bob Hope and Danny Kaye on government-service projects were frequently in the group of famous guests who were received with such studied nonchalance that you expected someone to say, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Kaye. And what do you do for a living?" This was not an attempt to be rude, but rather to give family status to the visitors and share with them the feeling of worldliness existing at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

On some guests of prominence the casual treatment was more than a little hard to apply. Louis Armstrong arrived in Washington in June 1957 to do a one-week stint at the Carter Barron Amphitheater. He had just returned from a Russian-South American trip where he had represented the United States most successfully to hundreds of thousands with the universal language of his horn. On his return Armstrong requested a meeting with the President. The State Department, while moved to recommend the appointment because of the success of his tour, decided against doing so because Armstrong had been paid for his efforts. There was also some departmental embarrassment over a record album which Armstrong had released. It had been recorded live during his overseas performances and was labeled "*Ambassador Satch*." As a poor consolation the department asked if

they could invite him as my guest for lunch at the White House, and he arrived with a manager and two other men whose positions were never made clear.

I invited Art Minnich, assistant staff secretary—and the only jazz expert in the White House—to join us. By one of those quirks that at times makes me think a Democrat is in charge of fate, the table reserved for us was next to Sherman Adams, who, on one of the rare occasions in which he had women at his table, had invited Congresswomen Frances Bolton of Ohio and Marguerite Stitt Church of Illinois.

Satchmo's normal speaking voice is pitched at about 100 decibels—just below the threshold of pain. From the moment we entered the dining room Minnich and I had our hands full trying to keep the conversation limited to our table. Art asked Mr. Armstrong if his wife had accompanied him on his overseas trips. After the affirmative answer was enlarged upon with a double forte discourse on the value of constant female companionship to the musically inclined, we struck off after gentler topics. Minnich thought he was safe in asking the maestro to name his favorite musical selection. I agreed. This sounded like a question to relax by. But Armstrong said, in a booming voice that stopped all conversation, “‘Sweet Georgia Brown’! When the man say”—he was now shouting—“Old Satch will play ‘Sweet Georgia Brown,’ Ah just”—and, rising to his feet with his hands grabbing an imaginary horn, he went—“roo-ta-te-toot-ta-too.” Silverware dropped by the handful all over the room.

For a long period Minnich and I held the table's conversation between us in an attempt to keep the air so filled with our words that there would be no room for Satchmo's. Eventually our consciences prodded us into incaution, and I ventured a comment in that always-safe area, the weather. “Hell, boy, the heat don't bother Old Satch none. Ah just keep clean all through,” he said, and, dipping into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of packets the size of calling cards, filled with what looked like radish seeds. Printed on the outside was something like “Satchmo's Heat Herbs.” “Ah jest take a potion of herbs in the morning—good-by trash and good-by heat,” he said, scattering several packets of his product around the table. Then, leaning back in his chair toward Adams' table, he handed one to one of the

congresswomen, saying, "Here, you try it. You'll agree with Old Satch. You keep clean all through and the heat won't bother you none."

We were waiting for the elevator to take us back to the first floor and the main lobby as Governor Adams came out of the dining room. He paused for a moment, dividing a puzzled look between Armstrong and me. "Governor," I said, "this is Mr. Louis Armstrong, the trumpet player." "I know," he said, turning his back on the elevator and starting up the stairs to his office. "I caught his act."

XI

Those who knew Adams only from his infrequent appearances outside the White House knew a man different from the one his associates dealt with during business hours. He considered square dancing an invention of threefold blessings: it brought him into contact with social Washington; it was good exercise; and it gave him the credit of an evening out with "Plum," as he called Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Merriweather Post May, Post cereal heiress and mother of movie star Dina Merrill, was one of those who had both the social rating and the money to throw a square dance in Washington without losing high-society status. Friends who shared those plaid-flannel-shirt evenings with Sherm and Rachel Adams caught him in one of the few extracurricular activities he truly enjoyed and thought of him as having the right nature, although underweight, for the role of Santa Claus.

In dealings with him outside the office members of the press (who referred to him as the "frostiest, loftiest man in town") also found a Jekyll-Hyde difference in his business and social characters. In two consecutive years Pat Wiggins of United Press International played the part of Adams in the stunt party of the National Women's Press Club. These affairs spoof official Washington with good-natured acidity, and Pat's portrayals could have been billed as "Adams the Ogre." After both of her performances, however, the "White House Icicle" went backstage to give Pat an affectionate hug and congratu-

lated her so warmly that the third year she told the press club to get someone else to play the part—her heart was no longer in it.

Adams was chivalrous to women in public and high in respect for women in the home, but he was hardly gentle in approach to their role in business, politics, or government. When informed that a female job applicant wanted to come in to see him, he might reply, "If she comes in, I go out." In working on the schedule for Queen Elizabeth's 1957 visit to Washington he challenged the frequent rest breaks included in her schedule. She was doing a man's job and that, to Adams, called for a man's pace. "Between her tour of the horse pasture with George Humphrey and train time," he said, "she comes back here and spends three hours tending to whatever it is that women take three hours to tend to in the middle of the day."

The press, politicians, and civics students were intrigued with the new title, "the assistant to the President," and constantly pressed Adams for a definition of his duties. He always replied, "My job is to help the President in any way I can."

Milton Biow—advertising genius, phrasemaker in the Roosevelt days, but an avowed Eisenhower and Nixon supporter—maintains that the two statements that caused the most editorial comment during the Eisenhower administration were also the most accurate of any made. The first was ("Engine") Charlie Wilson's "What's good for the country is good for General Motors." (This is actually the way Wilson said it, although he was later quoted conversely.) The second was the President's reference to Sherman Adams when he said, "I need him!"

On the other side are those who sought to disparage both Eisenhower and Adams by alluding to 1959 as "the year Eisenhower enjoyed being President." From both the staff and cabinet level there can be no doubt that the President zestfully received the return of Congress that year. Cabinet meetings lengthened as the President interjected more and more vitality into them. The appearance he gave was not of a man emancipated from the wraps of an over-protective assistant. Rather, it was as if he had torn a sheet from his calendar and said, "Look at the time go. I have only two more years to be President, and there is still much to be done." Both his actions and his words seemed to reflect a feeling of urgency. Meetings be-

came table-thumpers, marked with expostulations like, "Look! I don't want to be remembered for adding to the national debt!" or "I don't want *that* to be this party's heritage to the American people."

Eisenhower, who was expected to and could have been forgiven if he had become a "caretaker" president his last two years, started 1959 with fresh vigor and determination to add to his record.

In my opinion the Eisenhower vigor was sharpened by the passage of time and a history-consciousness and was not, as some critics have claimed, the result of Adams' leaving or Foster Dulles' death. Had Adams been there, he, more than anyone else, would have been delighted with the task of helping to keep it in momentum to the end of the term. Sadly, after all his efforts at Eisenhower's side, Adams missed associating with him during the period when he most vigorously managed the presidency. During the eight and a half months that were the first session of the Eighty-sixth Congress, Ike's associates could almost visualize him on a Monday morning with his feet on his desk saying, "It's a great day for the President of the United States! Bring on the first problem."

That the Governor did protect the President, there can be no argument. Nor can it be denied that this was a part of his job. Every employee at the White House, from the guards at the main gates to the telephone operators to the staff and presidential assistants, shares in the responsibility of keeping petty people and petty problems from the Chief Executive. With the best of intentions, and with excellent results, Adams spared the President from mediocrity whether of people or of papers. Since Eisenhower ultimately had the key problems to wrestle with, their sifting through the Adams screen simply prevented the President from tackling them before they had become full-blown. It is impossible to say how many minor crises died aborning at Adams' hands. Certainly the percentages are with him, and history's judgment, I believe, ought not to be that he shielded the President in too many cases, but perhaps that he failed to realize that even he could not shield him from all.

Many of the key members of the Administration and staff who read the stories referring to the Governor as the wall between them and the President viewed each recounting with amusement but also with some relief. For the Governor kept some of the problems of the staff

from the President but he also grounded some of the President's sparks—highly respected among his close associates. No one dealt with him more than the Governor, and on occasion cabinet members would call for a reading of the presidential mood before asking for an appointment. Without passing on the timeliness of their requests, the Governor would report in such a way that their next move was obvious. "He's blowing a gasket this afternoon," Adams would say, "but he'll get the pieces assembled and have them back together again by morning."

From his first association with Eisenhower, Adams, like many before him, made lifelong enemies by setting himself as a buffer between a President and men who consider their high business or political status, in itself, full justification for an audience. He was one of the first to visualize the ease with which Eisenhower would be elected and the unending strain of the presidency.

In the first weeks following Eisenhower's July nomination in Chicago, Adams' fiery zeal to serve his chief alienated many whose support and interest in the candidate had predated his own. One of them was Senator Norris Cotton, New Hampshire Republican and one of the original group which in defiance of Senator Taft had gone to Paris in 1951 to urge Eisenhower to seek the nomination.

After Chicago, Cotton, like most of the original group, found himself without an automatic "in" as a result of the unhesitating firmness of the former New Hampshire governor who was Eisenhower's chief campaign adviser. In politics disuse is often more galling than abuse, and in Cotton's case, as in many, it produced an unavoidable alienation that was nearly permanent. The two New Englanders, typical of their frosty clan, continued an arm's-length relationship during Adams' stay in Washington even though the Governor tried repeatedly to melt the ice.

Cotton was not without Adamsisms himself. He was once asked to present the invitation of a group that wanted Adams as speaker at an early morning breakfast. He set down the request in writing in most cool and formal tones. When Adams received this icicle via the post he put it on the back corner of his desk for two days "to let it thaw a little." The third day he telephoned the senator. The conversation went like this: "Norris, this is Sherm. You want me to speak at some

breakfast?" "I don't want ya—they asked me to ask you so I asked you." "You got a mad on, Norris?" "No, they want you to speak. Are you going to or not?" "What time is it?" "Eight o'clock." "I couldn't make it until eight-thirty." "You come when you damned well want to, the breakfast is at eight." [Click.] "Boy," said Adams, swallowing hard on this king-sized dose of his own medicine, "he does have a mad on. And I asked him in my usual pleasant way too."

Adams approved and signed several hundred letters a day. Although his outgoing mail contained missives of great importance he also found time to indulge an amazing number of youngsters and students whose correspondence was not important but who valued, nevertheless, the signature of the assistant to the President on the White House letterhead. He carefully scanned every letter he signed for spelling, grammar, punctuation, and responsiveness. He would toss a batch of signed mail to me and say, "Tell that gang out there [his stenographers] they use the word 'deeply' too much . . . they have me forever deeply impressed or deeply moved or deeply sorry. Tell them they're getting me in too deep with their damned deeplys."

He abhorred the bureaucratic answer which went on for a full page but said nothing. "I would like you to make the reply sufficiently responsive so we won't be embarrassed if the letter lands in Garfinkel's window," he would say.

There was no letup in the relentless pressures on Sherman Adams. During every moment that the President was in Washington, White House activity was at fever pitch. As one staff wag once put it— "With the President in town break-neck speed is no longer good enough. Now only a mad-death pace will do." When the President was at the White House the Governor, as his chief assistant, had to be there to serve him. When the President and his burdens were away from the capital (the President had to be absent for illness, official travel, or rest some 20 per cent of the years Adams served him) the Governor remained behind as the continuing link, and his activities were even greater.

He often talked of getting away for a really good rest and in 1958 was given a medical ultimatum to do so by his doctors. He occasionally asked me to get him information on nearby areas where he could spend a weekend at his favorite sport, skiing. Although he many

times made plans, they seldom materialized. There was always something too pressing or too important to lay aside just then. I asked his permission for the two days that separated July 4 from the weekend in 1956. "Is Congress going to be out of session then?" he asked. "Why no, Governor," I said, "no one expects them to finish up before the end of July." "That's what I thought," he said, going on to the next subject.

Because he believed so strongly in the value of exercise, the President periodically ordered Adams to see that he and his top staff took off at least one afternoon a week. In fulfilling his obligation to the President the Governor would occasionally call to say, "You're taking tomorrow afternoon off." This was one of the few orders he did not expect the receiver to carry out.

On an average of three times a week the Governor would spend a half hour in the White House gym. He had no patience for the time this cost him and tried to cram three hours of exercise into thirty minutes, which included ten minutes of throwing the medicine ball, a once-over massage under the hands of Willie Spanko, the White House physiotherapist, and a scalding shower.

At 6:30 P.M. each day the Governor packed his evening's work and drove himself in his green Oldsmobile convertible to the home he rented on Rock Creek Parkway for \$375 a month. The house was a 160-year-old converted stone stable surrounded by two acres of wooded seclusion. Its interior was dark and damp, needed paint, and was furnished by the owner with monstrously bulging overstuffed furniture. After a quiet dinner with his wife Adams worked until eight-thirty or nine and then went to bed. At 5:30 A.M. his hi-fi set automatically awakened him with the first of a stack of classical records which had been selected the night before.

Living and working at such a pace, it was only natural that his body was perpetually tired. Although he seldom missed a full eight hours' sleep, I often entered his office to find him with his head on his arms. "There is nothing you could say at this time in the day," he told me one evening, "that I wouldn't agree with." Because the pressures of his own day were so relentless he sometimes lost patience with the schedules of others.

His role was not the doing of Adams but of the Chief Executive.

There was precedent in his role, set by President Truman's appointment of John Steelman as his first assistant. It was a natural organizational move for President Eisenhower, who had spent a professional lifetime functioning through channels of delegated authority and who had had reassuring success with brilliant army chiefs of staff, Generals Walter Bedell Smith and Alfred M. Gruenther.

Adams soaked up responsibilities like a sponge. The pint-sized New Englander with the glacial yet engaging personality was in some respects the reverse image of the President. He did many things Eisenhower did not want to do or felt he should not do which greatly simplified the defining of Adams' authority and the limits of his responsibility.

Among the things for which the President had little taste, and thus became part of Adams' role, were a large part of politics, patronage, and some of domestic affairs. Further, the President left to Adams actions that involved the backbreaking volume of petty detail, and the unpopular job of saying "no" to continuous pressures from the many men of business and government whose problems and desires did not warrant the presidential consideration.

There was enduring integrity in Adams' word. Once committed, he held fast. To those who would persuade him to reverse himself, he was a stone wall. Sometimes opponents of his actions would attempt to convince him that an alternate would serve the purpose. Adams would cut them off with a reminder that "there are some things in this world for which there are no adequate substitutes. If you don't believe that just try substituting an oyster for a dime in a slot machine."

Without leaving a loophole for later escape his irrevocable decisions were a refreshing wind in governmental bureaucracy. His rulings were flat, firm, and final. He was particularly adept at saying "no" because it gave him a better opportunity to use his woodman's' vocabulary. He *could* say "yes" but not so colorfully.

Adams never relied on rumor or hearsay. He checked things out, learned the facts. "That's a good report on one side of the story," he would say. "Let me hear the other." His ability to present his views with a minimum of words, to sum up and give fairly the views of others, and his refusal to be a yes man in any company, including

the President of the United States, made him, by Eisenhower standards, an ideal chief of staff.

One of his unheralded contributions came from his ability to recognize and keep alive the creative spark of new ideas in the face of traditional bureaucratic negativism. "What the hell are we *for*?" he would shout. "I don't know what we are against if I don't know what we're *for*." Typical of ideas he refused to let die were the Atoms for Peace Plan and the Refugee Relief Act. Although he could appraise an idea and recognize its possibilities he was personally no creator of new programs. His forte was organizing and expediting. He could keep track of all the timber in the forest and fight fires with perfection, but it was up to others to plant the trees.

XII

Highly refined sarcasm was Adams' idea of humor. It was also the means by which he cut those around him down to size.

During lunch one noon he jabbed his finger at the menu card the mess boy had handed him and said, "Are those canned peas? Then why don't you say 'canned peas' instead of 'fancy green peas'? Think of the ink you'd save." When the befuddled Filipino, not knowing whether to laugh or take notes, tried to change the subject by asking, "What would you like to drink?" Adams came back with, "You got any hemlock?"

"Are you an egghead?" he would ask a tongue-tied visitor. Then, answering his own question, he would say, "I am, and I can't get anyone else to admit up to it around here." "What have you done for your country today?" he would demand of a startled guest or White House messenger, who, not knowing whether this was Adams serious or Adams in jest, would stammer helplessly.

I once tried to overcome my verbal inability to describe life as an Adams assistant by doing an impressionistic painting of him for the "Tom" Stephens collection, a potpourri of art collected first as a joke and later as an avocation by the President's appointments secretary.

The collection covered the walls, ceiling to floor, in the corridor outside the cabinet room and represented the extremes in amateur talent. An original by the President and several copies of his paintings joined with the works of some administration officials whose low artistic talents limited their contributions to matching numbered paints to numbered squares on an outline predrawn on the canvas by machine.

Most of the paintings in the collection represented the first and only attempts of their originators, many of whom had names famous from work in other fields. My contribution was an indefinable blob coming up out of a sea of red ooze blowing smoke and fire. I called it "Sherman Adams before Breakfast." Hung among the Eisenhower portraits of Presidents Lincoln and Washington, Clare Luce's pastel pickaninny, a brush etching by Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the "number paintings" of Len Hall and J. Edgar Hoover, and an assortment of still lifes by cabinet members and White House staff, "S. A. before Breakfast" was sacrilege on canvas and stood out as if it had been done in fluorescent colors and framed in flashing neon. Adams spotted it only hours after it was in place, and for several suspenseful days I waited for his reaction. One morning, fully three weeks later, his secretary buzzed me and quipped, "Since the Governor has had his breakfast, he trusts you will consider it quite safe to approach him with the papers he asked you for last night."

For the complainer, whiner, or proposer of an unpopular plan Adams reserved his most icy reception. He would fix a cold stare on his visitor and sit silently through the whole interview, leaving it up to his caller to answer his own questions and otherwise carry both sides of the conversation. After ten minutes of this treatment, the most bitter complainer found his arguments running out of steam and the anger he brought with him to the meeting gave way to a desperate desire to bring his monologue to a close with appropriate exit lines. Once he had done so and started for the door, he found the Governor both cordial and talkative, as he invited him to "drop in again, anytime."

Of all his frustrations the Governor was most irritated by the many meetings he chaired for the purpose of holding some congressman's hand. These, he maintained, were "too damned much psychology and too little substance." Whenever a cut in appropriations or change in

weaponry justified a reduction in force or the closing of a military establishment, Adams' office would be filled with outraged senators and congressmen backed up and made brave by wounded chambers of commerce representatives. These men—most of whom believed in, advocated, and (where they could) practiced governmental economy in general—had no patience for Adams' apparent inability to comprehend the necessity for an exception when the affected area was their own. If he pointed out this inconsistency to them, they sputtered like wet fuses.

"How do you do the right thing and still get votes?" he once asked of Gerry Morgan, the President's legal counsel, and me. Then, answering his own question, he swore, "Joyful Appomattox Jesus, they just won't let you do the right thing . . ." Yet he saw perhaps more congressmen than the congressional liaison men and even set up a firm luncheon schedule for them on a daily basis for a period of weeks on end during his final White House year.

No man could be as tough and as impenetrable as Adams pretended to be. Among the many legends built up about the Governor is one that he was impossible to work for. He inspired subordinates to work their hardest but not necessarily at their best. His thought processes snapped along at a mile-a-minute pace, and when an associate came within range Adams gave him whatever thought he happened to be in the middle of. His cryptic commands were often a mystery even to veteran ears, and there was much spinning of wheels before any headway was made. "Let me have those papers," he would bark at the intercom. "Get me that fellow in Chicago!" he would shout into the telephone. And staff and secretaries would fly into a whirl trying to mesh their thinking with his and guess what he wanted.

White House telephone operators are selected and trained to serve the President and are the most efficient and ingenious in the world. Even so, their ingenuity was taxed and tested daily as they strained to decipher the coded commands of their number-two boss. He once told an operator, "Get Pryor." She had his previous record of calls and correctly guessed that he wanted Samuel Pryor, executive vice-president of Pan American and former vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee. When she called Pryor's home she was told that he had left that morning for Guatemala and she so advised

Adams, only to hear his blunt question, "They don't have phones in Guatemala?"

Adams *could* be very explicit with his instructions. There were few fireworks during the 1956 Republican convention in San Francisco. Except for those of us for whom it was a first experience and who watched every move in spellbound fascination, the proceedings were so dull that enlivening them for the TV audiences became a number-one problem. For this reason alone, most of the top brass was grateful to Harold Stassen, former governor of Minnesota, former disarmament chief, and currently in the limelight as proponent of a dump-Nixon movement which had failed to draw the support of even Christian Herter—the substitute candidate he proposed as the Republican nominee for Vice President.

At the convention Stassen provided both excitement and embarrassment—the latter because he was such a maverick when it came to accepting any orders which might limit his activities. Eisenhower arrived in San Francisco on the afternoon of the meeting's second day; all members of the Cabinet and top administration officials had agreed to stay in their assigned places in the Cow Palace in an attempt to hold the crowd there. Harold Stassen was reminded of this agreement when he was seen heading for a side exit and, as it turned out, a front-row appearance before the TV cameras during the President's arrival at the airport. "That," he replied, "doesn't apply to me or they would have asked me to speak."

Adams was well aware of the Stassen maneuvers and had them in mind the next morning when it was arranged for the Minnesotan to meet with the President for help in getting him down from the high limb on which he had got himself. Adams met me early, and, with the preciseness of a theatrical director marking out stage movements for a new company, he walked me down the corridor on the sixth floor of the St. Francis Hotel. "Harold Stassen will be coming out of that elevator at nine-fifteen. I want you to meet him; get him by that pack of hounds"—he jerked his thumb in the direction of the large group of reporters and photographers who were waiting—"bring him down here, and set him in *that* chair." With such explicit instructions, Adams gave a subordinate the courage to lead even six-foot-four, 230-pound Harold Stassen through the hoop.

XIII

Adams called the meetings of his staff at an early hour in the morning. Since the staff secretary kept a careful attendance record for him, these early morning meetings were likely the New Englander's way of getting everyone to work on time without the expense of a time clock. Adams noticed when a staff member was not at the meeting and would catch him in the hall later in the day and ask for his excuse. "I don't believe," he said during one meeting, "that we have officially welcomed General Quesada to the staff. He's welcome! The staff secretary will convey that message to the general and ask him why he wasn't here this morning."

Members of the staff sat on Chippendale chairs that had been removed from their places beside a large round table and placed in two straight lines at the fireplace end of the room. Adams used the table as a desk and sat at its far side with the great circle of oak between him and his audience and dispensed to the group a variety of instructions and admonitions for its common good. He would caution them to remember to have the telephone operators charge political calls to the Republican National Committee. He would discuss use of the staff cars, a leak of White House information to the press, vacation schedules, the importance of getting enough sleep, and some of the variety of housekeeping and personal details with which he burdened himself. In these meetings he rode the staff hard as a group, never singling out any individual. As a result, each man in the room thought Adams' every word was directed at him. If a member had something of general interest to the staff he would submit the topic and a brief to the staff secretary before the meeting. The secretary would discuss these requests with Adams, and, when he thought the item was worth while the Governor would call on its originator to make the presentation.

Adams ran these meetings with typical crispness. At one session Philip Young, then the President's personnel adviser and later U. S. ambassador to The Netherlands, had asked to be listed for remarks

at the meeting but apparently missed the Governor's cue. The dialogue went like this: Adams: "Phil . . ." [*Silence.*] Adams, loudly: "Phil Young!" Young: "I'm here." Adams: "Talk!"

At another session the Governor called "Murray." Murray Snyder replied, "There's a photographer outside, Governor, from *U. S. News & World Report*. He wants to take some candid shots of the staff, principally of you, as the meeting progresses." Adams announced, "The meeting's over!" With this he rose from his chair and started to leave the room. "There's one thing I would like to ask, Governor," Snyder said quickly, and then, while the Governor was settling back in his chair, he opened the door, signaled in the photographer, and asked his question. The Governor said he thought the question was irrelevant and once again headed for his office, but not before the cameraman had managed to get two good shots, one of which appeared in the magazine.

Midyear in 1957 he told those at one of these conferences that Mr. Eisenhower had received a letter warning him that presidential staffs have a tendency to become arrogant in the second term. "I want to know," asked the Governor, "are any of you getting arrogant?"

As one of Adams' subordinates, I was expected, when summoned, to move like a track star who sees in every run a chance to break the four-minute mile. As an incentive for fast action, he began his instructions as soon as he had put out the summons, and a subordinate who did not arrive sufficiently breathless might find that half of his directions had been spewed out to an empty and unrecording room.

The Governor telephoned me one afternoon with a two-word question: "You alone?" When I said I was the line went dead. This could have been interpreted as a summons to his office. It also could have meant that he was about to perform one of the tricks he used to keep traffic moving in his office. Adams never hesitated to tell a visitor, "Look, I got work to do." When a lingering caller was also a friend or a man he held in high respect, however, he sometimes spared him his usual brusqueness and, rising to his feet, would say, "Come on, I want you to meet a new addition to the staff" or "Let's go see what ——— says about this." He would walk his visitor to the staff member's office, deposit him there, and return to his work.

After the Governor's call I picked up all papers I thought he might

want to see me about and started toward his office at the expected half-trot. In my outer office the workmen were replacing the worn green carpeting that had been there since the days when James Farley had the office. I leaped over a roll of carpet and landed in the doorway at the feet of Adams and a United States senator. The Governor's eyes crinkled and his lips drew tight in an attempt to suppress a smile over the frantic actions he had stimulated. But, lest I slip off the defensive, he said in one breath, "What's going on here? New carpeting, eh? You young bucks sure know how to spend the money." I replied, "Apparently we don't have you to thank for the new carpet, Governor. We were all being grateful to you." "No," he said, "never make the mistake of giving me credit for anything. I just take the blame around here," and he turned, gave one of the secretaries a big wink, and was off, leaving the senator to conclude his business with me.

Adams was in Europe when the President suffered his 1955 heart attack. He flew back on the first plane, went out to Denver to take charge of staff operations, and informed his office force in Washington that they needn't get their hearts set on a vacation in Colorado as he intended to save the government some money and pick up a stenographer out there. If she had any questions she couldn't answer, he reasoned, she could use the telephone tie line that had been set up between the White House and Denver.

Ilene Slater, head of Adams' White House office force and well aware that any girl working for the Governor had to know both her work *and* the idiosyncratic Adams, anticipated the fireworks. But for the first few days, with the aid of the long-distance line, his new stenographer seemed to be working out all right. Then one afternoon Ilene received a call from her counterpart in Denver to discuss some of the work she was doing. Suddenly in the background on the Denver end of the line Ilene heard Adams' insistent buzz. When she heard the new girl trill sweetly into the intercom, "I'll be with you in a few minutes, Governor, I'm on the telephone," Ilene closed her desk and went home to pack. Thirty minutes later the Governor telephoned: "How fast can you get out here?"

I suspect that much of Adams' reputation as an employer can be traced to a news story early in his days at the White House that

claimed that the Governor, with his devotion to punctuality and accuracy, frequently had all three of his secretaries in tears at the same time. Not counting those who quit the first day, his secretarial turnover was lower than in other top government offices.

His girls knew he would put up with no nonsense and was inclined to be a little impossible at times, but they knew there was one person he always drove harder than anyone else—himself. And their respect for his energy, his abilities, the pressures under which he worked in a job that was, in itself, impossible at times, made them his strongest supporters outside of the office. The awe in which they held him did not inhibit their letting off the steam he generated during business hours, however. One of his secretaries, who became administrative assistant to Governor Rockefeller when she left her post as number-one girl to Sherman Adams, would come out of his office and, while the door still was closing, shout, "That impossible beast!" or "He's a madman—he's insane!" Nevertheless, she stayed with the Governor for nearly four years. On a return visit she stopped in to say hello. In a warm expression of affection the Governor gave her a hug that lifted her right off her feet. Later she told me, "If he had acted that way just once in the last four years I would still be working for him."

Two of Adams' girls were Janet Simpson, whose father and mother each served in Congress as the representative of the Twentieth District of Illinois, and Laura Sherman, whose service with the Governor went back to his days as chief executive of New Hampshire. Of the three secretaries Laura was the pacifist who doggedly refused to believe or to be a party to any comments about Adams' actions which could not be rationalized positively. Even when the rest of us could read the give-him-wide-berth-today signs in his mood, Laura would press on with determined cheerfulness. Disregarding the warning signs, she always gave him a brave "good morning, Governor" when he came in. The Governor would spend the first hour alone with his mail and then buzz for one of the girls to take dictation. If Laura was the one called she would try again her "good morning, Governor." This time he would snap, "You've already said that." Because of her long association with him, Laura had less reason than any of us to be surprised at the Governor's abruptness, yet she always seemed to be disappointed by it. The more she tried to be

friendly, the more curt he became. She was in his office one day when a spring rain of cloudburst proportions began. Looking out his window, she trilled, "Oh, Governor, look at it rain." Without glancing away from the papers in which he was absorbed, he grunted, "Gin I've seen it rain."

Of the three, Janet was the bravest. Because of a rainstorm, she reached her desk one morning a few minutes late and the Governor was buzzing for her as she came in. She stripped off her raincoat, grabbed her equipment, and raced inside without stopping to remove her rain hat. As she sat taking dictation the water dripped over her hat and made a puddle on the floor beside her. Adams, the stoic, neither commented on her appearance nor gave any indication he considered it unusual.

Ilene, the most skilled of the trio, was the most continuously under the Governor's thumb. She was also the quickest to lose patience with his idiosyncrasies. On one of his more irascible days the Governor was working on a speech and gave her instructions that he was not to be disturbed. A short time later the President phoned. When Ilene tried to reach him Adams refused to answer his buzzer. That day her mood matched his, and she picked up her dictionary, set the book down on his buzzer, and went back to her typing.

His assistant's tyrannical reputation with the hired help was no secret to the chief tenant at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The President walked into Adams' office one day while the Governor was out of Washington on a speaking trip and found three celebrating secretaries sitting on his couch with their shoes off, enjoying a cigarette. "Don't worry, girls," assured the President, "I won't tell the Governor . . ."

For every person who can give you a story to describe the Adams gruffness, you can find two to document the theory that his rough exterior covered a mellow interior. He once buzzed Mary Burns and asked her for a glass of water and some aspirin. When she brought them in he said, "I don't feel at all good, so if I give you hell today don't pay any attention." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "As a matter of fact, don't pay any attention to it if I give you hell any other day."

The Governor does not have the reputation he deserves for quick wit and warm humor. He was talking one day with David W. Kendal

sen general counsel to the President. Kendall's previous government service had been as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and one of his major responsibilities was supervision of the Narcotics Division. He had continued to follow with interest the developments of his old office and told Adams, "We just got a teletype from San Francisco. We've caught an opium ring with some really big names in it." "Oh," the Governor said without the trace of a smile on his face, "did you noke them out?"

Adams referred to Paul Dudley White, the eminent heart specialist who gained fame outside the medical profession because of the fame of his presidential patient, as "that paragon of coronary virtue."

When he escorted a high official into a meeting Adams would wave his hand toward the conference table, circled by identical seats, and say, "You take the comfortable chair."

While visiting Adams an official announced that he wanted to call his own office and reached for the telephone on the Governor's desk. "Not that one!" Adams shouted. "That's the security phone. You'll blow up the Pentagon."

"You economists are all alike," he once told a member of the staff. "You don't cut your hair, you smoke a pipe, you look over my head when you talk, and you talk over my head too."

An FBI check we had run on a candidate for a post in the Virgin Islands showed that the man had once been charged with rape. At the time, the charges were not proved, but I went into Adams' office to suggest some other names. I told him of the preliminary findings in the report and concluded I was sure he would not want to recommend a man thus accused to the President. "Well, certainly not for a post in the *Virgin Islands*," said Adams.

At the breakfast table Adams read several newspapers as one barometer of the Administration's progress. If the major stories ran contrary to White House wishes he would snarl in rationalization, "The presidency is *not* run for the entertainment of the press!"

Although his part of the day-to-day news from the nation's capital was second only to the President's, Adams rarely was mentioned in a straight news story. It was on the editorial pages—where columnists and feature writers could dwell not on his contributions to government but on his idiosyncrasies—that his name got into type.

Governor Adams was not unmindful of his own press. In spurts he did whatever he could to improve it but, good or bad, he read it all. If it was bad he read it without comment or show of emotion. If good, he fought with its every line. Trying to make points, I once clipped and showed to him an article which was highly favorable. He read it slowly, carefully, and then snorted, "'Able' is a damning word—your worst enemy you call 'able.' 'Dedicated'—that's a pukey word."

The Governor's speeches were full of wit and fire. They neither minced words nor, as he put it, "shoveled smoke." He received some help on them from Bryce Harlow, deputy assistant in legislative liaison, who is a short man with a tall mind, but, in the main, they were Adams, and they were Adams at his best. He was much in demand and he could have been the major spokesman for the Administration had his time and energies permitted. "Gentlemen," he told a group of the staff in the spring of 1958, "I have three speeches to write. I'm going to get an uninterrupted hour around here if I have to lock that door."

Adams was particularly effective at large political rallies where he not only was willing but thoroughly enjoyed a chance to paste the Democrats. Simultaneous with the President's appeals to keep politics out of defense discussions, Adams was charging the Democrats with responsibility for Pearl Harbor and the loss of both China and our atomic secrets. All others might accept the incumbent party's traditional position as the defensive one, but for Sherm Adams the enjoyable and natural posture was the attack. Spiced with verbal venom, delivered in the Yankee twang of a cracker-barrel philosopher, and packed with punch aimed at the opposition's midriff, his speeches made him nine feet tall in the eyes of partisan program chairmen and no one pushed him more constantly to add to his schedule than the Republican National Committee.

In turning down an invitation from Meade Alcorn, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, to make a speech in St. Louis, the Governor said, "I don't think you should ask me, and if you do, I think I'll sever relations with that damned outfit of yours. I make some small contribution around here every day, and I can't make that contribution and be out of town speaking. I work twelve hours a day and crawl into bed at night on my hands and knees. If you want to

read my obituary in the newspapers just force me to take more of these on. But if you say the word, I'll speak wherever you say."

He also told Alcorn, with whom he worked closely, "Look, the President just isn't going to make a sanctimonious speech about a Republican Congress without adding that he means those Republicans who support his programs. He simply won't go on a campaign for members who haven't been with him. Now if you want to ask him to speak, I leave it up to you, but I'm warning you, that's the kind of speech he'll make."

Adams (who almost singlehandedly had convinced Eisenhower to adopt the "I will go to Korea" theme in his first campaign and had encouraged his invasion of the traditionally Democratic South) was, along with the Vice President, one of the few men around the White House, during the first six years of the Administration's tenure, who had a feel for politics. He had a genuine appreciation of the two-party system and, at times, acted as if it were his personal responsibility to uphold the Republican end of that system. Because there were no strings attached to *his* Republicanism, he never warmed to the term "modern Republican," invented by Arthur Larson for the 1956 campaign, or, for that matter, any other qualifier.

In a speech delivered to a Republican rally at Trenton, New Jersey, on May 24, 1957, he said: "The Democrat opposition, as all of us know, suffers from a chronic and incurable political schizophrenia . . . In that party, as the North proposes, the South disposes, and never the twain shall meet . . . Unfortunately, we Republicans are doing a little splitting ourselves. While this may be fun, it is a pastime we can ill afford . . . Today we have the stalwarts, the irreconciled, and the irreconcilables. We have the liberals, the liberal-conservatives, the conservative-progressives, the plain and simple conservatives, and the reactionaries. We have the moderns and the un- or anti-moderns, the old-fashioned and the traditionalists—each resoundingly the oracle of the true meaning of Republicanism . . . We must stop this hyphenation of Republicanism, this claiming allegiance to a fraction of a faction. Suppose we be just this—*Loyal* Republicans . . ."

In a conversation with the Secretary of Defense, Wilson asked if a man under discussion was a good Republican. Adams replied, "Well, Charlie, he's *his* kind of Republican . . ."

Chairman Alcorn occasionally surrendered to his frustrations in dealing with a President whose politics sounded too lofty to a professional partisan and a scrappy, snappy presidential assistant who loved the conventional thunder and blather but had little time for the game. To Adams, Alcorn once passed the word the President would either make a certain political speech or he (Alcorn) would quit as national Republican chairman. "That," smiled Adams as he leaned back in his swivel chair, "poses a deliciously delicate problem."

Part Three

XIV

"Governments, like clocks, go from the motions men give them, and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them are they ruined, too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men than men upon governments." This quotation by William Penn hung on the wall of Eisenhower's patronage office. It was a philosophy the President believed with strong conviction.

Service as a political appointee has all the satisfactions of elective office except the thrill of success on election evening—opportunities to work in some of the most challenging assignments in the exciting city of Washington or eighty-five countries overseas—all this, in contrast to elective offices, without the demands and complaints of a narrow constituency.

Under the Eisenhower administration the patronage operation was never characterized by a dearth of candidates, but certainly there was never a deluge. Quite often we found ourselves seeking out and enticing into government the men we wanted rather than choosing from among the avowed candidates.

If a citizen can be assured the President himself has requested his service, in the great majority of cases he will accept whatever assignment he is given.

An impressive array of highly talented men answered the presidential summons despite, in some cases, staggering sacrifice. For example, Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy left the chairmanship of Procter & Gamble at \$250,000 a year to accept his government assignment at \$25,500. Two years later he returned to Cincinnati at the same figure, making it possible to compute his dollar contribution to his government at nearly a half million dollars.

Other appointees, required by Congress to avoid conflict of interest even though the Congress does not require this of itself, sold family investments that would have made them wealthy men. One Defense Department appointee was required to sell stock in a company of which he was one of 52,500 stockholders and in which his percentage of ownership was fractional to eleven decimal points.

One man, a brilliant lawyer of modest means who had his heart set on that heaven for lawyers, the Supreme Court, was asked by President Eisenhower if he would take an appointment as Assistant Secretary of Defense. He replied that he would serve wherever he was needed, came to Washington, and stayed in the post despite continuing heavy financial obligations at home. Not until he had borrowed the limit on his life insurance did he go to the White House and say, apologetically, that he must resign.

This willingness to stand sacrifice to serve citizens who sometimes refuse to take five minutes to go vote gives those who witness it a mixed emotion about conflict-of-interest laws. In most cases it would seem that if a candidate cannot be trusted to serve his country honestly when he has outside interests, he can hardly be expected to do so after he has divested himself of his holdings. Having seen the officeholder's propensity to bend over backward to avoid conflicts of interest, I would think the desire to have him sell his stock would come from the company in which he has invested, not from the Congress.

Frequently the only way we could get a man to come to Washington was to agree that he would not be pressured into staying more than one or two years. As a political-science major and recognizing how many months it takes the novice in Washington to become even moderately useful, I used to think that this was an unhappy arrangement. But what generally happened was that the appointee found himself immersed in important work and surrounded with challenging projects and problems which were unresolved at the expiration of the time limit he had set for himself. Amazed at the high caliber of his associates in government, he found his civilian occupation paled in comparison with his federal duties and he put his heart into what he was doing and stayed on.

The easy jobs to fill in government are those at the top and at the

bottom. Despite its reputation for poor pay, the federal government's *lowest* starting salary today is \$2960 for the most menial job. Higher starting pay makes government service comparatively enticing to the young graduate who is willing to trade the promise of a faster, further rise in industry for the higher beginning salary of the federal pay scale; or to the young lawyer who chooses the immediate income of government service over the prospect of lean years building up both his law library and his civilian practice.

At the other end of the spectrum where there are comparatively few jobs to be filled, there is no great shortage of candidates for the top posts. Membership in the Cabinet, for example, provides a climax to a man's career and may be the star on top of the tree for the retiring company president—before he takes over as chairman of the board. It is an answer to the calls of patriotism with the glory of direct service to the President compensating for monetary loss.

The most difficult area from which to pull good men into Washington for political executive service is from the 30–55 age bracket. During these on-the-way-up years most men don't regard government service as anything but a lateral step in terms of their business or community careers. Corporations which long ago became aware of the effect of the bureaucracy upon everything they do, have not yet become sufficiently sophisticated to see their role in improving the caliber of the government that rules them. The rising executive who thinks his contemporaries or superiors will look out for his position on the corporate ladder, while he spends three years as an assistant secretary, is in for a discouraging disillusionment. Rather than maintaining or raising his status in his civilian position, he may find that he has lost ground because he has become tainted in the eyes of his associates with their view of "what did he want out of government service?"

Herbert Brownell was asked by Eisenhower on Election Day, 1952, if he would be willing to come to the White House as the assistant to the President—the job which ultimately went to Sherman Adams. He replied to the President that he would rather stay in his own field of law and did not feel he could make as great a contribution elsewhere. "Then why don't you come down as Attorney General?" Eisenhower asked—just as casually as that, Brownell recalls.

Brownell turned to Lucius Clay, kingpin in the Eisenhower election and chairman of the board of Continental Can Company, who knew both the ways and costs of Washington living, for advice as to whether or not a man of his finances could afford to take the plunge. General Clay asked him frankly how much he had accumulated in savings. When Brownell told him the famous general replied, "You'll be able to last about four years." Brownell took the job . . . and resigned four and a half years later, explaining in his letter of resignation that the Little Rock matter had necessitated his staying a few months longer than he originally had planned.

From various sources, principally writing, former Vice President Nixon made over \$350,000 in 1961. This amount exceeds the *total* salaries he received in twelve years of government service.

Most of the complaints about lost earnings while on a temporary job in Washington come from the distaff side who do not see the many other compensations which few political appointees would trade for any amount of greenbacks.

XV

In the days when Jim Farley ran the patronage operation for Roosevelt, it was said he could create 10,000 new jobs on ten hours' notice. Even in the early term of Donald Dawson, patronage man for Mr. Truman, the President controlled the incumbents in posts several levels below the policy makers. During the twenty years of Democratic power thousands of men and women were locked into the jobs they held by the regulations of the Civil Service. By the time I sat behind the Jim Farley-Donald Dawson desk as Adams' patronage assistant, the spoils system had shrunk to a trickle of its former proportions.

Although Eisenhower had the executive responsibility of carrying out policy in a government composed of over five million men and women (2.4 million civilians plus another 2.7 million in military uniform), he controlled the jobs of less than one in 2000 employees. He

did, of course, appoint the high echelon—cabinet members, their deputies, under and assistant secretaries, the heads of the independent agencies, the chairmen of the Atomic Energy Commission and of the Council of Economic Advisers, and others totaling about ninety top posts. With the exception of his White House staff, however, most of them took Senate confirmation and the President could be denied his choice, as once he was.

In addition, there are nearly 3000 jobs in the departments and agencies which the Administration controls indirectly. These are outside the regulations of the Civil Service and those who hold them serve at the pleasure of the President, although most are hired by and are responsible to men who were appointed by men who were appointed by men who serve directly under the Chief Executive.

In Sherman Adams' mind there was a definite area in which he had authority and one in which he did not. More than once he said, "Look, nobody elected us the President of the United States. That question deserves an answer from him." In patronage matters the line of his authority was exactly known. If the appointment was established by law or executive order as a presidential one, it warranted presidential attention. The only variable was the stage at which it received the Chief Executive's perusal. President Eisenhower considered appointments to his Cabinet and made the final determination without contact with the patronage office. We often learned about such appointments from the press releases that made the announcement. If, however, the candidate was one of fifteen or twenty being appointed to the Annual Assay Commission, which served only one day of a year with responsibilities amounting to little more than viewing the production line of the Philadelphia mint and saying, "Yes, that's money," then the President was not involved until it was time to sign the commission that made it official and gave the recipient the right to the title "honorable" for the rest of his life.

On roughly 75 per cent of the 15,378 civilian presidential appointments made in the six years Adams served the Eisenhower administration, "O.K., S.A." on the proposal memorandum constituted final approval for preparation of papers. On names in this group, too, his "No!" was as final.

In turning down a recommendation from one eastern senator, he

once said, "Look, the easiest thing in the world is for me to say yes to somebody who comes in here wanting something. It's much easier to say yes than no, but some of you fellows defeat yourselves by coming in here to waste your time and ours to back somebody who's no more qualified for the particular job than a jaybird. Now you're recommending a very good man, but you can't put a builder on the National Capital Planning Commission."

For the balance, presidential interest and involvement were in proportion to the degree the President would be personally dealing with the candidate if he were appointed, the recognized importance of the job he sought, and the amount of congressional pressure and political interest that had built up in the vacancy. In these cases the Governor passed on a final slate from which the President made the selection. While Adams would present the pros and cons, the presidential decision, once indicated, always was accepted without a further word, regardless of his first assistant's personal preference to the contrary.

In judging a candidate the Governor's first evaluation was of the man's industry. An ambitious man he could understand, even admire. "The ambition of an able man is not the worst curse in America." However, on the slightest indication that the man was lazy, he lost all interest in him regardless of endorsements or other qualifications.

My part in patronage was in the distillation process in which we narrowed down the field for presidential consideration. For positions particularly sought after, such as membership on one of the regulatory commissions, it was not unusual to have as many as fifty or even a hundred candidates. Most of these could be quickly ruled out as having no endorsements save their own, or no qualifications except for the fact that they were related to a politician and were temporarily "at liberty." In picking from the remainder we were assisted by many tools—the candidate's background, Dun & Bradstreet, Martindale-Hubbell, recommendations, and, finally, for a chosen few, a full-scale investigation by the FBI.

One of Eisenhower's first acts as President-elect was to tell Adams to order on himself, as assistant to the President, a "full field" and to establish that as a prerequisite for all Eisenhower presidential appointees. These investigations were expensive in both time and

money. They cost the government some \$600 per investigation and seldom could be completed in less than three to four weeks. Obviously an investigation could not be performed on more than a few candidates. Despite the fact that this was not the larger purpose for which they were conducted, their disclosures, by which were uncovered about the job seekers things they had not told their wives, were an invaluable assist in the selection process.

From the field of applicants I would present to Adams the five or six with the most outstanding qualifications and endorsements. Not until this point had politics been a consideration; they would be the major consideration now. First the Governor and I had a little dialogue we ran through many times. He would ask, "Now, you consider each of these men has the qualifications for this job? The President can pick any one he wishes and have a fully qualified man?" Since preparing for an affirmative response was part of my job, the Governor knew the answer but, nevertheless, he asked the question. Then, assured, he would turn his mind to the intriguing process of patronage politics and political geography.

At the beginning of each month we submitted to Governor Adams a progress report on presidential appointments. This report told of our headway in filling existing vacancies and called attention to the vacancies that would be coming up during the following five months. It listed, in a separate section, the same information from the Department of Justice covering federal judges, U. S. marshals, and U. S. attorneys. It also listed the actions that had been taken since the previous report. Along the margins of these reports Adams would give us guidance through such terse comments as "Better do better" or "Let's see some more names!"

Before the final papers were presented to the President, Adams sometimes called several members of the staff into his office to talk over an appointment. He might call in Bud Barba or Rhoemer McPhee from the general counsel's office to speak on the problem of security clearance. He might ask one or more of the legislative assistants to speak on the congressional clearances that had been obtained and the difficulties that might be encountered in Senate confirmation.

On one occasion I brought him a slate of five names for a vacancy.

I was proud of the list; we had worked hard on it. Further, I was delighted that a candidate recommended by Senator Gordon Allott of Colorado had survived our toughest scrutiny. Allott had endorsed his man repeatedly and had told me he was so convinced that his recommendation, a Coloradoan, was right for the job that if he were appointed, the senator would not ask for another piece of political patronage during the President's term in office. It would have been naïve to take such a promise literally; still it did reflect how strongly Allott felt about the matter, and I was pleased I could, with complete honesty, include his candidate when telling the Governor, "Yes, sir, all five men on this list, in my opinion, are qualified for the job." In this instance I hastened to tell Adams of the Colorado senator's endorsement. I also told him how long it had been since a Coloradoan had served in this spot (seventeen years) and drew his attention to the lack of midwestern representation among the incumbents the new appointee would join. The Governor carefully looked over the supporting papers attached to the slate of candidates and, rising, said, "Let's go see what the boss has to say about it."

The President's office, about fifty feet from the Governor's, was connected by a long corridor, off which other offices opened. There was a short cut through these other offices—it saved ten to fifteen feet, avoided the possibility of meeting someone in the hall, and, although it gave those whose offices these were about the privacy they could have expected in Macy's window at Christmas time, the Governor always used it. We went out through the small outer office which housed Sherman Adams' three secretaries and four desks, through that of General Andy Goodpaster, the capable staff secretary and long-time friend of the high echelon, and through the office of the presidential appointments secretary, Tom Stephens. Without breaking his stride Adams asked of Stephens, "Who's in there?" Stephens' "He's alone" came out just as Adams pulled the door to the eight-foot runway which led to the President's office.

After talking one or two minutes about matters which the President raised, Adams showed him the candidates' slate. The President scanned it quickly, then said, "Say, that's wonderful. I promised George Aiken we would take someone from Vermont the first time one of his recommendations made our preferred list. Take him—take

this fellow from Vermont." Without a word of protest the Governor thanked him and led the way back to his own office. The whole meeting had not taken more than four minutes.

As we passed through his outer office Adams said to one of his secretaries, "Get me Allott." When the senator came on the line, I expected the Governor to tell him exactly what had happened. The most natural line he could have used was the one for which there was no further argument—"The President says . . ." Instead his conversation was another illustration of how he saw his job and its obligation to "serve the President in any way he could." It also illustrated why Adams, a man of such enormous influence, had accumulated so few friends by the time the Goldfine business broke. He said, "Gordon, I've been talking with Gray about your recommendation, and I simply can't recommend your man to the President. There are better men on the list. Take this Vermont fellow Aiken is pushing, for example."

But Adams was no masochist who enjoyed bringing blood to his own head unnecessarily. Even as he abused himself in the President's service, he felt free to use his subordinates in a lesser cause of his own. If he was not bearing a presidential "no" he was perfectly agreeable to its being delivered by someone else. After a decision not to reappoint an incumbent at the expiration of his term, the Governor would occasionally toss his ax to me. Men thus severed from the work to which they had been devoted reacted in varying ways. Some broke into tears, others screamed invectives, many argued, and a few (like CAB member Joe Adams) apologized for the embarrassment the necessity of the call was causing me! To say the least, White House public relations was better served when Adams detailed this messy business. He had no patience with either sex's tears, he could match vernacular with a drunken sea captain, and he brooked no argument. He would say, "It's settled," when someone tried to continue a discussion of his case, and then without waiting for further comment would drop his telephone back on the hook. If letting go these bombshells ever caused him embarrassment, the manner in which he set the fuse stopped anyone from apologizing to him for their necessity.

The unpleasantness of carrying bad news to a disappointed applicant for nomination or reappointment was compensated by the pleasure that came in giving the good tidings to those who were successful

in gaining their desires. Better still was the pleasure of asking a man if he would be willing to serve when he hadn't realized he was being given serious consideration. No telephone call I made from the switchboard of National 8-1414 gave me such pleasure as one I placed in 1956 to Judge Arthur Kline, of Wyoming. The conversation went like this:

"Judge, this is Robert Gray at the White House. The President has asked me to inquire if you would be willing—"

"Who did you say this was?"

"This is Robert Gray at the White House and—"

"Where?"

"The White House. The President has asked—"

"Is this a joke?"

"No, Judge, this is a perfectly legitimate call. The President has asked me to inquire if you would be willing to serve if he determines to send your name to the Senate as a member of the Federal Power Commission."

Long pause followed by a clatter, then, "P-p-pardon me, I dropped the phone."

For United States representatives in the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne, Australia, the President approved a slate including Daniel J. Ferris, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, and three former U. S. Olympic champions, Jesse Owens, Samuel Lee, and Robert Bruce Mathias. I received the President's approval early in the morning of October 6 and made the calls to determine whether the men he had selected were willing to serve. Dr. "Sammy" Lee had followed his Olympic fame with professional achievement in the field of medicine. He was at his home in Santa Ana, California, when my call reached him, but his enthusiasm for the President's invitation leaped over the miles. It was still there—a mixture of pleasure and pride and patriotism—in his acceptance letter addressed to the President. He wrote:

Dear President Eisenhower:

Words always fall short of what one feels down deep in his heart when he wishes to express his happiness or his sorrow. To say "thanks" to you

for honoring my race and my family by asking me to be one of your personal representatives to the XVI Olympiads in Melbourne, Australia, is not enough. Perhaps I can express my humble gratitude by my actions during my assignment.

The phone call from Mr. Bob Gray this morning telling me of your thoughts made me realize again the vision of my father. Papa said, "Son, a good American is a man who contributes the finest qualities of his ancestral heritage to the American Way of Life."

My life's ambition was to let the world know that the majority of the American people practices what it preaches by giving little American Orientals like myself an opportunity to represent his country not only on the field of sports, but also in its daily living. Today, Mr. President, you have given me this chance.

I shall do my best along with our great Olympic Team "for the honor of our country and the glory of sports."

Sincerely,

(signed) Samuel Lee, M.D.

Adams made more enemies through his part in patronage than in any other area of his White House operations. He was intrigued by the theory of political patronage and enjoyed discussing it in general terms. The specific application of the theory, however, was so full of frustrations that at times he had short patience for it. Other issues, once resolved, whether or not to the liking of a petitioner, were seldom brought up again after a decision was firmed. The file could be closed and the desk cleared for the next problem. But job seekers turned down for an appointment miraculously recovered from their disappointment during the night, and next day, along with their sponsors, opened a new campaign for some other opening.

When Adams thought he had found the right job for a man who had been a patronage problem, he had no patience if the candidate turned coy and held out for a better assignment. In the spring of 1957 he was plagued with support for a candidate who had been on the Washington scene since 1953 in a minor administrative post. The man put on a great campaign for a bigger job than the one he held, but Adams considered he was "well placed for maximum use of such talents as he has" and refused to budge. When he asked for a meeting with the Governor, Adams asked me to see him instead, and to report on the

meeting. Later I told Adams that the candidate said, "If you can't find something more challenging for me, this is my swan song to the District of Columbia." Closing the discussion, Adams said, "Be sure and invite me to the wake."

Particularly regarding patronage matters the Governor questioned the honesty of a telephone caller. Since the man recommended was frequently at the caller's elbow it was difficult to know how much of what was said was for Adams' benefit and how much was for his. If the caller was less than fully sincere, however, there was insincerity on both ends of the line. Holding the earpiece to his ear but turning the mouthpiece up in the air, the Governor would make scathing *sotto voce* replies, which, if his caller was not talking, he could hear and which then undid all the good derived from Adams taking the call in the first place. "Well, we certainly value your advice," he would say into the telephone and then, aside, "This guy goes on like a machine . . . gripe, gripe, gripe!" Back to his caller, "Is that so?" And to me, *sotto voce*, "Three times he's said that. [Snort.] I couldn't care less."

Many job candidates were more apprehensive over the prospect of their first face-to-face meeting with Adams than with the frightening responsibilities of the jobs they sought. With those he wanted to test or impress he was hell's fire on the inside with the outward appearance of ice. Whatever approach the job seeker took, once Adams had him on the line he would play him into a defensive position.

When Edward Gadsby of Massachusetts was under consideration for appointment to the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Governor ordered me to set up a meeting between Gadsby and the Secretary of the Treasury. Gadsby came back from his meeting elated over how well the interview had gone, and I took him in to Adams to make his report. When the Governor asked how he had made out Gadsby started out modestly, "Well, I was very much impressed with Secretary Humphrey." Adams shook his head. "That," he said in a flat, bored tone, "was not the purpose of the interview . . ."

In appraising a candidate the Governor drew heavily on the experience and opinions of those around him. He once asked me to obtain from Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks an evaluation of a candidate under consideration. I reported back that Weeks was "dis-

turbed" about the man's ability to handle the job. Adams pondered this comment for a moment, then said, "Tell him we join him in his disturbance and to suggest another name."

Unless Adams knew the recommender and held him in esteem he gave little weight to the recommendation. Cabinet Secretary Maxwell Rabb once responded to a call to the Governor's office to find that Adams had a visitor. The visitor, not incidentally, had met with some of us during the noon hour and had said he couldn't understand why everyone was so afraid of Adams. "Why don't you just stand up to him?" he had asked. Max started to back out of the office when he realized someone was with the Governor, but Adams told him he could come on in, that he only wanted to ask if he were acquainted with a man under consideration for appointment. When Max told Adams that he did not know the candidate well, the Governor's visitor piped up, "I know him, Governor. He's a fine man."

Without looking at his visitor Adams said to Rabb, "You don't know him well, Max?"

Max answered, "No, Governor, scarcely at all."

"He's a very fine man," contributed the visitor. "I know him well."

Adams turned to his visitor and said, "You wait outside."

Some appointees were asked to take on assignments in which, for lack of time or money, there was little chance for success. To head a new governmental committee the President often turned to a busy executive already in the government and asked him to add the new duties to his heavy existing ones. Unfair as this might seem, there was strong logic behind it. In the first place, when there was reason to think the assignment might fail, then the chances of success were better with a time-seasoned Washington veteran in charge. Second, if it should fail, the veteran could stand the failure better than one who was new and without the armor of friends and past successes to protect him.

In midsummer, 1956, Adams and his top staff were nursing tempers frayed to the breaking point. A hard session of Congress was in its last weeks, and, with the President recuperating in Gettysburg, the staff had commuting headaches added to all the others. At the time, our big patronage problem was the composition of the UNESCO delegation—bipartisan, but one of the more prized patronage plums.

Interest in the appointments was running high with particularly relentless pressure from one elderly Republican senator. The senator made daily telephone calls, always with a variation of the same message.

"I'm old, and tired of fighting for legislation for an administration that won't give me an appointment now and then."

One day when he called his voice was so choked with emotion that for long moments he was unable to speak at all. I later described the conversation to Adams and suggested that this old warrior of the party deserved a "no" from Sherman Adams, if not from the President.

The Governor made the call and listened with unaccustomed patience as the senator recounted his decades of public service, the few patronage requests he had authored in the past four years of the Administration, and then concluded in weeping despair that he had not been successful in pushing through a single recommendation. Adams told him quietly that he appreciated the information and would see what he could do.

Hanging up the telephone, he asked me who had opposed the senator's recommendation. I reminded him that he had been present when the man was interviewed by Dr. Gabriel Hauge, economic adviser to the President, and had agreed that the candidate might lack the force of personality the job required. Adams called for Hauge, whose secretary said he was involved in an important meeting.

"Get him to the phone," he said.

Then, "Look, Gabe, this is why they tear us to ribbons on the Hill." He recounted the arguments the aged senator had marshaled for him and added, "I've been through the tortures of hell on this thing, and it's high time we got it decided." Hauge replied that he hadn't been a party to any procrastination, that he had only been interested in the appointment for a short time. "You've been on it six weeks," said Adams, "and I want it firmed up today!"

By the time I returned to my office Hauge was waiting. He had been called out of a meeting and read the riot act, and he was livid. "Look, I'm not the personnel office," he said. "If that's the way he's going to act, I'm going back to my economics."

Eventually Hauge did go back to his economics, but no White House incident spurred his return. His exasperation at Adams' occasional

contrariness, like that of other staff members, did not have the endurance of his greater admiration and affection.

We made frequent, although futile, attempts to cut the President's patronage work load. Eisenhower was very proud of his people-to-people program. Although one of the world's men of power, he frequently was reminded how fleeting that power. He felt we should link the destinies of this nation not between individual leaders in other countries but between other peoples and ours. By July 1957, forty-eight citizens had been appointed to the program. Turnover and attrition were necessitating the President's frequent acceptance of a resignation or his designation of a new member. The invitations had originally been established as presidential to encourage the participation of top citizens. Now, however, we had leaders in all fields participating, and it seemed logical that there was sufficient prestige in the group to attract citizens of equal stature in the months ahead. The President agreed, in general, to turn all aspects of the management of the program over to the head of the United States Information Agency, but there were always many reasons why the specific case deserved presidential treatment.

Even with a highly qualified candidate it was not always easy to find the right slot for the right man. Adams would often weary under the pressure of an applicant's supporters and farm out the worry of locating him properly. Talking to the Attorney General one day about a job applicant, he said, "I want you to take ten minutes today to find him a job. And I'm going to call you tomorrow and ask you what you did with today's ten minutes."

In an attempt to clean up a thorny patronage problem he would occasionally give me a candidate's biographical sketch and say, "Every night before you go to bed I want you to ask yourself what you have done for this man during the day."

Once, when the political spears were being hurled from all directions at the Eisenhower Agriculture Secretary, Adams asked me to go to my office, "shut the door, and spend thirty minutes thinking of an appropriate place for Ezra Taft Benson." His statement to me was not in the least an assignment but an evidence of his frustration at attempting to reply to the cries of those politicians who thought Mr. Benson's resignation would be the answer to their every political woe.

He never mentioned this again, so it is obvious he recognized that within the President's power to nominate there is within government no appropriate promotion for a cabinet officer.

XVI

Many argued for the Eisenhower patronage operation to be moved from the White House to the Republican National Committee. This is its traditional location and made sense from a political standpoint. Both good and ill will are created in the politics of patronage, but the slight good is never enough to offset the considerable bad. In our patronage operation we often negated an appointment's political advantage to a senator by contacting him after the deliberations had gone so far the White House interest was known both to the candidate and to the friends with whom his influence was greatest.

Many members of Congress have been burned so badly with the problems of dispensing patronage that they hope for little and want none. Some have turned the selection of postmasters in their districts over to local committees or resorted to the standard practice of recommending the candidate with the highest Civil Service score regardless of his politics. Out of the dozens of applicants for a given job, only one can be selected, and determined enemies frequently are made among both the others and their supporters.

Locating the center of this operation in national committee headquarters would not deny the White House such opportunities as it wanted to interject itself. Final approval on important appointments would still require clearance "topside." In the end they would get a much more careful scrutiny than is possible when presidential advisers and the President himself are involved with the screening and selecting and the warding off of the thousands of pressures that come with the hundreds of thousands of applicants for the tens of thousands of jobs. Important, too, the Administration's relations with members of Congress would not so frequently be frayed over petty appointments if the congressman's ire was directed at the indefinite body

called the committee rather than at the White House personage called the President.

Those who argued against moving patronage to the Republican National Committee during Eisenhower's administration spoke primarily about the unwholesome influence of too much politics in the selection of candidates. I did not agree with that argument at the time. And even now, when it is a practice being followed by the opposition in dispensing jobs, and my natural inclination would be to be against it, I believe that the political leaders of both parties realize it is not good politics to put a candidate in any job for which he is less than qualified. At least from the Republican viewpoint I can give this evidence to back my point: Some of the best-qualified candidates in our patronage files were those recommended by Republican National Chairmen Len Hall, Meade Alcorn, and Thruston Morton and their committee patronage assistants, Ab Hermann, Hal Short, Chauncey Robbins, Clancey Adamy, and Ethel Friedlander.

Perhaps the most difficult of the patronage problems we dealt with was the group appointment, such as the ten-member U. S. delegation to the United Nations. Here the tugging influences of sex, religion, politics, color, background, and geography had to be considered along with talent. If the right woman was found for the delegation it often turned out that she was geographically from an area already too heavily represented. Then we would take one of the men from that area off the list and look for his replacement. The next man on whom all could agree might turn out to be a Republican instead of the Democrat needed for political balance or a southerner instead of a northerner, an industrialist instead of the needed labor leader.

The United Nations delegation of 1957 is a good example of the mixture of factors which were taken into consideration. As it was, every year from 1956-60, the delegation was headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, his deputy, James Wadsworth, and Mrs. Oswald (Mary) Lord—one of the most capable women ever in government service. In addition to these three easterners the delegation contained two congressmen, Republican Walter Judd of Minnesota and Democrat A. S. J. Carnahan of Missouri; D.C.'s George Meany represented labor; Illinois' Democrat Philip Klutznick and Republican Genoa

Washington represented minority groups; and Indiana University's President Herman Wells represented the academicians.

To complete the list the President appointed Irene Dunne, California Republican. Miss Dunne represented the ideal selection for a group appointment. In addition to her contribution to geographical and party balance, she gave the glamour of a motion-picture actress with an earned reputation for wise judgment and a keen interest in foreign affairs. Further, she had received the Laetare Medal as the outstanding Catholic layman in 1949.

As a group the most coveted patronage appointments are the federal judgeships. These "plums" pay at the top of the federal salary scale, the incumbents are appointed for life, and they enjoy dignity, power, and prestige. In my days in patronage the federal judges totaled 338. Their dockets were heavily loaded and many—particularly in the metropolitan communities—were far behind in their calendars.

During a luncheon visit at the White House, Bernard G. Segal, the chairman of the American Bar Association's Standing Committee on the Federal Judiciary, once told me of a tragic case to point up the need for additional judges and to underscore once more British Prime Minister Gladstone's famous quotation, "Justice delayed is justice denied."

The case concerned a young girl, critically and permanently injured in a mishap at a New York retail store. Her injury was so clearly the result of neglect that the store's insurance representatives called on the girl's mother (a working widow with insufficient funds to pay the hospital bills, much less the costs of lifetime care for an invalid daughter) and proposed an out-of-court settlement of \$25,000. On advice of counsel the mother refused the offered settlement, filed suit in her daughter's name for \$200,000, and waited for the case to be listed.

Two years, three years, finally four years passed, and the case had not come to trial. By now the expenses of the girl's infirmities had drained the mother's savings and used up all she could borrow from family and friends. During the years, too, the first witness for her daughter had passed away and her lawyer advised her that their case was growing weaker by the month and she should accept the settlement she had been offered. When she attempted to do so, however, the in-

insurance lawyers informed her that they were now willing to offer only \$10,000. In desperation she took this settlement and joined the ranks of American citizens who have paid a heavy personal price for the shortage of federal judges.

Eisenhower pushed for more judges many times, but the Democrats in control of Congress refused to give to the Republican President power to appoint additional numbers to these prestige posts. This, despite a commitment from the President that he would select at least one half of the new judges from the opposition party! As the Eisenhower years in office drew to a close, Democrats put added pressure on the elder members of the judiciary—most of them appointed under Presidents Roosevelt and Truman—to hold up on any plans they had to retire. It was reported that the word went out from Democratic political chieftains to aged and ailing members of the court that they should not retire until a Democratic President was in office and could appoint someone of the same political persuasion. One elderly Minnesota barrister greeted the election of Senator Kennedy with, "Thank God. Now maybe my party will let me retire."

After the Kennedy inauguration one of the first substantive actions of the Democrat-controlled Congress was to provide for seventy-three new judgeships in the federal judiciary. The majority party imposed the gag rule which passed the bill in the Senate without even permitting hearings, and the new President was given the power to make more judicial appointments at one time than any other President before him.

Their experience dealing in the important and complex area of judicial appointments was the background against which those in the Eisenhower patronage operation later were most critical of President Kennedy's appointment of his brother to the position of Attorney General, in charge of all law enforcement, the FBI, and overseer of the federal judiciary. These former patronage men knew that a large number of the calls they had received were from senators and congressmen endorsing for the coveted federal judgeships men whose major qualification was their availability. They had been able to reply to these callers that the President had a firm rule against nominating for the judiciary any candidate who had not been recommended to him by the Justice Department and the American Bar

Association. Further, the candidate had to have achieved a state-wide reputation as a practicing attorney.

One of Eisenhower's former patronage aides summed it up to me this way after the 1961 inauguration. "I don't worry so much about the national consequences of a young and inexperienced Attorney General. He is a very bright boy and with the public spotlight fully on him, he can't do too much wrong without our finding out about it. Besides, his term is for four years—at the most, eight. But we're talking about federal judges who will serve for life. How can a patronage operation hope to discourage the selection of every politician's campaign manager when you have an Attorney General of the United States who, himself, has never practiced law, never tried a case, never written so much as one appellate brief?"

XVII

New York *Times* writer and 1960 Kennedy supporter James B. ("Scotty") Reston did a column on April 12, 1958, in which he talked about Eisenhower's patronage policies. He wrote: "The resources of the Republican party have not even been exploited by the Administration. This is a party that must command the allegiance of 80 per cent of the lawyers and maybe 90 per cent of the skilled administrators in American business and industry."

As a partisan I can hardly quarrel if Mr. Reston wants to say that most of the talent is in the Republican party. And I can agree with him, too, that we skimmed but the surface of the reservoir of talent available to the patronage office. Only a part of some 3500 posts which the Eisenhower administration could have controlled were filled by partisans during the Eisenhower years.

Late in 1956 our patronage office made a comparison of that year's issue of the Congressional *Directory* with the last edition of Mr. Truman's final term. The *Directory* lists incumbents in the policy jobs of the executive departments—the cabinet officers, assistant cabinet officers, their assistants, bureau chiefs, and the top staff of each of

these. Our comparison revealed a surprising number of these policy slots still filled with Truman appointees four years after Eisenhower's inauguration. In one department nearly 10 per cent were Truman holdovers at the end of the *second* Eisenhower term.

Twice during his administration the President admonished his cabinet members to place men of their philosophical persuasion in the posts subordinate to them. He warned them of the ease with which they could be made captive by their staffs and sent them away from the cabinet table with an enthusiasm to clean house, an enthusiasm that in many cases faded before they reached their departmental offices.

In dealing with personnel and Civil Service, the Hoover Commission recommended that career administrators, as rapidly as possible, be relieved of responsibility for the advocacy or defense of policies and programs; that additional noncareer executives be provided at the departmental level, and that noncareer appointees not be placed in lines of command below career administrators. Republican zeal for personnel politics lagged throughout the first term, however, and in February 1957, Eisenhower's personnel adviser, Philip Young, at the direction of the President, issued a memorandum to the heads of departments and the independent agencies plaintively urging they follow the recommendations of the nonpartisan commission study.

In discussing with a new appointee his future assignment we would tell him of the service he could render both the President and himself by filling the "Schedule C" jobs under him with men and women who would have, through their loyalty to the same political party, that extra ounce of enthusiasm to make changes as directed. Some appointees, however, although they loudly had proclaimed their party activities before they were appointed, once they had been designated by the President became "statesmen" who disliked the inference that anything other than pure qualifications and merit had had a hand in their selection. Out of fifty candidates for a job we sometimes ended up with forty-nine bitterly disappointed men and one ingrate.

Like the President and some of us around him, it took a tour in Washington to assure many of those appointed that there is a place for honest politics and such a thing as an honest politician. Even among those who had learned this lesson before they came, the im-

plementation of our "clean house" advice was often disappointing. We would send them to their new assignments armed with a list of inherited employees who had given their predecessor problems, of Democrats in policy slots, and a determination to wield a heavy ax.

Far too often, however, an appointee, although selected for his demonstrated administrative ability, would determine to make no changes until he had mastered the peculiarities that made this job different from those with which he was experienced. After thirty days he was on a first-name basis with the marked subordinate, their wives would be playing cards together, he became convinced that the man "really has no politics" and was the strongest defender of his right to stay on.

The importance of having those who share the President's philosophy in all posts bearing on policy is not fully appreciated outside of Washington. An Assistant Secretary of Agriculture once told me that a particular piece of farm legislation passed by the Congress was so broadly constructed that the department could have interpreted it as a license to take over about half of Oklahoma.

There is at least one further argument for using a wide and partisan broom in effecting personnel changes during the turn of administrations. The great majority of the millions of Americans who give generously of their time and treasure for the political party of their choice want nothing for their contributions except the satisfaction of having the philosophy in which they believe made a part of their government. Relatively few want jobs for themselves. Most, however, want and deserve the vicarious pleasure they derive from having the seats of power filled by those with whom they share a political kinship. Not the least of the trials of a patronage officer is the futility of trying to explain to a heavy campaign contributor why the fully qualified man he recommends cannot be placed in a position occupied by an opposition holdover.

Although I never knew him to ask a subordinate to make a decision based on politics, the Governor, too, chafed at the nonpartisan attitude of some of the administration's appointees. After several unsuccessful attempts to place a qualified young lawyer on the staff of a commission, I sent Adams a memorandum listing the applicant's qualifications and the attempts we had made to place him. My note also

gave the names of three men without political endorsement who had been added to the commission's payroll during the period of our applicant's candidacy.

"Where did these three names come from?" the Governor wanted to know. When I told him it appeared they had been selected over other qualified men because they were friends with someone already on the commission, he said, "Too often playing politics with appointments is confused with playing friends. You tell our people over there they aren't there to carry out a party line, but with a Republican chairman and a Republican staff director we have a right to expect a fair break."

XVIII

Of her ambassadors, America asks an even greater sacrifice than curtailed earnings and the costs of dual residency. Depending upon the post to which they are assigned, chiefs of our missions overseas may spend ten times the amount of their government salaries in maintaining their country's embassies and entertaining her guests. An assignment to London, Paris, or Bonn has cost some American ambassadors as much as a quarter of a million dollars. In other posts, as well, the costs of the annual Fourth of July party—for which the simple menu is hot dogs and beer for thousands—exceed the embassy's full-year allowance for entertainment. Little wonder representatives in these posts generally are wealthy men. This need not imply that the individual selected is given the position because of his money, but rather that he could not afford to be among the candidates if he did not have a substantial amount of it.

Although it is a favorite song sung by Republicans and Democrats when their opposite number controls the White House, few ambassadors are named solely because of their contributions to their political party. Too many others always can be found who were equally generous to justify using this criterion as a major, much less all-controlling one. Men of wealth are the largest contributors to a political

party; to shoulder the load at the major embassies requires men of wealth. So it should not be too shocking to discover that America's noncareer ambassadors have made political contributions, some of them of impressive size.

If it were true that Eisenhower passed out ambassadorial assignments on the basis of party contributions, hundreds of men could say they did not get their money's worth. No Republican has worked harder for his party than Leonard Hall. Yet, contrary to political tradition, no appointment was given the talented former chairman of the Republican National Committee.

There were many big political contributors—men like Garfield Kass and Lewis T. Breuninger of Washington, D.C., Tom Pappas of Massachusetts, Joseph Pew of Pennsylvania, W. Sam Carpenter of Delaware, Harold Brenton of Iowa, and many more—whose qualifications to represent our country abroad had been firmly established in the State Department and for whom the White House was awaiting an opening when the Eisenhower years ran out. Even among those who did obtain appointments, some would have reason to complain if party contributions were the only factor. One of Eisenhower's ambassadors to Belgium had contributed only \$1500 to his party while a second, whose contribution totaled \$21,000, was sent to Uruguay, and a third—Eisenhower's ambassador to Germany—had contributed \$1000 to the *Democratic* party!

During the Eisenhower years the percentage of career to noncareer ambassadors steadily increased. At one point the count stood at 53 to 23. In part this was a concession to those who maintain the career ambassador is better qualified to handle a "hot post"—and over the years increasing numbers of diplomatic assignments have been tagged with this term which indicates the sensitiveness of the political situation in the area.

In part, too, it was the result of continuous carping from career officials at high levels in the State Department. While understandable enough, their inability to judge the performances of noncareer ambassadors by the same standards they use to measure the actions of their career colleagues provided grist that eventually wore thin the resistance of both Secretary Dulles and his successor, Christian Herter.

At the close of Eisenhower's terms, the State Department had,

world-wide, 22,224 employees. Of this number only 125 (political) positions were exempted from Civil Service, and over 100 of these were filled by career employees. Of eleven Assistant Secretaries of State, seven were nonpolitical appointees.

After two years in the patronage operation I had new respect for the loyalty and high intellect of the great majority of the career civil servants with whom I had been in contact, and a new appreciation of our national indebtedness to them. In the State Department, for example, it would be hard to imagine a better man or woman available at any salary figure than Ambassadors Robert Murphy or Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen or the chief of the Passport Division, Frances Knight.

It is obvious, however, that career employees do not have a corner on talent. Some of America's best unofficial ambassadors during the Eisenhower years were among the noncareer appointees who represented the Administration overseas. The master diplomat of them all could never have won his country more friends than did Danny Kaye as ambassador at large for the United Nations Children's Fund. With the same easy naturalness with which he won the hearts of children, he won the affectionate respect of high international officialdom, including heads of state.

After his return from one tour he lunched with Max Rabb and me at the White House and reported on several of his adventures overseas. Each of them turned out successfully, although each would have been a shock to those who practice diplomacy along more staid and conventional lines.

When Kaye was in Austria he was given an audience with the President. As Kaye told the story: "I was escorted through doors, corridors, halls and halls, corridors, doors and corridors, doors and halls until we came to an enormous room. Here we waited until the appointed hour when Dr. Schärf arrived. A grand old man with thick white hair, he greeted me warmly in the center of the room and there we stood to talk. The conversation was animated and pleasant, but I found myself shifting my weight from first one foot to the other. Finally I said to His Excellency, 'Why don't we sit down?'"

"'I am supposed to ask you that,' he said.

"'Then ask me,' I said.

"I take it you would be more comfortable sitting down. Why don't we go into my office where we can be more comfortable?"

"After we had entered his office, he said, 'I think the reason you wanted to see me is because you were curious to see an old man.'

"Your statement is almost correct, Your Excellency. I wanted to see you because I was curious to meet a great man.'

"Hmmm. Why don't we have some coffee?"

"Would you have offered me coffee if I hadn't called you a great man?"

"His eyes twinkled mischievously. He looked around him, leaned forward, and said in an undertone, 'I sink so.'"

Needless to say, Kaye's disarming manner had made him a fast friend.

No career ambassador could have outperformed the records chalked up by Robert C. Hill in Mexico, Ogden Rogers Reid in Israel, Walter Ploeser in Paraguay, Val Peterson in Denmark, Wiley Buchanan in Luxembourg, John Hay Whitney in Britain, David Bruce in Germany, or John Lodge in Spain, to name just a few from a long list of stellar performers. Even Maxwell H. Gluck, whose "unfamiliarity" with the name of Ceylon's Prime Minister, S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, was heralded by exponents of the career system as an example of the ineptness of political appointees, later served in his assignment with unheralded distinction.

When Clare Boothe Luce was assigned to Italy it was predicted that her appointment would be "grievously resented" in the land where female executives are not enthusiastically received. However, she matched her beauty and brains with a natural diplomatic skill. For example, following the crash of an Italian airliner she canceled the passage to the States she had booked on an American line and rebooked with the Italian firm. When finally she left her post, husky Italians wept at the news.

While Mrs. Luce was a proud example of the patronage office, she also provided us with our biggest embarrassment. She came back on home leave in the fall of 1956, ill, it was believed, from the effects of arsenic-loaded paint which covered the walls of her Rome bedroom. On her arrival in Washington she submitted her resignation. Foster Dulles and others, cognizant of the job she had done and anxious

to avoid the loss in the final weeks before the election of one of the Administration's most colorfully successful women appointees, encouraged her to stay on until after the campaign closed. She returned to Italy, and following Eisenhower's re-election we set out to find her replacement.

James D. Zellerbach was selected in November; by early December we had the necessary security clearances, the papers were drawn up, and we made what we expected to be a routine call to Ambassador Luce. We found that she was on the high seas, headed for home. She would dock the next day, we were told, and since we hesitated to relay our message over a radio telephone we left a call with the New York office of the steamship line. When she reported in we told her the President had accepted her resignation, announced her successor, and that our call was only to let her know the timing before she read it in the newspapers.

Unfortunately, we had forgotten women's ancient prerogative. Her health had changed, and so had her decision to resign; yet we were powerless to undo what had been done. (Since her replacement performed creditably, our *faux pas* did not quite match that of a previous administration's patronage blooper. In that instance, through a too-hasty reference to *Who's Who*, a presidential commission to a relatively minor post was made out to a man whose first and surname were the same as the intended nominee's, although his middle name was different. The commission was signed by the Chief Executive; the nomination was confirmed by the Senate and delivered to the astonished but delighted citizen. As a tribute to American adaptability, it can be reported that the man served and served well.)

XIX

As part of the so-called Commodore Agreement, reached at Eisenhower's New York headquarters before his first inauguration, the patronage office contacted the home-state senators of the nominee and the senior Republican of the Senate committee which would pass on

the nomination. A frequent and justified complaint of Senate Republicans was that they were too seldom asked to suggest a name and too often "notified" of the intention to appoint and asked to handle the necessary mechanics to get the nomination approved. From the White House point of view, however desirable it might have been to do otherwise, there was a distinct disadvantage in discussing the merits of various candidates with those who had candidates in the running. Once a man was known as the front runner, he became the target of criticism fired from all other candidates and the men who backed them.

Reconciling forces was often more difficult than selecting the best man from among a hundred applicants. One day Adams said to me, "On that Maine judgeship, the Justice Department has finally found a qualified Frenchman satisfactory to both sides." "That's real progress, Governor," I said, and Adams answered, "Progress, hell, boy, it's a miracle."

Some candidates waged open campaigns, encouraged friends and neighbors to send letters in their behalf, or sent delegations to the capital to speak for them. When an avowed candidate failed in his quest he was faced with the embarrassment of covering his defeat. Some did this by charging unfair practices. One Iowa candidate for an ambassadorial assignment took her loss with grace, however. She composed the following poem, had it engraved on formal cards, and sent them out by the hundreds:

Thanks!

The post to Norway	And yet the doorway	To say thanks, my way
Flew out the doorway	Did lead me your way;	For a new by-way
While my many friends	So at this moment	Of understanding
Did rally to my cause.	I take time to pause,	Of our party's cause.

The patronage mailbag is among the heaviest in the White House. It can also be counted on for some comic relief. One man let the President know of his availability for a job by writing, "Will you please be informed, Mr. President, that I promise to fully execute the duties of this office to the best of my ability and subject strictly

to you, say nothing no time to embarrass you and to be only sorry for later all entirely unnecessary." One woman recommended that the President appoint his political opponent as his Secretary of State. She wrote, "Down deep I feel sure that Adlai Stevenson likes Ike, too." For the same post another writer recommended "the Alsop brothers—both of them."

In September 1957, Adams received a note from an opposition member of the Senate. To put it mildly, the senator was unhappy with the way patronage had been handled in the first term, was abusive of the President, and concluded with a half-demand, half-plea that he be consulted on the composition of the soon-to-be-appointed Civil War Centennial Committee. Adams read the letter, gave a disgusted grunt, and tossed it to me. I suggested that we could talk with the senator about the appointments before they were announced and thereby butter him up without surrendering the President's prerogative to choose the appointees he wanted. But Adams was not about to window-dress for the sake of harmony. "You tell him to go run the Senate," he said. "We'll run the White House. And incidentally, you can tell that illustrious Democrat for me that he shouldn't use that kind of language when referring to the President of the United States when it's Harry Truman, much less when it's Dwight D. Eisenhower!"

Part Four

XX

Taken as individuals, Washington representatives of the nation's press are some of the most interesting of her citizenry. All are intelligent and hard-working. A few work in devious ways.

In the Eisenhower patronage operation we had a running contest with reporters who wanted to scoop their colleagues by beating them to the announcement of a new appointee. To handle patronage mail, for record keeping, and to aid in the preparation of appointment papers the patronage office was assigned five stenographers. These women were under orders to refer all press inquiries to the press office. Nevertheless, some of the calls they received evidenced admirable ingenuity. "It isn't for a story," a reporter would say. "I just need it for background." Others would say they had been told the name of the appointee but wanted to get its correct spelling. When two or three men were believed to be under consideration for the same post a reporter would call one of the patronage secretaries, say he was working against a deadline but understood the President intended to appoint —— and here he would toss in the name of a candidate and wait for a reaction. If he guessed correctly, the girl would likely refuse to comment. If he guessed wrongly she was tempted to tell him so in the thought she was saving him from the embarrassment of an inaccurate story. Either way he was apt to come away from the telephone with new information without the secretary knowing how helpful she unintentionally had been. Some reporters made a game out of it that was hard to resist. "Tell me if I'm wrong," they would suggest.

With a premature announcement, or press speculation too close to the truth, we would have a departmental introspection to see where

the leak had originated. It could have been, and sometimes was, traceable to the members of Congress who had advance knowledge of the President's intention. If the senator or congressman gave information to the press when it was still in the "consideration" stage, it had to be reported as a rumor and his name could not be connected with it without betraying his hand. In such case he might give the information to a newsman to establish a credit for later use when he wanted publicity given something with which his name could appear.

If the leak could be traced back to an unintended slip in a telephone conversation with someone in our office, we would hold a staff meeting to illustrate the devious method by which the information had been obtained and assure the tearful secretary that we all make mistakes, but would she please not make that one again. Repeatedly, we would inform our staff that a very few members of the press could not be trusted and that since White House stenographers were not expected to know which could, it was best always to assume the worst and refer the caller to the press office where he would get a decision from his peers.

I kept the staff's guard up, too, by circulating clippings that proved the point. My best example concerned the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to the States. He had been advised before he left England that he would be in great danger of misquotation and steeled himself to stony silence when he was greeted by newsmen on his arrival. He answered all their questions with a terse "yes" or "no." In desperation one of the reporters asked, "Can't you say anything other than 'yes' and 'no?' This won't make reading at all. What do you think of the night clubs in New York?" Not wanting to be trapped on that one, the archbishop answered innocently, "Oh, are there night clubs in New York?" When the story came out in the paper, it was captioned: "Archbishop's first question on landing: 'Are there night clubs in New York?'"

Another example we circulated around the White House halls was a news story recounting an interview between Redskin coach Mike Nixon and members of the Washington press corps. Morrie Siegel of the *News* was quoted as saying, "I also think, *off the record*, you would have to say," etc.

In more ways than words alone, members of the press corps add to

the zest of life in Washington. Their creative minds perpetrate some of the most amusing of the capital city's practical jokes. They were at their best during the visit of King Saud of Saudi Arabia. The King traveled to the States via the U.S.S. *Constitution*, and by the time he landed word of his generous gifts to members of the crew had preceded him.

To the steward who served his fruit he had given a gold watch; to the ship's captain he had given a gold dagger encrusted with precious stones. He had hosted a dinner to which he had invited all passengers and crew on the ship, and had passed out \$12,000 in tips. These stories added to the mood of mystery naturally generated by the arrival of the King and his retinue replete with their native costumes and looking much like the romantic sheiks from a Rudolph Valentino movie. Washington, hardened by overexposure to the visiting great, was openly impressed, and tales of the King's idiosyncrasies of philanthropy were in every paper and on every tongue.

The possibilities this opened for the practical joker were too much for two members of the press. They rented Arab costumes and wrapped Hotel Statler towels around their heads. At the local five-and-dime store they purchased a couple of strands of forty-nine-cent pearls, broke them from their strings, and dumped them loosely into their pockets.

They began their impersonation in a local shoeshine parlor where they had their sandals waxed and made speeches about not wanting to demean their splendid association with the bootblack by giving him dirty money. Instead, they popped into his grateful hand two "pearls" and left him effusive in his thanks. As they continued around the city's points of interest, tourists begged for the opportunity to be pictured with them or volunteered to perform any number of small favors in the hope of earning one of the coveted "rare" gems.

In February 1959, President Eisenhower made the first of his two official visits to Mexico after the election of President Adolfo Lopez Mateos. When he returned he brought with him two shocking examples of the irresponsibility of a few American pressmen overseas and the damage they can cause the United States' foreign relations. In the first press conference Lopez Mateos had granted after becoming President of Mexico, he was asked these two questions by Amer-

ican newsmen: Is it true that your wife is still receiving alimony from her former husband? Is it true that you are an illegitimate son? Fortunately the Eisenhower respect and affection for Lopez Mateos and his government were reciprocated and no lasting damage was done. Still, the incident makes it possible to see how easily the actions of a few Americans overseas can nullify the efforts of many and the results of billions of dollars of foreign aid.

In my own case, and in matters of relatively no importance, I was several times reminded of the unreliability of a few members of the press. Shortly after I joined the White House staff a national magazine included a character sketch on me in a group of Washington bachelors. For a man who fits a size thirty-nine regular almost without alteration and buys them ready-made, if I discarded my suits when the crease went out at the knees it would be hard to spend the \$1000 the article "revealed" as my *monthly* clothes budget.

A reporter came to my home in Georgetown one evening to get material for a "think piece" about my duties as cabinet secretary. During our discussion she asked me about my hobbies. I told her that I like to fish and in fact had spent part of the preceding weekend at the fishing retreat of Laurens Hamilton and Russell Arundel, located just one mile from Camp David. It has been a favorite fishing spot of presidents and White House staffers over the years, and its present owners keep it well stocked with rainbow trout that measure up to fifteen inches. I had caught one of these beauties and proudly dragged it out of the freezer to show my interrogator. The photographer who accompanied her snapped a flash of me admiring my catch, and the resulting story gave less space to my cabinet duties than to what was purported to be my recipe for broiled rainbow trout.

Following dinner one evening at the French Embassy, I met the entertaining Elsa Maxwell, hostess, TV celebrity, and newspaper columnist. The effervescent Miss Maxwell—who appears to have been born seven feet tall and then pushed down to four feet three—was talking with Alice Roosevelt Longworth, one of the finest women in Washington and daughter of President Roosevelt (Theodore—the Republican one). In our three-way conversation Mrs. Longworth told us of a dinner discussion she had had with Franz Krapf, who had recently arrived in the capital to be minister of the German Em-

bassy. He could hardly have been expected to know the celebrated relationship enjoyed by his dinner partner.

Mrs. Longworth told us with amusement that when the conversation turned to a discussion of Minister Krapf's ancestors and her own she felt she had topped him. When Miss Maxwell reported this information in her syndicated column, however, it appeared as follows:

"After dinner, I called over a new friend, Robert Gray, who is very close to the President; in fact, he is supposed to write his speeches. This I don't know, but he is a very clever man, young and amusing.

"We had a three-cornered talk, and Mr. Gray did not realize that Alice was the daughter of one of our great Presidents, the late Theodore Roosevelt.

"So we went off on a historical binge, and of course talked politics. Politics predominates now in Washington. That's why it's so amusing.

"Alice said, 'You take my father. He started as a commissioner in the city government, then . . . and then . . . and then.' She wittily described the political ladder on which her famous father rose and still Mr. Gray had no idea who Alice Longworth was. 'Then he got up to the Vice Presidency, and then,' continued Alice . . .

"'What?' asked Mr. Gray.

"'Yes,' replied Alice, 'Mr. McKinley was assassinated.'

"Mr. Gray said, 'Then your father was . . .'

"'President!' Alice broke in gaily, and we all laughed, which is as good for you after dinner as brandy or crème de menthe."

The next time I saw Miss Maxwell she asked if I had seen her column in which I was mentioned. "I hope you did," she said, "for I said some very nice things about you . . ." proving that writers as well as some politicians believe "It doesn't matter what you say about me; just don't misspell my name!"

In politics, of course, you learn to accept press distortions, omissions of your pet points from reports of speeches made in the hinterlands, and, occasionally, some additions to the facts. Both sides complain bitterly about the pro-opposition characteristics of the national news media. There is some justification in the criticism of each. Publishers are predominately Republican and this influences editorial support in favor of the GOP. The great majority of political writers, however, are Democrats and the comparative punch of their day-to-day attack

vs. a once-in-four-years-editorial endorsement gives the Democrats an advantage the Republicans understandably covet.

In individual communities, particularly in one-paper towns, political coverage is frequently all black or white. In the last weeks of the 1960 campaign I stopped for an afternoon of speeches to three different groups and a fifteen-minute talk on TV in Abilene, Texas. Abilene—whose rendering plant advertises “Your used-cow dealer”—is a lively town of spirited citizens who relish a political campaign. Its single newspaper has a schizophrenic time representing both its conservative and liberal readers.

This day the paper gave over the upper left quarter of its front page to a picture of my receiving the traditional ten-gallon hat and an accurate reporting of a press interview. Any Democrats whom this coverage displeased, however, were quickly consoled when they read the contents of a box in the center of the front page, rimmed in a black border and making me out a blackhearted egotist. A group of friends had met my plane and I rode in from the airport with three of them in the front seat of a made-in-Texas-by-Texans Ford station wagon. The driver had dropped two of us at the hotel and driven off. But according to the story in the black-bordered box, I had arrived in my chauffeur-driven Cadillac limousine (from Washington!), left it in the street in front of the hotel, and, swelling up like an American tourist overseas, had said to the local gendarme trying to do his honest duty to get traffic moving again, “Look, buddy, do you know who I am?”

Both Cabot Lodge and his successor as our ambassador to the United Nations, James Wadsworth, lamented at different cabinet meetings that their job was made more difficult because of some of the reporting and editorial writing in the vaunted *New York Times*. Each complained that the *Times* enjoyed more than its deserved reputation when read by the UN representatives. Few of these men and women spend any time outside of New York, a good number come from lands where the press and government do not operate independently, many read no other New York newspaper, and all report the *Times's* contents to their home offices as if it were an official pronouncement of United States foreign policy.

Sometimes we brought our difficulties with the press on ourselves.

Early in the 1960 campaign Fulton Lewis, Jr., made a broadcast in which he expressed disapproval of the President's use of his airplane on a trip to California for political purposes at taxpayers' expense. As was the usual practice, the Republican National Committee had sent to the White House a check to cover the full cost.

I was handling the President's appointments the day the check arrived and had personally forwarded it to the Treasury Department. I do not remember the exact amount, but it was for several thousand dollars. I do remember that the attached itemization covered military pay for the crew and even showed a few hundred dollars added to cover the cost of using helicopters from the airport to the city on the California end of the trip.

I telephoned Fulton Lewis to give him these facts. He said he would make a correction on his next broadcast and he did. Before he hung up, however, he made a very significant statement. "This is the way I thought it was arranged," he said, "but I couldn't get anyone at the White House or at the national committee to give me the information. I wonder if you fellows realize how often you drive us to these tactics in order to bring out the full story to which the public is entitled in the first place!"

Part Five

XXI

For all her physical beauty, the city of Washington has a cruel heart. The transient populace is, of course, divided into party affiliations sharply defined, keenly felt, and avidly practiced. In other U. S. metropolises there is comparatively little application of political theory. Discussion and practice of the two-party system, if any, is an avocation. In the nation's capital it is a vocation, a source of pride and power for some, the bread and butter of most.

But in D.C.'s top government, business, and social circles there is a division more marked and more damning than the one that separates Republicans and Democrats. It works forcefully every four years, ruthlessly during changes of administration. It accounts for a part of the laborious inefficiency of government bureaucracy and yet deserves credit for periodically washing it clean. This is the division of the "ins" and the "outs," and it usually follows party lines.

Within this division, and out of phase with the time cycle which would move them in concert with others in their fold, individual members are further grouped as "the up" and "the down." In public and private circles the former are discussed jealously, the latter with a viciousness betraying all standards of fair play. The speed with which their hapless fellow citizen is moved from one group to the other never ceases to amaze even those whom these changes most amuse.

As the fifth year of his service to the President drew to a close, Adams—no less busy but now more relaxed with the assignments that were his, the associates he knew so well, and the organization he had perfected—gave some encouragement to those who wanted him to get out more and live a little. In that peak year of his power Washing-

ton's Green Book, the social register that serves as a bible for ranking guests in protocol order, shoved Mr. and Mrs. Adams up past governors and members of Congress to the front numbers. The Adamses were definitely "ins." By the next edition the Goldfine fandango had broken in the press, the Governor already was moving out of influence and power, and although he was still in office, the assistant to the President of the United States was not even listed in the book.

In that year, as now, any group became impatient if held too long to a discussion of the tough, pint-sized Yankee's dedication to his boss or contributions to his government or the character that is uniquely his. These were subjects even sophisticated Washingtonians wanted less to discuss than the "Goldfine affair," of which they knew every facet in glorious detail.

Doloris Bridges, brilliant and beautiful widow of the former New Hampshire senator, once gave me one excellent reason for the Adams-Goldfine friendship. In community after New Hampshire community Mr. Goldfine took over the closed textile plants, put the unemployed mill hands to work, and revitalized the area's economy. This, Adams could appreciate as a New Hampshirite; as a governor of the state, he could be grateful all the more.

A New Englander in the Coolidge tradition, Sherman Adams was honest and tight as a New Hampshire tick in money matters. As governor of New Hampshire, he had carried a box lunch to his office each morning. His unassailable character radiated from his granite face and frosty blue eyes, utterly discouraging any covert or underhanded play.

Although he did not smoke, did not approve of smoking by women, and only tolerated it from men, he never refused a cigar. "What this country needs is a good odorless cigar," he once said. Still, he collected them in all brands and sizes and passed them out again as tips to the White House ushers who held his coat and ceremoniously opened the doors for him when they received word that his car had entered the grounds. Once you understand that Adams belongs to that hard Yankee cult for which thrift is a religion second only to God and honesty is as natural and steadfast as the bitterness of the winter weather, it is easier to understand how he could have unthinkingly accepted the Goldfine gifts—not as something corroding

or as gained, but as a friend-to-friend exchange and money saved.

Adams deserves a better judgment than he has been given by his fellow citizens and contemporary historians. The chapters in the Adams story that deal with his service to his President and his power and impact on the affairs of the nation have remained comparatively unwritten or unread.

Until the spotlight of public attention was focused on his friendship with poor-boy-made-good Bernard Goldfine and on the forms with which that friendship was expressed, Sherman Adams had rarely in his life made a newspaper headline. He never held a press conference until he appeared before the assembled representatives of the fourth estate to read a statement defending his relationship with the Boston industrialist.

During the nearly six years in which he served as the President's chief assistant and acted in his behalf, his actions were discussed, condoned, and condemned on the editorial pages of the nation's newspapers. Until the Goldfine moment, however, John Q. Citizen had read no more of Adams in straight news pages than of the vicuña of which his famous coat was made. Because it did not focus on him until the demise of his influence and the attacks on his character, Adams' greater contributions are destined to be overlooked by a public who will remember him with "the coat," free hotel lodgings, and a rug on loan . . .

Those staff members whose close work associations with the Governor put them in constant contact with him became known as "Sherm's boys." While Adams was "in," being known as one of "Sherm's boys" was much to be desired; the power and prestige this identity carried with it were adequate compensation for the added pressures it brought.

With the House Committee on Legislative Oversight's first disclosure regarding Adams and Goldfine, "Sherm's boys" reacted with a single emotion—positive disbelief. This was a new low in politics, even for the Democrats and the Democratic press! Of course the charges were untrue and of course the Governor would dramatically so prove. And how ridiculous to pick, of all people, Sherman Adams, whose honesty was as apparent as his New England accent . . . Sherman Adams, who, unlike other top staff members, drove his own

car to the office rather than have the operating costs of a government limousine charged to his conscience.

With no provocation the Governor once had asked me, "Where do you buy your suits? I hope you're working for them." When I replied, "Governor, I bought this suit in Nebraska in the days when I was making more money than it cost me to live," he went quickly to another subject. I never knew whether he meant his question seriously and, in fact, had forgotten it when the Goldfine gift coat came into prominence. Then I told the incident to some of the other "Sherm's boys," they told it to each other, and then back again to me as proof positive that the Governor hardly would have brought up the subject if he had on his conscience anything more painful than his inability to be as superhumanly perfect as he wanted to be.

These were full days at the White House, and, as the first rush of publicity subsided, Sherm's boys were too busy to do more than luxuriate in the delicious anticipation of the devastation the Governor would surely wreak on his antagonists when he issued a cutting and clearing denial. From the moment he gave, in lieu of the expected refutation, an explanation, his power was on the wane.

The Governor and his office had been the hub of White House activities. Now both were bypassed more each day as presidential assistants, losing their awe of Adams-made-mortal, came to decisions without him and engaged in the plays for power which the superiority of Adams' position had quelled while he reigned. The President began to deal more exclusively on policy matters with members of the Cabinet and to use less frequently his phrase of five years, "Check it with Sherm."

Adams reacted by drawing farther into his shell. In his last weeks at the White House he spent the hours discarding and sorting the avalanche of papers he had accumulated. In the preceding quarter of the year he had seemed to age a quarter of a century. Witnessing this accelerated physical aging made it easier to view without shock the striking changes in his personality. He was tired in spirit now as well as in body, his mood was mellow and his speech was slow. The old bark and bite were gone. The demanding commander issued few orders and those pathetically petty and awkwardly tempered with apology. The old Adams could convey a whole thought in a one-

word telephone conversation. "Lunch!" meant "I want to see you at my table in the mess at twelve-thirty and bring whatever we are currently working on." Whereas the old Adams had said, "Come," meaning "Get into my office as fast as your legs will carry you," the new Adams—or more properly the shell of the old—would say, "Bob, you'd better drop around when you have time."

Ironically, Sherman Adams, along with deposed Secretary of Commerce Lewis Strauss, was one of the two proudest men to serve in the Eisenhower administration. Neither deserved the treatment he received, and there were no two men in the government for whom it would have been a harder blow.

I have two prized mementos of my association with the Governor. In the depths of the Goldfine fiasco I told him that I would be very proud to have a picture of him for my office wall. From Sherman Adams his inscription was unique. It reads, "With regard and *affection* . . ." The second souvenir is a wooden plaque which had been given to Adams and which he soberly gave to me before he left the capital. Its message, inlaid in wood, reads prophetically, "Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think."

At a Washington Press Club farewell luncheon in the spring of 1958 for my predecessor, Max [Maxwell M.] Rabb, the first secretary to the Cabinet, Governor Adams made a short speech in testimonial. The Vice President, members of the Cabinet and of Congress, including Senator John F. Kennedy, were present to applaud his words so appropriately chosen for that occasion. They are even more applicable today for their author, for without knowing it Sherman Adams had delivered his own political epitaph:

" . . . He has been a trusted and true friend, not only to his associates at the White House, but above all else to the President of the United States. A better testimonial than that, no man could have."

Part Six

XXII

Close friends of Vice President Nixon were often frustrated by their inability to convey his light and genial nature to those who did not know him personally. But Richard Nixon was not the only member of the Eisenhower administration whose public image did not show his full warmth and color. With few exceptions the men who came to Washington at the invitation of Eisenhower took their work in dead seriousness and lacked both time and inclination to worry about the projection of their personalities. The public rated them brilliant as a group but dull, very dull. Today citizens from Keokuk to Canajoharie are apt to think of the Eisenhower men not as personable contemporaries but as actors on the stage of ancient history.

It takes nothing from the soberness with which these men tackled their assigned tasks to say they were not only, collectively, men of high character with whom one could be associated with pride; they were, individually, outgoing and humorous and a pleasure to work with and to know.

Short of making this entire book a series of biographical sketches, it would be impossible to paint a live image for the reader of each of those who figured in the Eisenhower record. Instead, I have chosen two or three members of the Cabinet, some representatives of the independent agencies, and some from the various levels of the White House staff. These have not been selected because of the importance of their jobs, nor has there been any attempt to list them in that order. They have been picked at random to illustrate the variety of personalities eclipsed by the electric personality of Eisenhower.

(A more complete record of those who established the record of the Eisenhower years can be found in the Appendix).

STRAUSS

There was no moment of higher tension in the Eighty-third to Eighty-sixth Congresses of the Eisenhower years than the post-midnight period on June 18, 1959, when the Vice President ordered a call of the roll of the Senate in the matter of the confirmation of Lewis Lichtenstein Strauss as Secretary of Commerce.

Through forty years of public service, during which he had received five of his nation's highest decorations and earned the Navy's widest stripe, Admiral Strauss had become recognized as a tough and brilliant administrator. In the wrangle of the weeks preceding the early morning vote taking, no one had challenged his qualifications for the office to which Dwight Eisenhower had nominated him. The major charges of his opponents, led by New Mexico's Senator Clinton Anderson, were that Strauss had been too security-conscious in the early years of his nation's atomic-energy program, favored building the H-bomb as a deterrent to the Soviets when others opposed such action, and espoused the cause for private versus government financing of nuclear electric-power projects.

Republican forces believed they had added to their meager numbers just enough Democrats who would refuse to end a four-decade career for political purposes to bring the vote to a 49-49 tie which Vice President Nixon could break in Strauss's favor. As the call progressed members voted as had been expected until the clerk read, "Mrs. Smith!" The Republican senator from Maine bowed her head and said, almost inaudibly, "Nay." The reading clerk looked up as if to question his hearing, and there was a moment of stunned silence in the chamber, broken by Senator Barry Goldwater's flat hand coming down hard upon his desk, accompanied by a bitter, "Goddam."

I was spending the weekend at my Aunt Het's cabin in Estes Park, Colorado, the night the vote was taken. As I was out of telephone contact my office had promised to send a telegram advising me of the outcome in care of nearby Olympus Lodge. By a standing agreement, a lodge employee delivers messages for a dollar tip, but on the night he brought the results of that Senate vote he refused to take anything for his service.

"I don't ever charge when I deliver really bad news," he said.

His expression of sad anger was duplicated the next morning when Mr. Eisenhower issued his reaction to the press:

"Last night the Senate refused to confirm the nomination as Secretary of Commerce of Lewis Strauss—a man who in war and peace served his nation loyally, honorably, and effectively, under four different presidents.

"I am losing a truly valuable associate in the business of government. More than this—if the nation is to be denied the right to have as public servants in responsible positions men of his proven character, ability, and integrity, then indeed it is the American people who are the losers through this sad episode."

A conservative, Admiral Strauss had been with Herbert Hoover one night in November 1932 when Franklin Roosevelt became President. He had had another lesson in how to accept the hurt of defeat an afternoon in 1952. Then he had been with Robert Taft when the senator was advised that Dwight Eisenhower had won the nomination.

Although Strauss lost his battle for confirmation he did not lose his sense of humor on that black night in the Senate. At a Gridiron Club dinner a few months later he told the group that he had had a dream in which he had died and gone to heaven. Welcoming him, St. Peter also assigned him a job. He asked him to assemble a Cabinet from among heaven's tenants. This, Strauss told his audience, turned out to be easy, for sitting around on their various clouds were such men as Thomas Paine, Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson. So he assembled a superlative cabinet and presented the list to St. Peter, who said, "Fine. Now take it down to Lucifer and get it confirmed."

"I don't understand," said Strauss. "What has the devil to do with this?"

"Oh," said St. Peter, "he has a majority of the Senate down there." The admiral was noticeably not among those who engaged in the charges and countercharges that followed his rejection by the Senate. Instead, after a vacation in India with his wife, he tackled his many Italian businesses with new vigor. His reputation as a creative thinker has been earned. He proudly states that he made a good part of his considerable wealth by refusing to admit there is anything which the

ingenuity of the enterprising American mind cannot contrive. It is possible that there would be no such thing as color film today if he had refused, as did others in the investment community, to believe that such a thing was possible.

I once had an excellent firsthand illustration of the speed with which his agile mind works. Michael Gill, nephew of the President, had struck up a conversation on a Washington-bound airplane with an inventor who was complaining of his difficulty in obtaining financing for his invention—a flying space station. Mike became so intrigued by the fellow's description that he called me to see if I would let the man come in to put on a demonstration. It sounded too much like Buck Rogers to be convincing, but I agreed to see him for a few minutes the next noon after cabinet meeting. When I entered my office for the appointment I found the inventor already had set up his equipment. Hovering over my desk, answering to the electrical commands of a transmitter on the other side of the room, was a miniature space station.

The next day I was covering for Tom Stephens on the President's appointments desk when Admiral Strauss came in to see the Chief Executive. The "Boss" was busy at the moment, and while the admiral was waiting a call came through that I had placed to Dr. T. Keith Glennan, head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. I told Dr. Glennan about my visitor of the day before, and when I had finished the conversation Strauss said he would be interested in talking with the inventor if he was not working on a project for national defense. The man was not, and it turned out the idea had real merit; the only hitch, Strauss discovered, was that its originator already had sold his patent rights and all he had to offer was blue sky and a dream of what might have been.

This incident cost the admiral some money and some time, but perhaps I have made that up to him here if someone, somewhere, has a design for three-dimensional television or an air-burning engine or some other original idea of the future and needs only capital to make his fortune. If so, and if his idea has merit and if he is not afraid to have his proposal scrutinized by an honest, highly intelligent mind, then I have introduced him to the right man. I would like to

think I had done something to lessen my share of guilt for the night we Americans lynched his public career.

BENSON

Ezra Benson wears a size eight hat. The rest of his six-four, 220-pound body is in the same proportion. He is a devoted husband and father, and a dedicated worker in the Mormon Church of which he is a member of the Council of Twelve.

The Bensons were seldom on the town for other than official functions and preferred activities with their family rather than entertaining at home. Even when it was Flora Benson's turn to entertain Mrs. Eisenhower and the other cabinet wives, she and her daughters cleaned the house, prepared the lunch, served it, and miraculously carried off the whole affair without outside help.

President Eisenhower admired the Bensons' exemplary home life so outstanding in a city of status seekers. Further, he was impressed with the Agriculture Secretary's dogged dedication to the farm principles the Administration advocated and his dutiful execution of Democratic-Congress-passed laws containing farm policies of which he disapproved. Caught between an opposition Congress which refused to pass any legislation which might make a Republican administration or its Agriculture chief look good and a public which held him personally responsible for both the cost and the annoyance of the farm problem, Benson kept the President's sympathy and support for eight years. During these years he visited forty nations in all parts of the world, comparing notes with his counterparts and becoming the best-traveled Secretary of Agriculture in the nation's history.

Because my place at the cabinet table was beside his, we developed a particularly close professional relationship and an arrangement especially advantageous to me. My role during the meetings was a silent one, except for the periodic presentation of the progress report, answers to direct questions from the President, or replies to a request for information from a cabinet officer. It was impossible, though, to suppress altogether the desire to contribute, particularly if an interesting or important point we had developed in our preparations for an item was not brought out in the discussion that followed at the cabinet table. On such occasions I would slip a note to Mr.

Benson, and he would make the point or raise the question for me as if it were his own.

More than any other man around the table Mr. Benson was in sync with the President. At least once each meeting he could be counted on to follow the President's final statement on an agenda item with an exact reflection of presidential views. If the President shook his head in the middle of a presentation, the head beside me would shake in perfect rhythm. If the President said there was one area of the presentation he wanted to question, Mr. Benson would submit, "Yes, Mr. President, that has been bothering me too."

Certain that the Democrats wanted a farm issue and not a farm solution, Benson encouraged the Chief Executive during the early weeks of the 1960 election-year Congress to send a message to the Hill in which he said in effect:

"Our farm difficulties are not being solved by your refusal to pass the legislation I suggest and by my refusal to sign the legislation you pass. I will make you a proposition. You put together a bill which will meet the broad requirements I have laid down, and I assure you I will sign it."

In addition to his part in encouraging the President to send this message, Mr. Benson made two significant contributions to the Nixon campaign: He gave his early endorsement to Governor Rockefeller, and he absented himself on an extended tour of South America during the final weeks before election. For although President Eisenhower could never be shaken from his loyalty to his associate simply because he was unpopular, those who dealt with the day-by-day political necessities (not excluding Vice President Nixon, who had to wage the political battle ahead) would have greeted a Benson resignation with enthusiasm. The secretary survived several "dump Benson" moves and on at least two occasions offered to resign ". . . if that's what you want, Mr. President." When the President replied in effect, "Well, no, Ezra, it isn't that I *want* you to resign," Mr. Benson considered the matter settled and stayed on.

Had Benson resigned prior to 1960, the Republican party would have profited little by it. There would still have been time for a new appointee to have been given a fair, although probably an unsuccessful, try at solving the dilemma of the farmer. A resignation in the

spring of the election year, however, would have given the Grand Old Party a grand old lift. A new man, full of confidence and optimism, would have been a harbinger of better days ahead for the farmers, and by the time it had become apparent that he was as hamstrung as Benson in solving the problems under existing legislation, America's thirty-fifth President would have been elected.

Benson's stick-to-itiveness did not endear him to the Vice President, who, as the dates for spring primaries loomed in the farm belt, received reports on every front such as the succinct plea from up-for-election Senator Karl Mundt: "For God's sake, keep Ezra Benson out of South Dakota!"

Neither Nixon nor any other cabinet officer (nor, for that matter, any politician known to me) held a thing in the world against Ezra Benson personally. He did not have a great deal in common with some of his colleagues, but none of them disliked anything about him except his refusal to see the political service he could perform by stepping aside. Benson was never able to understand how men who knew he was not to blame for his plight could fail to stand by him and espouse his cause. Their failure to do so he took as a personal criticism.

The breach between the Secretary of Agriculture and the Vice President widened perceptibly during the Republican convention in July 1960. Benson had issued a public statement favoring Governor Rockefeller for the nomination just before leaving for Chicago, the convention city. The Vice President, while delighted to have the Agriculture Secretary off his coattails, was dismayed at Benson's determination to stay front stage center as the symbol of Republican farm problems.

During the first hour of the national convention Mr. Benson, accompanied by his wife, walked onto the platform in full view of the television cameras covering the proceedings, looking for the seats which they had been assigned in the box-seat section halfway across the amphitheater. What made this particularly ironical was that a hit of the 1956 convention, two-minute reports by each member of the Cabinet, had been cut out of the 1960 meeting because it would have been necessary to include the Secretary of Agriculture. To avoid flashing Mr. Benson's face on the television screens across the coun-

try, the Vice President had agreed to silence Secretaries Anderson, Rogers, and some of the best guns in his behalf. As it turned out, by happening onto the stage, Mr. Benson became the only cabinet member, with the exception of Henry Cabot Lodge after his nomination to the vice presidency, whom the cameras caught.

When the President arrived in Chicago the Cabinet was asked to assemble under the marquee of the Blackstone Hotel to welcome him. Thirty minutes before his motorcade came into sight the crowds had become so heavy there was a strong possibility of trampling and panic. Cabinet members who had not arrived early, or were not already in the hotel, found their way blocked by a wall of shouting, surging, sign-waving supporters. Consequently, only six members were there, one of them Mr. Benson. The hard-working secretary found the ordeals he had gone through for seven and one-half years gave him one advantage over most of his cabinet associates; his name and face were more easily recognized by police and bystanders alike, his driver had managed to get his car within twenty yards of the hotel, and he alone had been successful in bringing his wife through with him. Secretaries Seaton, Summerfield, Rogers, Flemming, and Mueller gallantly passed Mrs. Benson to the head of the receiving line and her husband followed with her. At the last moment the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon emerged from the hotel to find the valued moment of endorsement by the popular Eisenhower about to be soured by the fact they would be sharing the limelight with the politically leprous Benson.

The Vice President, whose mental agility in similar situations had aided his other abilities in a meteoric political ascent, turned to me and asked, "Bob, are we in protocol order?" This is the order in which cabinet officers are ranked, primarily for social purposes, according to the date of the creation of their departments. I replied that we were not, but that it would only take a moment. This shift put Rogers, Summerfield, and Seaton ahead of the Bensons and moved them out of camera range.

In his lonely post it must have seemed to Ezra Benson that no one appreciated his problems. In the summer of 1959, following a visit to the Midwest, I telephoned him to report that I had talked with Cleo Harmon, a Nebraska farmer who was pleased with the weather,

the crops, the Administration's farm policies, *and* its Agriculture Secretary. When no comment greeted this encouraging report I thought I might have lost my connection, and I said, "Mr. Secretary, are you there?" "Yes, indeed," he said, "I was just savoring it."

Benson seldom made reports to the Cabinet. When he did he wrote his remarks out fully and followed his notes verbatim as he spoke from his chair. Only once did he indicate to the Cabinet how frustrating he found his job. He told the group he had learned never to discuss the current crop or weather with a farmer, for whatever the elements they were always too little, too much, too early, or too late. When he visited an Iowa farm in early August, however, he said he looked over some of the finest corn he had ever seen. The stalks were ten to twelve feet high and loaded with ears filled to the ends of their long cobs with milk-fat kernels. Certain this was one occasion on which he dared speak of the crop at hand, he said to the farmer, "My friend, I have never seen such a cornfield. You must be very pleased." To which the farmer replied with a slow drawl, "Well, I don't know, it sure takes a lot out of the soil."

Most members of the Cabinet had considerable empathy for the situation in which their hapless cohort usually found himself. Before a cabinet meeting one morning Interior Secretary Seaton told me he had slept very poorly the night before. "I had a nightmare," he said, "from which I woke up in a cold sweat. I dreamed the President had appointed *me* Secretary of Agriculture."

QUESADA

"Gentlemen, this road is being built as an expressway for airline passengers and I'm damned if I'm going to let you make it into an accessway for every dump truck and farm wagon!"

In this instance he was talking to a committee of the Congress of the United States, but the tough tone was not unusual coming from retired (Air Force) General Elwood R. ("Pete") Quesada.

It has been said that the airplane has not been built that Quesada cannot fly. Young—in his middle fifties—Quesada was entrusted with the safety of the airborne public and he weighed his decisions in favor of the passenger. Because the group he championed was less organized and less articulate than the pilots' union and other special-

interest groups, he waged a one-man battle and was seldom out of the news.

Quesada was not unmindful of the necessity of the profit motive for the health and continued growth of the nation's airlines, however, and he defied the Congress whenever he considered that some of its members were being moved to action by the pressures of public hysteria rather than by the facts.

After two mysterious crashes of Electras in 1959, Federal Aviation Agency investigators determined the cause to be structural failure resulting from excessive vibration in the wings. Quesada lowered drastically the Electras' maximum allowed speed and worked out a rotation agreement with the manufacturer so that planes could be returned a few at a time for correction of the design error. When he refused to yield to the yowl that went up in Congress one senator charged he would hold Quesada personally accountable for loss of life as a result of his obstinacy. Quesada countered that no one could feel a higher sense of responsibility to the air passenger than did he, but to give in to hysteria would serve neither the airlines nor their customers, and that his investigation had satisfied him that he had found the cause of the trouble. When, several weeks later, an Electra crashed at the end of a Boston runway on take-off, the senator did not wait for the usual investigation but trumpeted that the crash was proof that Quesada was wrong. Leading the investigation himself, it was Quesada who tramped through the rain at the end of the runway and picked up hundreds of dead starlings, who found hundreds more in the air intakes of the doomed craft—proof that the crash was the result of nonmechanical causes, not related to earlier structural defects.

In November 1960 the much-decorated FAA Administrator exposed himself to new public abuses when he led a syndicate in the purchase of the baseball franchise abandoned when the Washington Nationals moved to Minneapolis. The baseball fans among his cohorts in government received this announcement with enthusiasm for they knew that, like everything else he had ever tackled, he would throw into his new venture enthusiasm, square-jawed determination, and good, common sense. Washington rooters looked forward to a pennant-winning team just as soon as Quesada could assemble the

talent. And the way volunteers were coming in he would have quite an array to choose from. Among his applicants was one Dwight David Eisenhower, who said to him as he left the post-election meeting of the Cabinet, "Hey, Pete, need a manager?"

GRAY

Whether the President rides an elephant or a donkey, he need not worry about the loyalty of Gordon Gray, North Carolina Democrat, heir to a tobacco fortune, former president of the University of North Carolina, former Secretary of the Army, former director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, and, for three years, special assistant to President Eisenhower for national security affairs. Gordon's position with the National Security Council was in some ways comparable to my duties with the Cabinet. Although we are not related, considerable switchboard confusion resulted because each of us Grays had a male assistant named Patterson, my first secretary was Mrs. Wilhide, and his was Mrs. Wilson.

It was not always easy to make a clear cleavage between foreign-affairs items which logically belonged on the agenda of the National Security Council and domestic items which were the preoccupation of the Cabinet. Fortunately, Gordon and I maintained the best of relations, despite our at least technical political differences, and referred items back and forth whenever one of us uncovered something which was more properly in the domain of the other.

We never talked politics and in only one instance did he ever remind me of his registration. This was during Christmas week in 1957. Bertha Adkins, later Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare but then assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee, sent me a greeting card in the shape of an elephant covered with Republican slogans. Because of the similarity of names and the deluge of White House Christmas mail the card was delivered to Gordon and opened by mistake. He put it back in its envelope and wrote across the face, "Not *this* Gray."

SNYDER

The President's physician during his eight years in the White House, Major General Howard Snyder, has no known enemy in this

world. An erect, six feet three inches tall with a crowning thatch of wavy, snow-white hair, the eighty-year old Snyder was for two terms without a challenger as the handsomest man on the White House staff.

Confidant and friend of the Chief Executive, Howard Snyder was more than his physician. He accompanied Eisenhower on each of his trips overseas. At home his car followed the President's in parades up Broadway, and on weekend trips to Gettysburg his helicopter took off from the south grounds of the White House immediately behind the one bearing the presidential seal.

As he followed literally in the footsteps of the Chief Executive, Dr. Snyder carried one of two black bags. One he took with him when the President was making a public appearance. In it he packed the grim reminders that mad men might lie in wait for his boss—special probes, compresses, and emergency gear.

A firm believer that every presidential assassination victim—Lincoln, McKinley, and Garfield—could have been saved (if not made whole) by modern medicine, Snyder had a greater knowledge than the Secret Service of modern and homemade weapons and the damage they could cause. He constantly put himself through drills of every sort to make certain he had the right materials and knowledge to cope with all conceivable emergencies.

In the second bag he kept the supplies and equipment needed to meet both the petty ills and normal health emergencies to which America's oldest President might be subject. It was this bag General Snyder took with him when at two-thirty on the morning of September 24, Mrs. Eisenhower telephoned him at his quarters at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver to tell him the President had awakened with a pain in his chest. During the following lonely hours Howard Snyder was the only man in the world who knew that the President of the United States had suffered a heart attack. It was Snyder's silent nod which confirmed the question in the President's eyes when he awakened the next morning.

Both his professional skill and the confidence he inspired in the general who outranked him by three stars share credit with the President's physical stamina for his speedy recoveries after three serious illnesses.

The President also benefited from General Snyder's natural common sense. So that he would suffer no ills from a constant change in his drinking water during travels in and outside the States, Snyder kept Mr. Eisenhower on bottled water at all times. Even in the White House he drank nothing else and a supply followed him wherever he went. This practice, while beneficial to the President, annoyed both the exponents and opponents of fluorinated water who wanted to point to White House use or nonuse of it to prove their individual cases to local boards of health.

Because Eisenhower enjoyed one-of-the-family status in millions of American homes, his times of infirmity brought forth thousands of expressions of sincere sympathy, and, as expected in a land where everyone loves to play doctor, General Snyder's mail contained home remedies, medications defying analysis, snake oils, and voodoo charms. It also contained many letters giving medical advice. He received one from a woman whose handwriting suggested she was quite elderly. Concerned about reports that the President had a cold, she wrote Dr. Snyder that he should "put Ike in an old-fashioned four-poster bed. Hang a sunbonnet on one of the posters and give the President a bottle of whisky. He should drink this until he sees a sunbonnet on all four posters which will be a certain sign that the spirits have moved in and the cold is about to disperse."

Generally the President could be described as a good patient. When there were medicines to take he took them with no more than the expected grumbling. However, his impatience with the long period of recuperation following his heart attack caused him to defy Snyder occasionally. In the evening when the President would order his butler to bring a second scotch highball Snyder would interrupt, "I said only one, Mr. President." To Dr. Snyder the President would say, "Thank you, Howard, you've done your duty." To the butler the President would say, "Bring me a second scotch!"

FOX

Dr. Fred Fox had been a Congregational minister in Williamstown, Massachusetts, before he joined the staff as a special assistant in the White House office. His duties—he served as a writer, not a religious adviser—were varied, but they all involved presidential messages

sent to 100-year-old birthday celebrants, in response to thousands of requests to open annual conventions and meetings, and to proclaim days of special significance. There are 6500 fraternal, trade, social, and voluntary national groups, and sooner or later Dr. Fox dealt with most of them.

"It has got so," Fred once complained, "that a bridge foursome cannot meet in Des Moines without presidential wishes of best luck."

Many who requested messages from the President were quite specific about what they wanted him to say. Members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, for example, wanted to be certain that the message they received was at least as magnanimous as the one sent to the American Legion. The Ukrainian Congress never asked just for a presidential message, but for "one full of inspiration."

The Daughters of the American Revolution put their request in terms of length, not content. In one of their yearly requests they complained that the letter of the previous year was shorter than usual and that in the current year they hoped the President would see fit to send them a "gloriously long letter." When this request came in Fox got out the second inaugural address of a great hero of the D.A.R., America's first President, George Washington. He counted the message, found it contained exactly 148 words, and composed a presidential letter of exactly the same number, counting the "Dear Ladies" and the "Yours truly." But the better judgment of the President prevailed. He had witnessed the ire of this group when aroused and sent the message back to Fox to be fattened up.

The President seldom approved the messages exactly as they had been drafted for his consideration. Still, the staff affectionately referred to Reverend Fox as the "Holy Ghost Writer."

RANDALL

Clarence Randall, retired chairman of the board of Inland Steel, served as the President's foreign economic adviser under the title of special assistant to the President. A man of great dignity, Randall was one of those who received the dubious blessing in the spring of 1960 of Khrushchev's endorsement for the presidency of the United States. Following the announcement, which happily received little press in Randall's home area, Chicago's archconservative "*Tribune*-

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

land," he girded himself for a merciless razzing by his loyal followers of White House associates. Instead of needling him verbally, however, they expressed themselves through a campaign poster designed by executive assistant Douglas R. Price. It carried Randall's picture superimposed on a cut of the White House and these words—

Elect Clarence Randall President
Make November 8th a *Red Letter Day*.

WEEKS

Warm, easygoing Sinclair Weeks was highly respected by the members of the business community he served and highly revered by the Administration colleagues who affectionately called him "Sinny." New Englander Weeks gave a stag clambake for his associates each spring in the back yard of his Georgetown home. He had plenty of help which he let set the tables and serve the drinks, but the Commerce Secretary took personal charge of the long barbecue pits where the steamed clams by the peck and mounds of red lobster.

A former United States senator (appointed to fill the 1944 vacancy created when Henry Cabot Lodge volunteered for military service), former army captain, former alderman and mayor, Sinclair Weeks was justifiably proud of his service to his land. When visitors to his office would ask him what he had done in civilian life he would tell them he was chairman of the board of Reed and Barton Corporation. If he sensed that his visitor did not recognize Reed and Barton as the largest of the silver platers, he might press on to tell that his company was the biggest supplier of boats, not only to the Navy but to the other branches of the service as well. "Yes," he would say "during World War II my company supplied over 80 per cent of the Navy's boats—gravy boats, that is."

STANS

While director of the Bureau of the Budget, Maurice Stans shot down big game in Africa during brief vacations in the fall. The rest of the year he shot down proposed government expenditures both big and small. Through his complex bureau of 311 professionals sifted the General Services Administration's yearly budget for paper clips and

the Defense Department's proposal for atomic aircraft development. He was overseer of current expenditures, but, more important, his was the final stamp of approval on future projects. As such, his influence on the expansiveness of the government's programs, both at home and abroad, was greater than any other official in the executive branch with the exception of the only man to whom he was subordinate—the President of the United States.

Stans has that gift of eloquence that often comes to a man in complete possession of his facts. By order of the President we scheduled the budget director on the cabinet agenda at least once each month for a review of income and expenditures, some future projections, and a report on the fluctuations of personnel totals. For these briefing sessions Stans was equipped with an explanation for the fractional rise or fall in each of the items which went into his report. He was willing to go out on a limb to interpret the totals and, unlike many bureaucrats, had the courage to commit himself on the consequences of the continuation of a trend.

Stans took a real interest in the sentences we phrased to record presidential action on the items he presented to the Cabinet. As guardian of the exchequer he wanted the President's intent stated in tough language to which he would refer when, weeks or months later, he needed help to convince an official of equal rank.

His periodic reports on the reductions of civilian personnel totals convinced the President that the progress that had been made could be continued. The Chief Executive had ordered a 2 per cent reduction in personnel early in his term. When Stans reported the reduction reached, Eisenhower told his Cabinet they had managed it without too many complaints, the government still continued, and he thought they would agree it would be a shame not to repeat so fine an accomplishment. And repeat it they did at six-month intervals to reach a reduction of over a quarter of a million employees in an eight-year period—a period when the nation's burgeoning population was moving to suburbia and requiring more postmen and when whole new agencies were being created to cater to the problems of the small businessman (Small Business Administration), to regulate and make safe the increased (86.2 per cent in eight years) flights of aircraft (the Federal Aviation Agency), and to plan for continued American

progress in science and space (the National Aeronautics and Space Administration).

DRAPER

During my years in Washington I was privileged to know military officers whose proficiency in their assigned fields equaled that of William G. Draper. I also knew many who matched his personality. But I met none who surpassed him in the combination of both. A trim, handsome bird-colonel, Draper was a credit to the pilot's uniform he wore and to the President he served. He was forty as the end of the second term closed the Eisenhower years, and in those years he had flown the President of the United States 308,402 miles. Not incidentally, the Chief Executive who was his passenger obtained his license in 1937 and was the first President ever qualified to fly a plane.

In May 1958 the Congress authorized the purchase of three Boeing 707 jets for governmental use. Except that the presidential seal is hung on the doorway of the one in which the President is riding, the three planes are outfitted exactly alike and are used by heads of foreign governments during official travel in the States, by the Secretary of State and other top brass on assignments overseas. When these jets were ordered by the government Colonel Draper, whose training and experience had been with piston-driven aircraft, particularly the Constellation *Columbine*, took a six-weeks' leave and went to California to become proficient in jet flight. By the time the planes were ready for delivery in April of 1959, he was ready to fly them.

Draper's punctuality was particularly appreciated by chiefs of protocol around the world. If he had delivered his famous charge ten minutes late he would have kept the host monarch or head of state waiting. If he had brought Mr. Eisenhower in ten minutes early, he might have caused embarrassment on both sides by arriving at the airport in advance of the reception committee. With the colonel at the controls, if the President was scheduled to land at twelve noon the band could begin ruffles and flourishes at 11:59³/₄ preparatory to "Hail to the Chief," when the cabin door opened and Eisenhower stepped onto the ramp—at twelve noon.

Three things helped Draper hold to his schedule: He built bad-

weather time into his estimates and then ate it up if it was not needed by flying a zigzag course; he flew an advance run of every trip; and he had assembled and was backed up by an excellent staff. His velvet-smooth landings were only a minor part of the things about him which built up such confidence in his ability that even the First Lady, who never flew unless she was with the President and avoided it then if, by car or train, she could arrange to meet him at his destination, had to admit that Bill Draper was the best.

The President left for Germany on August 26, 1959, at 4 A.M. The departure was from Andrews Air Force Base, thirty minutes' distance from Washington even at that hour of the morning. The send-off committee consisted of air-base personnel on duty, Mrs. Eisenhower, one congressman (Fulton of Pennsylvania), and me. Considering his age, his past health record, the rigors of the trip ahead of him, and her own fear of air travel, the First Lady's apprehensions about her husband's departure were entirely understandable. As the President reached the top of the ramp, he turned and gave his wife a half-wave, half-salute, and Mrs. Eisenhower, her voice choked with emotion, said to me, "Anybody but Bill Draper—I wouldn't let him go."

ANDERSON

I would vote for Bob Anderson for King! From the time of Foster Dulles' death until the end of the Eisenhower administration, the former conservative Texas Democrat turned conservative Connecticut Republican was possibly the most encyclopedic-minded of the presidential advisers around the cabinet table.

Robert B. Anderson was a master of the art of undersell. Many of the subjects he presented were beyond the grasp of all but a few in the room—complicated problems of gold flow, balance of trade, Treasury funding tactics, Federal Reserve regulations, and monetary interest. He would delve into the deepest of subjects and describe it with such terms and explain it with such examples that every man present was with him all the way. He pitched his voice softly when he spoke, heads would cock, a few hands would cup behind their owners' ears, and the man across the table would lean forward a few degrees to catch his every word. He held the interest of those whose business

backgrounds matched his own, yet never appeared to patronize those who were hearing of his subject for the first time.

Following cabinet presentations the President would either throw the meeting open with a general invitation for questions or he would, as he called it, "canvass the room." When he did the latter he passed from member to member in the order of cabinet rank. Both of the much-traveled Secretaries of State, Dulles and Herter, necessarily had poor attendance records and their absence frequently made Bob Anderson first-ranking cabinet man after the President and Vice President. After Anderson had added his comments to the remarks of his two superiors, the observations that had been made before him were at times in even clearer focus.

In the recession summer of 1958 the Secretary of the Treasury waged a personal war against heavier government spending to bail out the economy. While Democratic Senator Dennis Chavez (New Mexico) was urging a \$13 billion relief program patterned on the WPA of Depression days, Anderson was pleading with the President and his Cabinet to hold the line. Between cabinet meetings the members would read the rumblings of disaster in the Democratic press, hear the predictions of doom from Democratic congressmen, see the panic of the politicians of their own party, and return to the cabinet room determined that *something* must be done. Each week Anderson would assuage their fears.

"Now, gentlemen," he would say soothingly, "we're working out of this all right. All the signs are there—the prognosis couldn't be better for a complete and speedy recovery." At times he threatened, "Even without more federal spending to make it worse, we're going to be fighting inflation again in six months."

In the fall of 1960, Anderson made a special appeal to top administration officials. Writers and editors of business magazines and newspapers, he told his cabinet associates, were receiving conflicting reports on the status of the nation's economy. From business and industry sources they were hearing good news of the high level of America's exports and the low level of her domestic inventories. From government officials, however, they were receiving a dark diagnosis of business ills. Anderson reported he did not believe it was possible to talk ourselves into or out of a recession.

"But the government is too big a factor in the economy," he said, "for the opinions of its key people not to have an effect."

He listed nineteen solid reasons for confidence, concluding that we had the strongest economy without inflation of any time in the past twenty-five years. His quiet voice belayed the sting in his closing statement: "Gentlemen, *these* are the facts—you deserve to know them and you should enjoy using them."

Slightly stooped, Bob Anderson looks ten years older than his age. This was an assist to him in dealing with the scions of Wall Street and industry, with the businesses and associations and economists across the land who spoke his name with respect.

Included among those who held Anderson in the highest esteem was Mr. Eisenhower. During the Republican convention of 1956 the President confided to a small group of intimates that if he could have his dream ticket, with no need to make it salable, Bob Anderson would be on it.

HOPKINS

William J. Hopkins, who was given an Outstanding Civilian Service Medal by Dwight Eisenhower in 1960, has been the continuing link from administration to administration since Herbert Hoover was President. It will be a loss to American history if he is not some day persuaded to set down the passing White House scene as he quietly has observed it for twenty-two years.

As executive clerk, Hopkins prepares commissions and documents for presidential signatures and, where appropriate, sees that they are transmitted to the Congress. He knows the legalities which cover the steady flow of paperwork that crosses the President's desk and he knows the traditions which must be observed. Clipping yellow slips along the margins to indicate where signatures are needed, and aided by the implicit trust in which the Chief Executive holds him, he can make his explanations, get twenty signatures, and be out of the President's office in two minutes flat. And he performs his duties with such unobtrusive competence that each succeeding administration has been eager to have him continue.

It was Bill Hopkins who had the full story on "Poor Charlie," a White House messenger for over fifty years who mercifully was retired

in 1958. Poor Charlie—the adjective became part of his name—had to be headed in the right direction a dozen times a day and could not have survived the personnel director's ax had there not been a Bill Hopkins to tell of his years of service and recount his accomplishments.

Poor Charlie, on his way to the Capitol with important papers, once stopped to tie his shoe and left the presidential message he was carrying on the running board of a car. On another occasion he was called into the oval office and asked to carry a handwritten message from the man behind the desk to his son, an army colonel. "He's in room 528 of the Carlton Hotel," he was instructed. "I want you to take this to his room and give it to no one else." Charlie had stopped to admire the flowers in the park. When he started on again he stopped at the nearer hotel, the Lafayette, took the elevator to the fifth floor, knocked on the door to room 528, and said to the Boston shoe salesman who answered, "Here!" Fortunately the salesman sensed that an error of some proportions had been made and called the White House to report that he had received a "Dear John" letter from President Roosevelt.

PERSONS

Wilton B. Persons, successor to Sherman Adams as the assistant to the President, retired for the third time at the conclusion of Eisenhower's second term in office. He had come out of retirement to become special assistant to Dwight Eisenhower, SHAPE commander, and again to become special assistant to Dwight Eisenhower, the President. Persons, next-in-command to Adams, was the only man Adams recommended as his successor.

Unlike his predecessors as Eisenhower's military chiefs of staff, General Persons never had held an administrative command. During World War II, General Walter Bedell Smith was the action man, General Eisenhower the philosopher and planner. At SHAPE, in Paris, where Eisenhower welded together NATO's multinational military arm, the action man—subtle, brilliant, and unafraid of unilateral decisions—was General Alfred M. Gruenther. Sherman Adams also had held administrative posts in New Hampshire and in business, en-

visioned it his job to relieve the President of detail, leaving him free for the broad, philosophic planning in which he so excelled.

Dapper-dresser Persons—who laid the foundation of his attire with two-toned shoes and topped it off with a mustache—was known to his old friends as “Slick” and as “Jerry” to those who became acquainted with him during his association with the White House. He has spent some twenty years as a lobbyist at large. For more than half of his service career his job was to lead the military’s fight. Although he succeeded to the Adams title he continued to act in the last two years of the Administration as he had in the first six as director of White House congressional relations.

Brother of the Democratic governor of Alabama, former Democrat Persons was a study in contrast to the man whose title he took. Like Secretary of State Herter and Secretary of Commerce Mueller, Persons shared the handicap of following in office a strong public personality. Further, he provided the contrast of a New Englander versus an Alabamian and of two men poles apart in background and philosophy. Neither could have performed as assistant to the President using the methods of the other, and it is unfair to grade Persons down because he was not another Adams. He was superior to him in some ways, failed to measure up in others.

Sherman Adams had personified gruff inaccessibility, but he was actually one of the most accessible men in government for those who had serious business to discuss. Jerry Persons repeatedly professed that his door was always open to the members of the Administration and the staff. As it turned out, the position of the door did not change the fact that his heavy schedule made him frequently “unavailable.”

Before a cabinet meeting, ten days after Persons had taken his new position, John Foster Dulles approached him and, in full hearing of half a dozen others in the room, said, “Listen, General. I want to find out right now how you intend to do business. Your secretary tells me you are not available and my calls don’t get returned. I had a good working arrangement with Sherm, but I’ll work exclusively with the President if you force me to. Now you just make up your mind and let me know.” In the silence that hit the room, Persons sputtered his apologies, expressed great surprise and irritation that he had not

known of the call, and assured the Secretary of State he was always eager to talk with him.

Dulles had hit squarely on part of the problem. Most big men with big jobs do not realize it, but their personal public relations often is determined by their secretaries. The secretary, overworked, fervently dedicated, often with a well-developed hero image, sits aloof and proud outside her boss's inner office with the attitude of an armed guard. Although her boss may not be aware of it, she plays a mighty part in forming the opinions—adverse or favorable—in which others hold him.

Persons' number-one girl had been with him since his days at SHAPE, and by the time he obtained the position of top assistant to the President she had no equal for loyal protectiveness.

Another part of the problem is another study in the contrast between the first chief assistant to the President and the second (and last) man to hold the post. Adams had one of the best organized desks in Washington; he moved papers with lightning speed. Persons, in contrast to Adams, had a vista of decades of federal service, and harbored the sincere belief that a high proportion of governmental reports might as well be left unwritten and unread. Reports could remain buried on Persons' desk until their usefulness or their uselessness was canceled by the passage of time.

In addition to the purpose it served as a follow-up of presidential decisions, Adams made good use of the progress reports periodically assembled by the cabinet secretariat. In condensed form they offered a quick run-down on lagging implementation of the major problems of the various departments of government. The Governor would study each report carefully and then take to his telephone to hear firsthand the explanation of those responsible.

After we had sent our first report to General Persons we awaited his reaction. Three months later the second report was ready and I hand-carried it to him. I again explained its purpose and possible usefulness. He said, "Say, this would be a good thing to look at regularly." Simply stated, his other myriad tasks struck him as more important and pressing, and I, of course, cannot say they were not.

Adams was an open snooper and would chase a nit right into its lair. He knew, or wanted to know, everything that was going on in the

executive branch. Persons' attitude was less toward detail than to general policy. It was summed up in a statement he made to Budget Director Stans when he was in the middle of the ticklish preparations of the 1962—Eisenhower's last—budget. Said Persons, "I'll assume it's going along O.K. unless I hear from you." The burden, in short, was on Stans to do his job; Stans had a "command" in Persons' mind and he would intrude or help only when and if necessary.

A *magna cum laude* graduate, Persons is a brilliant man. He construed the position as the assistant to the President not as Deputy President of the United States but as presidential staff arm and a facilitator and energizer. To him it was a staff status comparable to military days. "Thank God," he would say, "this tour will be over on 20 January 1961."

It was Persons' belief that all but the biggest of the problems would solve themselves if cabinet officers were allowed to meet them, uninhibited. Staff meetings, under Adams held at least three times each week, were called spasmodically by Persons at first and eventually not at all. During Adams' tenure cabinet meetings were held Friday mornings without fail. During Persons' period they were held less regularly after considering both the agenda of items and the calendar.

"How long has it been since we've had a meeting?" Persons would ask when I went in to talk with him about the next session. If it had been more than two weeks he would likely say, "Then I guess we had better have one." Their main value, he rather felt, was to serve team-ship more than to serve policy formulation.

In this vein, in discussing potential cabinet agenda items Persons would object to those which had not been 95 per cent resolved. "We don't want to use the Cabinet to get the President in the middle of a Donnybrook," he would say. On other occasions he would talk with a cabinet officer to ask about the readiness of an item for cabinet consideration and assure him, "We're not looking for business, you understand." Persons believed the President's forcefulness inhibited these occasions and preferred to have the issues taken privately to the Chief Executive's office and talked out with the President by the principals rather than in general cabinet session.

Eisenhower vetoes were overridden only two times during his two

terms. The second was his veto of a bill to provide for a federal pay increase. It was an across-the-board measure with no consideration for the various costs of living in different parts of the country; it was costly, inflationary, and indefensible except in rare cases on any grounds other than political expediency. Under its terms the janitor in many a small-town post office, because he is a federal employee, receives more money than the high school coach. Against an average community wage rate of \$1.25 an hour, postmen receive \$2.45 under the provisions of this bill.

At a Friday breakfast meeting the President had met with Republican congressional leaders to plan strategy. He wanted to throw himself into a full-scale fight to defeat the measure he termed "outrageous" but was told by those assembled that there was little point in fighting it—the veto certainly would be overridden. The clinching argument came from Jerry Persons who, when the minority leader declined to do battle, advised the President that in these circumstances if he got openly in the fore of the fight, the veto still could not be sustained and he, therefore, would impair his prestige for nothing. After the meeting one senator angrily snarled, "What in hell is the good of having prestige if it isn't used?"

Loyal and dedicated, General Persons, who claimed the White House is the only place in the world "where the buck is passed *up*," was unsurpassed as commander of legislative liaison, the tail that wagged the dog in the last two Eisenhower years. He was a master at legislative maneuvering; he was on a first-name basis with the men on Capitol Hill and knew what motivated each of them. If one of his aides reported a congressman about to vote contrary to White House wishes because he was getting his arm twisted by the opposition, Persons would say, "Well, he's got two arms, hasn't he? Let's twist the other one."

Despite his determination to get the President what he wanted from the Congress, Persons had firm ideas of what the White House could or could not—or, rather, should or should not—do. Occasionally legislative proponents would suggest some bizarre and unorthodox tactics to "persuade" congressmen to yield. Regarding one such proposal the general once said to me, "People have a strange idea about the power of the White House and how we'd use it if we

had it. If we ran the government the way they think we run it, we wouldn't have to worry about the days of old Rome, they'd be here!"

He led the successful reversal of the Eighty-fifth Congress that came roaring into Washington like lions who saw in the returns of the 1958 elections a mandate to outspend all predecessor sessions. By spring the Congress, turned lamb-meek, went home as champions of fiscal conservatism. For his large part in this success, Persons, in his retirement, has the satisfaction of knowing he saved his fellow taxpayers countless millions of dollars. It is an accomplishment which is coveted by many who served with him and which endeared him to the dollar-conscious President.

Over the mantel in his White House office General Persons hung a sign which read, " $\frac{3}{4}$ of the earth is water, $\frac{1}{4}$ land. It is obvious the good Lord intended man to do 3 times as much fishing as plowing."

The day following the inauguration of the new Administration, General and Mrs. Persons—one of the sweetest women brought to Washington by a member of the Eisenhower team—headed south for fishing streams which had beckoned impatiently all through his White House service. He has vowed that this time he has retired for good, but it is hoped by a multitude in Washington that the fish have not yet grown big enough to attract him away from the public swim for long.

FLOETE

Although he gave up his car and driver, access to the yacht *Sequoia*, and the salutation of "Mr. Secretary," Franklin Floete needed no more incentive than notification of presidential wishes to persuade him to leave the Pentagon, as Assistant Secretary of Defense for Properties and Installations, to become general services administrator. In the four and one-half years he held the latter title he turned GSA from Washington's "most durable mess" to one of the most soundly organized and administered agencies of government.

Iowan Floete, born a year and a half before Eisenhower, had the reserve of energy needed for the long days he put in administering the agency that has more diversified interests than any other government department. Among the items for which he was accountable were millions of dollars in industrial diamonds, abaca plantations in Central America, a nickel plant in Cuba, a \$1.5 billion construction pro-

gram, 6600 government-owned or -leased buildings, and the original copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. Although he reduced his agency's payroll by 10 per cent during his term, he still supervised 27,000 employees—more than those in the State, Labor, or Justice Departments. He entered into more contracts than the Defense Department, and entrusted in his care were assets in excess of \$10.8 billion, equivalent to the combined capitalization of General Motors, Union Carbide, and the United States Steel Corporation. By every criteria save historical tradition, he and his agency deserved cabinet rank.

Floete seldom allowed us to schedule him on the cabinet agenda because he considered it his job to find solutions to the problems that were outstanding. Once they had been solved, he was too modest to crow about his accomplishments.

When he went over to GSA's main building for the first look at his empire he was met at the door by a woman who advised him that she had been the secretary of his predecessor and would show him his offices. When she escorted him into the 30 × 70 foot mahogany-paneled quarters that had been Edmund Mansure's diggings, one-time farmer Floete said, "This would make a good haymow, but it's not my office. Where is your typewriter, young lady?" When she pointed it out to him he cradled it in the crook of one of his long arms and said, "Come on—let's go find us an office." They walked down the hall to a room of modest proportions. The new administrator informed the occupant, "My name's Floete—this is going to be my office. You go find yourself one down the hall." From that moment until he turned in his resignation to the retiring President on January 20, 1961, every employee in his agency knew Franklin Floete was in charge.

As real estate officer for many billion dollars' worth of government land and buildings, Floete drove some hard and shrewd bargains for Uncle Sam. He would tell purchasing syndicates, "You fellows have a bunch of high-priced lawyers looking out for your interests. All the poor old government has looking out for it is me, so I guess I'll just have to stick to my price."

He once received a call from a successful bidder on a piece of government property. The caller told him two groups had bid on the building jointly and the secretary who typed the bid had inadvertently

doubled its amount. It was too much for Floete to believe that responsible businessmen, flanked by attorneys, could fail to see the amount of the bid on the contract they had signed. He guessed, instead, that they had grown cold on the proposal when they saw how far they had overbid their competition. To his telephone caller he replied, "Say, that's going to be a costly error, isn't it?"

In contract negotiations alone Floete saved the taxpayers \$295 million. Appearing before the Federal Communications Commission in behalf of the Air Force SAGE project, which involved a continental radar defense network for the United States, he won a \$150 million reduction in private-line telephone charges for Uncle Sam.

After he had swapped sites with the city of Boston for a proposed new Federal Building, the Boston *Herald* editorialized that Floete had maneuvered the city into the strange position of "subsidizing the United States government."

By combining the attributes of intelligence, honesty, and the shrewdness of a horse trader, Floete's Washington reputation was a satisfaction to the President and was particularly valued by Budget Director Stans and Treasury Secretary Anderson. The latter, following one of Floete's rare cabinet appearances, extolled his virtues and told the group he wished every American might know the millions of dollars that his government had saved at the hands of the wise, old administrator.

STEPHENS

Like Jim Hagerty, Thomas E. Stephens was one of those around Eisenhower whose prior political experience included service with former New York governor and twice presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey.

Stephens came to the White House in 1953 as special counsel to the President. After a few weeks he was named acting appointments secretary and six months later the "acting" was dropped and he became officially the secretary to the President, a position he held until 1955 when Bernard Shanley took over. In 1958, Shanley returned to Trenton to try for the governorship, and Stephens became once again Eisenhower's appointments secretary.

Stephens maintained, on Cuckold Creek, Maryland, a forty-acre

farm in the tradition of Noah's ark. He had pairs of uncommon animals—peacocks, bloodhounds, Rhodesian ridgebacks named Sally and Bishop, two Egyptian salukis named Rudolph and Cleopatra, plus two each of more common varieties. Before he lost count he had a dozen New Zealand rabbits, a pen of chickens, a swimming pool turned over to bullfrogs, a covey of doves, a sow named Rosalie, and a goat named Millicent. It would have done all right as a zoo, had it been closer to Washington, but it was a bust as a farm.

Tom's passion for strange livestock once won him unwelcome headlines. He ordered two mastiffs from the little mountain kingdom of Nepal. By the time they began their journey to the States, reports grew first that they had been ordered by the White House and next that they were intended for the President. When they arrived they were too "hot" to keep in news-hungry Washington, and Tom was rescued from his embarrassment by Senator Harry Darby, who offered them space on his Kansas farm.

Stephens was the court jester of the Eisenhower administration. He knew the limits to which he could push the President's appreciation of a practical joke, and, more important, he knew when presidential pressures called for comic relief.

Tom raised mushrooms in the closet of his office at the White House, grew Venus's-flytraps on the window sill, and kept his desk covered with a collection of gadgets, pill bottles, and Burpee seed catalogues. He also kept on his desk, in a handsome oval frame, a picture of "mother" he had cut from the top of a Mrs. Stevens Candy box.

His humor was original, at times macabre. He once told me he wanted to see me in private and suggested, since it was empty, that we go into the President's office to talk. He held the door until I had stepped inside and then closed it, leaving me alone in the room. Alone, that is, except for the President, who was very much in his office and was looking to me to state my business.

Stephens was among those the President summoned in the spring of 1956 to a White House meeting to discuss whether he should seek re-election following his heart attack. The atmosphere became more and more tense, as the President asked each of those present for an opinion. Finally he turned to Irish-born Stephens and said, "Tom, what do you think?" With a serious face, Stephens broke the tension

when he replied, "Mr. President, I am sure you can win. But if you don't intend to run you ought to say so publicly at once as a courtesy to others of us who want to get our candidacy underway."

Tom liked to play down his White House affiliation. When he placed a telephone call to a friend and was asked by the answering secretary, "And whom are you with, Mr. Stephens?" he would reply, "I'm with myself."

On excursions outside the White House the gregarious Stephens inevitably became the fast friend of everyone he met. Businessmen and minor government officials would give him their business cards, and Tom would reach solemnly into his pocket and extract the last card he had been given and present it in exchange.

During one of his overseas jaunts Stephens stopped in at the American Embassy to visit the ambassador, an old friend. When the butler asked for his identification Tom drew from his pocket a card he had been given by a minor official of the Union Pacific Railroad. After several minutes the butler returned to say that the ambassador was tied up. This time Stephens presented another card which showed him as the manager of a soft-drink company in the Midwest. When this one did not produce results he asked the butler for paper and pencil so he could write the ambassador a very important personal note. When the ambassador opened the carefully sealed envelope he read, "Pardon me, but can I use your bathroom?"

When the President signed commissions and important papers he sometimes gave the pen to the man who had been instrumental in bringing the document to the point of signature. For this purpose he used inexpensive fountain pens which he dipped into the ink and used for only one signature. The top half of the pen was plastic and stamped in white was the title "The President." These coveted souvenirs were highly prized by their owners. Max Rabb, my predecessor as secretary to the Cabinet, had one laid on velvet framed in a deep shadow box. It had been used by the President in signing the Refugee Relief Act following the Hungarian crisis. Since refugee and immigration matters were a collateral duty in the office of the cabinet secretary, and because of his part in resolving the crisis, Max had been given the pen. Particularly when he had in his office a visitor interested in refugee affairs he would refer to his prized possession as tangible

evidence of the Administration's action in the field. One day when he was entertaining a Greek archbishop, Rabb—alert, effervescent, and outgoing with the least of his visitors—felt challenged to oratory. He talked about the Eisenhower proposals and accomplishments, and, rising to his feet, he swept his hand toward the shadow box on the wall and said, dramatically, "And with this very pen—" Here he stopped short in open-jawed amazement. In place of the presidential pen was a white ball-point stamped with the advertising of F. W. Woolworth Company. Tom Stephens had been at work.

When Nelson Rockefeller was preparing to leave the White House as a member of Eisenhower's staff, he made the rounds to shake hands and say the usual, "If there's ever anything I can do for you, let me know." That afternoon Tom Stephens sent him a note which read, "You once told me this morning that if there was anything you could ever do for me to let you know. I would treasure your signature for my collection." Enclosed with the note was an unsigned check made out to Stephens for a million dollars.

Multimillionaire Rockefeller, who avoided the expression "thanks a million" and substituted "thanks a thousand" instead, also made a substitution in complying with the Stephens request. He sent him a signed check made out for \$500,000 drawn on a fictitious bank!

Like most of the staff, Tom had great affection for Governor Adams. Still, with his passion for practical jokes, he couldn't resist the natural target Adams presented.

He was once waiting in Adams' outer office when the presidential assistant came out with a visitor. Stephens cringed in the corner and wailed piteously, "Don't hit me again, Governor. Please, don't hit me." The shocked visitor left the White House convinced the stories he had heard of the Adams wrath were not only true but understated.

One Christmas, Stephens sent the Governor a big card ornate with flowers and paper lace with a sentiment that read "to one who has been a mother to me." Several weeks later Adams called him on the telephone and said, "This is Mother. Can you come in here?"

In his imaginative mind Tom once envisioned a complicated scheme which, happily, he was never able to bring off. He wanted to get someone about to be executed to give a last statement in which

he would say, "Tell Governor Adams not to worry—I carried our secret to the grave."

There possibly was never a more reluctant bureaucrat than Tom Stephens. The constant red tape that necessarily surrounded the meetings and documents of national security he found especially annoying. He had his own private spoof of the Pentagon's penchant for over-classifying unimportant papers. He would have a typist head an inter-office memorandum with the classification he considered the ultimate in tight security—"Please destroy before reading!"

At a Washington reception one evening Tom arrived with General Robert Cutler, head of the National Security Council. Cutler had a brief case with him which he refused to surrender at the door and, in fact, kept tightly clutched under one arm as he talked with some of his many friends at the reception. When the general excused himself for a minute, Stephens, who had a top security clearance, volunteered to watch the brief case for him. During the two minutes Cutler was out of the room Tom stole off to a quiet corner and slid into the brief case a note on which he had written, "I found these papers very interesting." He signed the note "Mikoyan"—the top Russian official then in Washington.

Stephens will never be able to top the joke he played on a friend who lived in the same apartment building. It was one of those jokes that mysteriously sweeps the country, becoming common knowledge almost overnight. I have heard it told many ways and attributed to many people. Its originator was Stephens.

His friend had a dog, six sizes too big for apartment living, which developed the habit of running excitedly around the room whenever the telephone rang. Its owner hit upon the idea of dialing his apartment number each day during the noon hour. He would let the number ring four or five minutes and the dog would race around the room and get its exercise. One noon hour Stephens slipped away from his White House office and persuaded the apartment manager to let him into his friend's quarters. When the scheduled call came from the dog's owner Stephens let the telephone ring for a minute or so, then lifted it off the hook and, without saying a word, panted into the mouthpiece.

Part Seven

XXIII

Historians who speculated on changes a Dewey victory in 1948 might have brought in our nation's domestic course will spend future moments contemplating the lasting effects of the Eisenhower smile on the Russian people, had Khrushchev allowed them to meet. Press agents will want to join in the speculation to continue their search for the personality formula which knew neither race nor language barriers, which held a President above and beyond his administration, and which won for Eisenhower more popular support by the numbers than any other man before him in recorded history.

The Eisenhower record as a victorious army general won him his party's nomination, but the millions who sent him to the White House with shouts of "We like Ike" were not thinking of his army career or his military uniform. Nor were their shouts intended to convey only that they preferred him as a candidate. When they said they *liked* Ike they meant to be taken literally. The warmth of the Eisenhower personality had a contagious effect on groups, and on all ages within the groups. Every generation—from grade-schoolers to grandmothers to the balding American males whose egos his popularity inflated—joined in the cry. During his first four years—and to the complete frustration of Adlai Stevenson, all during the 1956 campaign—Eisenhower ranked along with the Bible and motherhood as too sacred for any wise politician to attack. Although his popularity fluctuated during his last term, there was never a time when he did not command a strong majority of the public's confidence at home and the support of millions abroad.

Eisenhower's ability to adapt quickly to his new assignments aided him in his rise to five-star rank in the Army, during his short experience

as an academician, and, finally, as President of the United States. Unlike other national military heroes of World War II, the public did not automatically think of Eisenhower as a soldier. He had been a soldier and a good one, that they knew, but in the minds of the men on the street Eisenhower was a dedicated public servant who also happened to be a successful general. This subtle but important distinction accounts for the apparent inconsistency with which many citizens were reluctant to support General MacArthur for the presidency—because he was a military man—yet supported Eisenhower's candidacy with no hesitation.

While he shook the label of the militiaman and the stigma of the professional warrior, the organization of his staff and his approach to many of the problems of the presidency reflected his military training and career. The events which enfolded him in the years after he left the battlefield were not enough to smother his abilities as a military strategist, abilities which he used in guiding his country's diplomatic as well as military affairs. His confidence in his knowledge of war and the chess game of international politics, for example, helped him make fast and firm decisions in times of crisis, crises such as those over Lebanon and Suez. In the latter case, his jaw was firmly set in the belief that Russia would never have gone back into Hungary if Britain and France had not invaded Egypt.

When General Twining returned from a trip to Moscow he reported that a Soviet general who had been head of the entire Russian war machine during World War II had said to him, "I think you have the reports too high in estimating our strength." Twining told the President he didn't know how to interpret this; Eisenhower, calling on his own dealings with this particular Russian during the war, said he had never known the man to say something he hadn't been coached to say, and was willing to conclude that it was a well-rehearsed "leak" of information which Twining had received.

Eisenhower believed in slow but steady progress in civil rights; that the government should get out of competition with business, should not interfere in strikes except as a last resort, should take only limited steps of intervention during mild recessions, should not set up price controls.

Although he was a steady-as-you-go President, his military, space, science, education, and highway budgets were the largest in the peace-

time history of the nation. Still, people liked Ike because he was honest, because he was a religious man, and for a hundred other reasons they considered more important than a program or a policy.

I was often asked what it was like to work for Eisenhower, whether his public image was also the one he created in private dealings with administration and staff associates. In general I can say "yes," that he carried into the office the same mood of paternal benevolence he conveyed with his wide grin and arms-above-the-head salute in a public parade. Newcomers joining his official family were told ominously, "The President believes that every man is entitled to *one* mistake." In practice, however, he was vastly tolerant. An Interior Department official once gave as his formula for longevity in the Eisenhower administration: "Don't die and keep your hands out of the till."

There was a measure of truth in this exaggeration. One or two men of mediocre competence enjoyed Eisenhower's support for eight full years because they were morally honest. This was an attribute upon which he insisted. He held his own public trust most sacredly and expected the personal conduct of his associates to be unqualifiedly pure. Although he enjoyed a scotch and water after business hours, when he learned that one of his appointees kept a bottle of liquor on his office desk, the man was advised (the same afternoon), in effect, "The President understands there's a bottle of liquor on your desk. He wants your resignation on his." Eisenhower accepted the resignation immediately and announced the acceptance as soon as Hagerty could call the press together.

With his fierce loyalty it never occurred to Eisenhower to dismiss an employee for personal or political expediency. And those who counseled him to do so, as many did in the case of Agriculture Secretary Benson, struck one of the subjects guaranteed to set off presidential sparks.

That Eisenhower could give off sparks under *any* provocation would have been denied by millions whose only observations of him were outside the White House gates and to whom his character appeared saintly and benign. While he valued both the respect for his office and his personal dignity too highly to engage in the free-swinging displays of public temper which had been Harry Truman's emotional safety valve, in the privacy of his office or the cabinet room a different

set of rules prevailed. If he was coming to the defense of a position which he considered necessary for the good of his country, his face would redden to the point of apoplexy, he would come up out of his chair pounding one fist into the other, and walk tight circles behind his desk while verbally flailing his opponents, whether they were in the room or half a world away.

Some of his best decisions were made while thus aroused, and his associates were grateful for these occasional explosions which spiced his otherwise bland temper. Further, this variety in his moods gave them an opportunity to bring up in later conversations with friends and colleagues, and with an acceptable degree of subtlety, their meeting with the President. "My," they could say without violating the privileged nature of a presidential discussion, "the President was *furious* today."

His White House associates learned, as had his military staffs before them, that one of their jobs was to act as a ground for the Eisenhower electricity. The better they came to know him, the more consoled they were during his flashes of temper. They learned he was too big and too busy a man to stay angry over personal affronts; that he did not act rashly when emotionally exercised; that he used his flashes of temper not as substitutes for judgment but to implement judgments made in cooler moods. And they learned, too, that he could joke about his moods not only in times of calm but in times of temper as well. In the middle of a tirade he was known to stop and enjoy a long laugh at himself.

Still, the effect of the Eisenhower temper when viewed for the first time by the uninitiated was awesome, to say the least. Shortly after his appointment as Under Secretary of State, Douglas Dillon (later Kennedy Treasury Secretary) and I were dinner guests of Chief of Protocol Wiley Buchanan. After dinner Dillon confided to Wiley and me that he thought he should resign.

"The President just gave me hell today," he said. "He ranted and raved and . . . well, it was awful."

"Doug," I asked him, "was he upset with something you had done or with the news you brought him?"

"Well," admitted Dillon, "I guess it was the news."

Wiley and I exchanged glances, a knowing nod, and exclaimed in unison, "Welcome to the club!"

Learning to recognize and anticipate the Eisenhower moods and the things and people who provoked them was the most valuable part of my experience during the half year I acted as his appointments secretary. In the period in which I served in this post, between November 1, 1957, and May 1, 1958, I had more hour-by-hour, day-to-day contacts with the President of the United States than did any other man in government. Few, if any, of these contacts had a substantive bearing on the course of United States policy, but since they did involve the budgeting of presidential time they had some influence on the efficiency of the Chief Executive. They also gave me an appreciation, unshared by some of his closest associates who saw him only about the one or two activities in which they were concerned, of the twenty-four-hour-a-day pressure under which he worked.

In just those areas where the growth can be measured, the U. S. presidency has developed into one of Gargantuan responsibilities, countless details, and a health-flailing schedule. The nation's population swelled 20 per cent during the Eisenhower years alone. Growing at a rate equivalent to adding another Kentucky to our population every twelve months, in 1959 we passed the net birth rate of India.

This growth has brought with it an increase in the problems of our people and an increase in the pressures on the President to solve them. Added to this during the Eisenhower terms were international problems brought on by recognized United States leadership of the free world.

The increase in pressures and problems occasioned by our burgeoning population is unavoidable under our system which centers all executive power in the President. Leadership of the free world, for all the additional labors it entails, is a position we covet. But there is one phase of presidential endeavor which clogs his schedule and saps his energy and which could be avoided. This is the time he spends with the petty details added to his office by historical tradition and legislative thoughtlessness. For the occupant of the busiest and most important office in the world spends more of his time on petty details than the government officials he appoints or officers with his title in the nation's major corporations.

Around Washington and over the land are hundreds of signature machines. And in business and government offices not possessing a

mechanical substitute, a secretary practices the boss's signature until her skilled forgery could pass his banker. No signature machine is permitted in the White House, and no one signs the Chief Executive's name. Every presidential signature is original and in black India ink which, by further tradition, is left unblotted. When a large number of commissions had to be signed, I've seen the President's green carpet littered like a paper hanger's shop with documents carefully laid out on the floor waiting for the signature to dry.

Only since the turn of the century has the Congress relieved the President of the responsibility of signing commissions for the postmasters in every hamlet in the country and the review and approval of thousands of military court-martials. His full signature—in Dwight D. Eisenhower's case a laborious seventeen letters—is still required on lists of military commissions, on transmittals to Congress, on foreign-service appointments, on all presidential appointments, on thousands of pieces of legislation, and on countless proclamations and official documents. Sixteen hundred Pennsylvania Avenue is a huge paper mill turning out presidential signatures—some 30,000 to 40,000 a year—as fast as the Chief Executive can read the papers to which they are to be affixed.

During his term in office Abraham Lincoln opened his own mail, which is not too surprising since it averaged only thirty letters a day. Today, fast mail, a possessive public, and the blossoming population have raised the count on individual pieces in the White House mailbag to 10,000–20,000 a week. Not all of these are addressed to the President, but a surprising number go to him or contain problems that must find their solutions on the President's desk.

Generally speaking, mail which comes into the White House, unless it is addressed to a specific assistant, goes to the staff member whose responsibilities include the area about which the correspondent has written. In addition to the staff man's major interest he is assigned some minor areas to ensure that every subject is covered and the mail room will know where to direct each incoming letter. As collateral duty, for example, I once was assigned immigration, refugees, and District of Columbia matters. These required a small part of my time, yet when a minor problem or correspondence arose in that area it was mine to handle.

One of the many wonderful things about this country is that any citizen may write to the President of the United States on any subject, any time he wishes to do so. That so many exercise this freedom, however, is one of the frightening things about the United States presidency. I always marveled at the number of correspondents who wrote with absolute faith the President would receive, consider, and personally reply to their letters. While he did so in an impressive number of cases, he could not have done so in all if he had devoted himself exclusively to the task.

My favorite piece of mail during five years in the White House was not a letter but a telegram. It was sent by a man whose previous correspondence was among some the President had asked me to answer for him. On two occasions the writer had requested a *personal* response from the President, and on each occasion I had informed him that the President had asked me to make the reply. The telegram was very short and its message was a constant reminder to me not to get too big for my shoes. It asked the logical question, "Dear Mr. President: Who in hell is Robert Gray?"

The White House mail room is set up to handle the flow of routine business as well as the truckfuls that come with Christmas and presidential birthdays. Although the President never sees them, the mail room also receives, in an average year, 15,000 to 20,000 pieces of threatening or obscene mail addressed to the Chief Executive. These the mail room refers to the Secret Service for investigation.

For the past twenty-five years presidents have been advised against encouraging correspondence unnecessarily. This lesson was learned in the early days of the Depression when F.D.R., in one of his fire-side chats, suggested citizens write to him and share their problems and advice. A mountain of mailbags descended on the White House. They were stacked ceiling high in the rooms of the East Wing, and it was some weeks before official mail could be sorted from the folksy notes sent in by would-be presidential pen pals.

President Eisenhower's mail included scented notes from romantically inclined ladies who wanted his picture to hang over their beds. It contained an assortment from the mentally ill, prophets of doom, and unfortunates who claimed they were the real Eisenhower held captive by the armed guards of the institutions in which they lived. And some

of the mail brought the brightest spots to the President's day. Whenever an unusually warm or amusing piece came in we would try to use it as a break in his tensions or for a light insulation between two heavy conferences on different subjects.

Two with such refreshing honesty that the President particularly enjoyed them were these written by little girls. The first said, "Dear Mr. President, I love you more than any man in the whole world—except, *of course*, for Perry Como." The second, written by a youngster who was planning a surprise birthday party for her mother, informed the President she was inviting only her *closest* and most special friends, the President, Mrs. Eisenhower, the Queen of England—and Lassie!

The President received mail from constituents of all ages who looked on him not so much as a last resort but as the natural repository of their problems, no matter how small. Written in the obvious scrawl of a grade-schooler, for example, was a penciled note which read, "Damit, President, where heck is my Smoky Bear button? I sint in my dime."

Over and over again the Eisenhower mailbag proved the citizen's view that nothing is too personal to write your President and nothing is too much to demand. Once he received a letter from a woman who enclosed a check for \$17.50 and asked that he issue an executive order for two tickets to *My Fair Lady*.

Although it never was taken to the President's attention, another of his correspondents wrote: "Dear Mr. President: I am urgently in need of your help. I have just entered the Veterans Hospital, and they are going to cut off my benefits!"

The following are additional excerpts from the Eisenhower mailbag:

Dear Mr. President:

I think it is high time an outstanding service award was given to us in the diaper industry. In snowstorms we get through when the postman doesn't . . .

Dear Mr. President:

Perhaps you will remember me. I sent you a get-well card in 1955 . . .

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Dear Mr. President:

I hope you go down in history . . .

Dear Mr. President:

My problem is, I am a girl. I am willing to make any necessary sacrifices (except cutting my hair very short) to get to go to the U. S. Naval Academy. When I graduate I want to be a Lt. Commander.

Dear Mr. President:

. . . I want you to write and tell me if you read this yourself . . .

Dear Mr. President:

I can't get away to come back and see you right now so am writing instead . . .

Dear Mr. President:

I am writing about the condition of men between the ages of fifty and less.

Dear Mr. President:

I tried to telephone my Congressman today and was told he was "on the floor." Please find out just what is going on in his office and write and tell me. You can be frank.

Dear Mr. President:

I think you are so handsome. You don't look a day over 26! . . .

Dear Mr. President:

You will remember me as the one who wrote urging you to run again in 1956.

Dear Mr. President:

Please send *all* the material available on the United States government *and* its employees.

Dear Mr. President:

Mom and Dad and me are coming to see you next week. I am 6!

Eisenhower found time to answer a great number of his young admirers. His letters were warm and paternal and reflected his affection for children everywhere. In addition, he originated many exchanges with youngsters with a problem that was brought to his attention.

Colonel Draper once told the President that the teen-aged son of the *Columbine's* crew chief was seriously ill at Walter Reed Hospital. Doctors had done all they could, but it appeared the boy had given up the will to live. Eisenhower dispatched a note that afternoon to the hospital in which he likened the boy's job to that of his father. He told him it was the crew chief's responsibility to keep the airplane in flyable order but that you needed more than a good plane to get off the ground—you had to have the will to fly. He told the boy he understood the doctors at Walter Reed had done everything they could to put his body back in shape. Now it was up to him to add that extra ingredient—the will to live. The boy proudly hung the therapeutic letter above his bed.

A young 4-H Club boy who had raised an orphan calf in his back yard with a milk bottle entered his pet in a local contest and won a prize. In order to qualify for the prize the boy had to put the calf up for sale. A friend of the President bought the calf and gave it to the President, who insisted on giving it back to its original owner.

Much of the mail that came into the White House—such as the letters from promoters who wanted permission to stage a water ballet in the White House pool, or from young women who wished introductions to millionaires or wanted a piece of presidential clothing for a keepsake—opened opportunities for responses of wit. The temptation could be resisted only by a constant realization that the most innocuous reply signed by the most junior assistant might, because it was written on the famous letterhead, end up framed on the recipient's living-room wall and be passed on to future generations as a family heirloom.

XXIV

In order to be certain I was at my desk before the President was at his, my workday at the White House began around 7:30 A.M. The President was seldom in his office that early; but we never could be sure because he carried a good measure of his army habits with him to the White House and was an early riser throughout his terms.

His usual routine was to be awakened at 6:30 A.M., to digest along with his food the news he found in the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*, and then come into the office, where the *Herald Tribune* was on his desk. It was frequently after 6 P.M. by the time the President could finish his appointments and begin the daily mail. During the social season Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower gave a state dinner one night each week, and on those days he had to go on being President until nearly midnight.

Although President Eisenhower during his two terms in office reduced by a quarter of a million the federal employees on the government payroll, he was still head of a working organization of more than two million civilians. This organization operated on a budget of billions of dollars so carefully calculated and delicately balanced that an increase or cut of a single million could affect the lives and fortunes of a great number of citizens. In sheer terms of management this made his job the most demanding in the world.

Appointments for the President were fitted around a major basic schedule. On Monday he would meet for one and a half to two hours of the morning with his military and economic advisers. On Tuesday he had a meeting from 9 to 11 A.M. with Vice President Nixon, legislative leaders, and members of the staff; on Wednesday he held a press conference and faced some 300 reporters asking thirty minutes of the most grueling questions on every conceivable subject in the world. Thursdays he met with the National Security Council, and on Friday he presided over meetings of the Cabinet. Sandwiched in and around this regular permanent schedule were innumerable meetings and interviews with Vice President Nixon, members of the

Cabinet, the Congress, the staff, ambassadors of foreign countries, and heads of foreign governments in the States on official business.

A United States President is also involved in a never-ending string of time-consuming lesser appointments. The head of the Turkey Association will want him to receive a turkey in early November, and because the attendant publicity will be helpful to turkey sales the President usually accepts. Once he does, the Chicken Growers' Association and the goose and gander people will also demand his help. The newly elected head of the American Legion will expect to bring his officers for a presidential interview. So will eleven other veterans' organizations, the Future Homemakers of America, the Boy Scouts, the Rotary International and the Kiwanis, the N.A.M., the Future Farmers of America, the Honey Queen, and dozens of groups of scholarship winners.

The presidency demands weekend meetings, early morning breakfasts, late evening conferences. The Chief Executive must make forty to fifty speeches a year and study and sign thousands of pieces of legislation. Moreover, today's President can never get away from his telephone. In his airplane, in his car, even on the fairways for those precious moments of relaxation, Secret Service men carry a walkie-talkie concealed in a golf bag so he will always be accessible. Altogether, this adds up to a work week of overwhelming size for any man and is the never-ending routine, day after day after day, for the President of the United States.

But while his days are long and his hours full, there is another aspect of the presidency with which all of us on Eisenhower's staff were ever impressed anew—the awesome requirement on the President to make responsible decisions! During the six months I acted as his appointments secretary, I was keeper of the President's calendar and guardian of his time. As the hours of each day passed I was constantly reminded of his staggering responsibilities. As the makers of today's history, both at home and abroad, called to ask for a piece of the President's time, I heard over and over the phrases, "No one but the President can help on this," or, "This is too important a decision to be made by anyone except the President," or, "We can make no further progress without the President's advice."

Hour after hour I ushered these streams of visitors through his door.

They went gravely but anxiously into the President's office. One could almost see weighty problems on their shoulders. When they came out—cheerful, pleased, and relaxed—it was clear what they had done. They had left their problems on the President's desk. For an ever-increasing multitude of the burdens must rest with the President. He is the man who must make the ultimate decision, whom history holds responsible.

Reflecting on the loneliness of decision, Eisenhower once said, "The nakedness of the battlefield, when the soldier is all alone in the smoke and the clamor and the terror of war, is comparable to the loneliness . . . of the presidency."

Little wonder the President's gait is noticeably slower as he leaves for the mansion at the end of the day, carrying in his hands or in his head many of the problems with which he has been confronted. After the last guest leaves and the last lights go out in the White House, he is the one who is kept awake by the problems and responsibilities he cannot assign. For the United States President can never stop being President. He can never turn off the pressures of his office or set aside, even momentarily, the responsibilities which are his alone.

Former President Truman criticized President Eisenhower for many things. But never has he, nor any other former President, criticized his successor for time spent away from the White House. Each of them knows you can never leave the responsibilities of the office behind.

When Dwight Eisenhower spent working vacations in Augusta, there were times when he played nine holes of golf but also worked nine hours in his Augusta office. Evening bridge games were interrupted by conference calls from Washington, D.C. At the end of the day a courier plane left for the capital with the products of his efforts during the day—the letters he had signed, the memos of instruction he had dictated, and his official proclamations. The next morning it returned with a new work load.

Whether a President is out of the city or out of the country, the paper work of government continues. Mounds of it await his return and some of it chases after him wherever he goes.

A U. S. President legally can sign his official documents anywhere in the world. While Eisenhower was at the summit meeting in Paris,

in 1957, twenty-six separate pieces of legislation were flown over to him for study and signature.

During his campaign Mr. Kennedy promised if he was elected he would be a full-time President. This was forgivable campaign oratory even though, at this writing, President Kennedy has spent more days on vacation than new-President Eisenhower in the similar period of his first term. One of the things every new President learns about the United States presidency is that both the Constitution and the people hold him fully responsible twenty-four hours out of every one of 365 days for four years.

Looking around him at the portraits of history on the mansion walls, Eisenhower often mused at the growth of any man when he faced the challenge of the presidency. He spoke of the changes that could take place in the awesome interaction of the man and the office. To Justus B. Lawrence, who had been a member of his SHAPE staff, he once conceded "even that fellow Truman" had grown in the presidency.

Eisenhower was an avid reader of American history and a determined student of the American Constitution and the theory of political science. He believed in and adhered to, with a fervor bordering on political religion, the separation of the responsibilities of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government. Further, while he recognized his obligations to enforce federal statutes—as in the case of Little Rock—he believed in a firm cleavage between federal and state responsibilities.

He supported his beliefs both in his actions and in his lack of action. In this last lay the secret of the long-range success of his administration and a lesson for which history will give him much credit. For Eisenhower recognized that popular as an "active" President might be with the people, there are times and issues on which the federal government is not called to act, and on which federal action is wholly undesirable.

Contrasting sharply to the administrations between which his was sandwiched, Eisenhower did not apply to every problem of the day the question, "Which action should the federal government take?" Rather, he weighed first whether the problem was one on which *any* federal action was necessary or in order. As Chief Executive he took action carefully but decisively when he was convinced it was called

for and appropriate. When he was not so convinced he refused to act on the mistaken belief that "action" is the only expression of leadership.

"The President cannot worry about headlines," he once said, "how the next opinion poll will rate him, how his political future will be affected. He must worry about the good—the long-term, abiding, permanent good—of all America."

Dwight Eisenhower was not a strong party man. He had chosen Republican for his party affiliation, knew why he had made the choice, and was proud of it. However, he made his decisions on one standard only—"Is it good for the country?" In the Eisenhower days a sure way to kill any proposal was to tell the President its main virtue was political expediency.

When Mrs. Eisenhower was First Lady to the President of Columbia University, her New York fashion designer was Mollie Parnis. When it was announced in the press that Mrs. Parnis, a Democrat, would design the First Lady's inaugural gown, only one Republican *couturier*—Oleg Cassini—raised an objection. Ironically, it was Republican Cassini who was chosen by Jacqueline Kennedy to design her inaugural costume.

Mollie Parnis is a Democrat who wears her party affiliation on her sleeve. When she was first invited to the White House for a fitting session she knew there was a chance she might be introduced to the President and, lest she slip into one of the more informal salutations used when he was president of Columbia, mentally rehearsed the greeting she would give him. While she was with Mrs. Eisenhower the President did walk into the room and the introduction was made. But Mrs. Parnis forgot her mental training in the presence of his warm clear eyes and turned more honest than diplomatic. Instead of the "It is nice to meet you, Mr. President," which she carefully had rehearsed, she blurted out, "Hello there! I'm a Democrat." The President shook her hand and said, "So are millions of Americans. I hope you are a good one."

When Dr. Herbert F. York, chief scientist, Advanced Research Projects Agency, was talking with Dwight Eisenhower about accepting a job in the Administration, the President said, "I wish you had been a Republican." York replied, "My mother and my wife are Republicans."

To which Dwight Eisenhower answered, "Well, I guess that's a new political philosophy—absolution by association."

Dwight Eisenhower was at first a nonpartisan Republican. He was drawn to the party primarily because it advocated conservatism in fiscal affairs and because the opposition had been overlong in power, but he apparently never was able to remake the GOP in his own image as he had hoped to do or to use it fully as a power to implement his ideals.

The President saw as many Democrats as Republicans and his friendships among the opposition members of Congress were, at least in the early days, as many and as firm. He could and did credit these friendships for many of his congressional successes. There were, however, and inevitably, many members of Congress of both parties whose friendship he did not cultivate and with whom he felt he had little in common.

To Eisenhower fiscal conservatism and a desire for world peace were a more sensible common denominator than sheer party affiliation, and the wall that divided patriotic Americans into two political parties was neither thick nor tall.

One of his most outspoken critics in the 1956 campaign was not a Democrat, but the late Richard Simpson, congressman from Pennsylvania and head of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. At Republican meetings across the States, Simpson decried the lack of party leadership from the White House and the absence of partisanship in presidential actions.

Since I was serving in the patronage area at the time—and found my attempts to do my job thwarted on many fronts by those Eisenhower appointees who failed to realize that the system could survive a leader somewhat above politics only if *they* were not—no man could have been more hungry for the unrelenting partisan leadership Simpson desired. Nevertheless, his charges, however understandable, could not have been more unfair. Dwight Eisenhower had spent his adult years stationed around and out of the country with no fixed address in a profession that guards against too much interest in politics. Until he analyzed the things for which the majority in each party stood, and this only a few years before his election, he had not irretrievably fixed his own political affiliation.

No delegate at the 1952 Republican convention voted "Eisenhower" solely because he believed the five-star general offered the best hope for strong party leadership. After twenty years on the outside looking in, Republican delegates wanted a candidate whose personality would lift the Democrats' bolt on the White House door. We were hungry for a winner. That Eisenhower, in addition to his drive for world peace, was most effective in dealing with six years of opposition Congresses and emerged by 1960 as a strong and determined spokesman for his chosen party were bonuses which the 1952 GOP delegate had little reason to expect.

Without criticizing the President for his demanding political standards it is still possible, as a less loftily constructed Republican, to lament that on occasion he was not impelled to be more partisan. Humorist-columnist Fletcher Knebel once quipped during the Eisenhower years: "Half the people think this is a good Administration. The other half think it's terrible and are proud of Ike for not being mixed up in it." To a large degree the public did hold the President aloof from the minor disappointments in his administration. Unfortunately for his fellow Republicans—who, considering the bigger successes of his administration, should have been unbeatable by 1960—the public did not see in the President a strong party identification.

In Eisenhower's terms is another lesson in how much the functioning of the democracy and the success of an administration depend on the strong advocacy and practice of two-party politics. Some of the President's successes would have come more easily and other successes would not have been denied, had there been even a modicum of ward heeler in his make-up. Still, on balance, he has astonishing political victories and unsurpassed legislative conquests over an eight-year span, thanks to his appeal to Americans of all political persuasions. Eisenhower tried, most energetically, yet unsuccessfully, to rub his own political magic off on his colleagues in the party. Although he had confidence in the President's judgment and integrity in all other areas, the voter seemed to conclude he was as wise as Eisenhower in things political and to suspect his partisan pronouncements as the mouthing of words not his own.

The 1956 elections put forty-nine Democrats and forty-seven Republicans in the Senate. One of those elected was Frank Lausche of

Ohio, who had unseated a Republican in large part by announcing that if elected, he might vote with the GOP in organizing the Senate.

When the senators met every vote was needed. The Democrats wheeled Spanish-American War veteran Senator Matthew Neely of West Virginia from his sickbed to the Senate chambers. Jacob Javits, newly elected Republican from New York, wanted to delay his swearing in until his state's legislature met and picked a Republican to succeed him as attorney general. But Republicans had him poised in the wings with his resignation in his pocket. He planned to telephone it to Albany if Lausche voted Republican. Then, after a move for reconsideration of the vote, he could be sworn in and on the next roll call he could vote for GOP control of the Senate.

It took the clerk eighteen tense minutes to get to Lausche's name, the balloting stood 27-27. As galleryites stood on their toes to watch, Lausche voted with the Democrats. He had decided he would not vote Republican unless President Eisenhower gave him the word, and he had waited for a call that never came. That call would have given the President's party control of the highly important committee chairmanships and would have seated Republican William F. Knowland of California instead of Democrat Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas as Majority Leader of the Senate.

One of the most skillful politicians in the Republican party was the former Arizona governor, Howard Pyle. He was also one of the most frustrated members of the Eisenhower staff.

Pyle joined the White House group as deputy assistant to the President and was assigned to the area of federal-state relations. His potentially greater service, however, was as adviser on political matters. Added to his own experience in practical politics, Pyle had the advantage of knowing most of the key politicians, chairmen, and committeemen in every state in the land. More important, many influential members of his party knew *him*, trusted him, leaned heavily on his advice.

Pyle made more political speeches than any other member of the staff, was continually on the road and much in demand. At different times he was under consideration for the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee and would have been excellent in that position. However, his sage political advice so sought after by his

party was not often transmissible to the President. Pyle's White House office was located in the East Wing, a full city block away from the Chief Executive, and while he made the round trip several times each day it was seldom for the purpose of discussing problems in that area in which his skills were so unique.

For the Washington ball team's spring opener in 1960, President Eisenhower was asked if he would throw out the first ball. He had missed four openers in his eight years in office and decided, since this was the last time it would be asked of him, to return from an Augusta vacation to take part. The cost of making the special trip up in his airplane was around \$1000, which he had to pay personally. The irony was that Vice President Nixon, who feels about baseball the way Eisenhower feels about golf, attended the game and would have given his pitching arm for the privilege and the publicity of substituting for the Chief Executive at the ceremonial election-year beginning of America's favorite sport. This was no Eisenhower attempt to slight his Vice President and chosen successor, but simply further evidence that he had not mastered the politician's practice of measuring the possible political loss or gain before every action.

Eisenhower's political ire was most easily aroused when he considered his opponents were making statements detrimental to the country's best interest. In late September 1956, Adlai Stevenson made a speech in Florida in which he charged the Eisenhower government had given \$100 million to former Argentine dictator Juan Perón and that the money was banked in Perón's name in Europe.

Although the Truman government had loaned Perón \$130 million, the Eisenhower administration had made no grants except to the new Argentina government. This kind of irresponsible and untrue statement upset Eisenhower not because it represented criticism of his administration or him but for the harm it did the country at home and abroad.

A political meeting with Eisenhower present was always a smash success. The President's political speeches were successes more because of the popularity of their deliverer than because they contained the kind of blood-and-guts, give-the-opposition-hell oratory that brings a partisan crowd cheering to its feet. To acknowledge his audience's greeting, he would give what was referred to as his famous "double

whammy." Actually, the double whammy was closer to a double Winston Churchill. He would lift both arms high above his head and make a victory sign with each hand. Whenever he did the roar of the crowd which already was yelling at the top of its lungs would rise to a new crescendo. The effectiveness of this Eisenhower trade-mark worked against the President when he attempted to silence his cheerers so he could begin to speak. The natural inclination was to hold up his hands for quiet, but when he did so the applause became more intense. More often than not, his only recourse was to begin to speak and to repeat the first few words over and over until he could be heard. "This TV time costs money," he would say, as if apologizing for disciplining his enthusiasts.

Even in the later years, when he was feeling his partisanship more keenly, his inclination was to cut some of the toughest political phrases from the speech suggestions he received. He was an inveterate editor, never satisfied with the speech up to the moment of its delivery. One of the men who helped him with his preparations once told me the more fighting, political speech was never the one the President gave but the one that could have been assembled from the scrapped ideas in his wastebasket.

"The thing that gets me down is this writing speeches," he once said. "There is nothing I do that is so demanding and wearing on me. To try to put my thoughts—all I want to tell the people—together in a speech that is neither alarming nor Pollyanna is the problem. Personally, I don't believe you can make much of a speech in less than twenty-five minutes."

Some of the best phrases in an Eisenhower political speech were those he ad-libbed at the moment of delivery. These gave a warmth and human touch often lacking in the prepared text. Unfortunately, he felt less confident in making these interpolations when the speech was before television cameras. It always seemed to me that his remarks ended too abruptly, that even the most serious of them would have been made more effective if it had ended with a warm: "God bless you all. Good night." The President was uncomfortable with such homilies unless they were his own, however, and sometimes promised to proposers of such folksy touches that he would insert something in his own words instead. Then, at the time of delivery, he often would

either pass by the marked spot or would take off his glasses so deliberately that it appeared he had come to a point in his script where a side note admonished, "Be informal!"

In 1956, I encouraged George Murphy and Leonard Hall to write into the President's script at the end of his speech and to close the Republican National Convention at San Francisco, the following: "My friends, Mrs. Eisenhower and I are ever reminded anew of God's gifts to us and to this wonderful country. I hope that you will consider it appropriate if I ask you to stand and join with me in singing, 'God Bless America.'" The President had agreed to make this supposed ad-lib remark, but when the applause died down following his speech he turned to leave the podium. Then the thought came to him, he turned back to the microphones, and said, "Oh yes, I forgot, we are supposed to sing a song." The naturally warm and outgoing Eisenhower did not have it in his nature to pull off contrived and unnatural folksiness.

XXV

On presidential departures and returns from trips overseas the office of the cabinet secretariat co-ordinated plans for the reception or farewell. At times some charged us with manufacturing the enthusiasm that greeted the Chief Executive, but I can say with honesty that this was untrue. We made arrangements for handling the enthusiasts and directed the spontaneity that arose naturally whenever Eisenhower made an appearance.

Through the courtesy of Brigadier General William T. Smith, commander at Andrews Air Force Base, we provided coffee and a lounge for the VIPs to wait in, and, along with the State Department protocol officials, we lined up cabinet members and ambassadors in their order of precedence. But most important of all, we kept Vice President Nixon and top-ranking U. S. and foreign representatives informed of changes of place and time, and saw that they were at their places at the foot of the ramp when the "boss" arrived.

Departure times for overseas meetings were relatively firm, but re-

turn schedules, when the pressure was off, changed with the whims of the winds, prolonged leave-taking on foreign soil, or a last-minute presidential decision to stop en route to Washington. Because of the number of people involved and the distance to Andrews, there was a big advantage in bringing the President in at Washington's National Airport. Runways there, however, were long enough to satisfy pilot Bill Draper only if the weather was perfect. If it turned sour at the last minute, he justifiably would switch his landing plan to Andrews—fifteen miles and a thirty-minute drive away from the gathered reception committee. The more dependable though less convenient arrangement was to plan for an Andrews arrival in the first place.

We would hustle our VIPs through the crowd and out onto the landing strip when the big plane came into sight. Although we knew the exact spot to which it would taxi, for safety's sake we could not permit our people to assemble near the jet turbines, and without some plan the most fleet-footed of the general public would have been the first to welcome the President home. The procedure we followed was to assemble our group in protocol order with the highest rank at the foot of the ramp. When the plane came to a stop the ramp would be moved into place and the VIPs would move out with it in a line, like ducklings going to the water hole. When the President alighted he would find a welcoming party, in order of rank, between him and the populace.

Political pros considered his fortune with the weather phenomenal. He never was rained out of a major parade or outdoor meeting. Rome was having a cloudburst when his airplane touched down in December 1959. The ramp was wheeled up to the plane, the rain stopped, the door opened, and Eisenhower stepped out. It would have been too dramatic to believe if Hollywood had filmed it.

Although the weather always seemed to smile on Eisenhower he was never greatly concerned about it. He once said, "The weather doesn't bother me. I long ago made up my mind that after June 6, 1944 [date of the Allied invasion of Europe], I would never worry about the weather again."

To compensate for the six-hour difference in time, Eisenhower trips to Paris often began in the early morning hours without fanfare. At these crack-of-dawn departures Presidential Assistant Homer

Gruenther and I sometimes would be the sole representatives. On daytime departures the ranks would swell considerably. Even so, these occasions presented the best opportunity for officials to bring their children for a handshake and personal greeting from the President. They also presented a poignant picture of America's First Family telling the head of their household good-by as Eisenhower started on backbreaking schedules—designed for younger, fitter men—in the heartbreaking search for world peace. His well-wishers would catch a glimpse of young David Eisenhower nodding seriously as his grandfather said, "Listen, young man, I want you batting .300 when I get back. Understand?"

Of all the Eisenhower arrivals none even approximated—in enthusiasm and size—the salute Washington gave him upon his return from the collapsed summit meeting in the spring of 1959. This was one occasion in which everyone wanted a part. Mayors along the eastern seaboard urged that the President touch down first at their cities on his arrival. New York's Mayor Robert Wagner proposed a ticker-tape parade welcome up Broadway. Chairman Robert McLaughlin, head of the District of Columbia commissioners and unofficial mayor of Washington, ordered a 30 × 60 foot picture of the President hung on the District Building. Roy Chalk, president of D. C. Transit, volunteered buses without limit and the board of education dismissed the schools.

As welcoming groups embellished their plans to outdo each other we had our hands full at the White House trying to keep, in a reception that threatened to turn into a combination victory celebration and New Orleans Mardi Gras, some semblance of sober dignity. One group wanted to outfit itself in "Spirit of '76" costumes and ring the replica of the liberty bell along Pennsylvania Avenue. Several called for permission to include decorated floats in the caravan. We reminded them all that the summit collapse, while it justified a display of support behind the President, was hardly cause for a national celebration.

One hundred and forty congressmen were on hand at the airport, headed by the late Sam Rayburn, veteran Speaker of the House, who never before had paid the same compliment to a President of either party. Since Chief Justice Earl Warren was not present, Rayburn

ranked immediately after the Vice President and was arm in arm with Mr. and Mrs. Nixon as the President stepped out of his airplane.

On the occasion of this return I ordered the military band to greet the President with something other than "Hail to the Chief." This traditional march of the Presidents is always preceded by four measures of ruffles and flourishes during which the Chief Executive alone must come to attention. This results in the President stepping out to the top of the ramp, then standing stiff as a stick while the crowd cheers and those within his vision shout their greetings.

Without the musical impediment President Eisenhower came quickly down the ramp and shook hands with the ranks of official Washington. Saving a more substantive report on his trip for a televised speech to the nation that night, he spoke a word of greeting over the microphones placed in his path. Then he turned to the Vice President and invited Mrs. Nixon and him to ride into the city in the presidential car. Despite his eagerness to get a firsthand report, Nixon declined and told the President he would meet him at the mansion. As he explained it later, he feared his critics would charge he was trying to make political hay out of the summit collapse.

As better time could be made in a closed car, the Secret Service arranged for the President and Mrs. Eisenhower to travel in from Andrews in a limousine until they reached the foot of South Capitol Street Bridge. Here, because the President's bubble-top car was still in Paris, they transferred into an open touring sedan for the ride into the city. Under usual circumstances this plan would have been a wise one, but the turnout was greatly underestimated in this instance. Along each side of the fifteen-mile route from Andrews there was a solid line of waving citizenry, and the presidential caravan slowed to the point where the open car could have been used all the way.

(In addition to the exertion of holding his hands over his head for as much as two and a half hours, Eisenhower's traditional stance necessitated his keeping a hands-free balance in the moving car. During a New York City parade he said to Vice President Nixon, who was riding with him, "I suppose this is silly but I believe when people turn out, even in small groups, they expect it—it's my job." And up he got.)

Estimates of the total turnout that day topped anything before or

since, and miniature flags outsold Hershey bars as Americans swung out to show their support of Eisenhower and through that support their defiance of Khrushchev. High School and military bands played in the parks and wherever there was room for them to form along the line of march. And long after the President and Mrs. Eisenhower entered the White House and the television cameramen had packed up their equipment and moved on, the church bells continued to ring out in old St. John's Church across Lafayette Square.

XXVI

The President's chivalry and obvious devotion to his wife and family were strong factors in his popularity. During his first days at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue the President was surprised to find many of his established ideas of chivalry made obsolescent by his new position. One evening shortly after they had moved into the White House the Eisenhowers were entertaining another couple, old friends from army days. When a butler entered the room the President said to his friend, "Watch this." The butler approached the group, served the President first, then Mrs. Eisenhower, then the wife and husband who were their guests.

"The first night we were in the White House," the new Chief Executive continued, "this happened and I told the boy, 'Look, in my house the ladies are served first.' The next day and the day after that they sent in a different waiter each time we were served, and I had to give the same instructions again. Finally I sent for their head man and explained the new procedure for what I thought would be the final time. When the traditional practice continued it finally dawned on me. These boys are teaching me how to be President."

Like a good general's wife, Mrs. Eisenhower took a maternal interest in the families of the men under the President's command and treated members of the President's staff as if they were members of the President's family. On her wedding anniversary, as on other occasions which justifiably could have been shared only with her rela-

tives, she would invite the staff members to bring their wives up to the presidential apartments and join in the celebration.

In the fall of 1960 I met her sister, Mrs. Gordon Moore, in a Washington fur shop where I had gone to look for a stole for my mother's Christmas gift. I told Mrs. Moore of my quest, and she helped me look at several different styles. They were more expensive than I had expected, and I left without making a purchase. The following Monday morning at ten minutes past eight Mrs. Eisenhower telephoned. "Good morning, Bob," she began cheerfully. "Mike [her nickname for her sister] tells me you are looking for a fur for your mother. I found a fur-sale notice in my Sunday New York *Times* yesterday, and I'll send it over to you. I know the people in the store and I am sure they will send one for you to look over. If you are interested in it and have any difficulty, please let me know."

Mrs. Eisenhower's deep devotion for her husband was evident whenever they appeared together. She would flash him a mischievous wink or give his arm an affectionate squeeze during the most stately of occasions. When he was away she was anxious about his safety. When he was well she worried about the many pressures upon him. When he was ill she led the nation in its prayers.

She possesses the first requirement of a great mother—selfless devotion to her husband and family. Many appointment requests included the plea that Mrs. Eisenhower or the grandchildren join the group. Mrs. Eisenhower was a willing subject for the photographers' cameras in posing with Easter Seal children or for other worth-while charities. However, she firmly backed John and Barbara Eisenhower in their determination to shade their children from the public spotlight.

As First Lady she turned the mansion into a warm, alive home in which she and the President had the longest continuous stay in their forty-five years of much-traveled married life. In the memory of the guards, Mamie Doud Eisenhower was the best of the White House housekeepers. She waged a relentless battle against dust on the mantels, footprints on the carpets, and signs of wear from the thousands of guests who toured her home each morning. And she was no less strict with the rules she laid down for her four grandchildren. Each is the apple of her eye, and she is idolized by them in turn.

But when they came visiting at the White House they were not given the free reign their doting grandmother would have loved giving them. They were not allowed to romp through the floors beneath the presidential apartment, to operate the self-service elevator, or put smudgy fingers on the hallowed walls.

Mrs. Eisenhower had more than a determination to leave the mansion in the excellent condition in which she found it. Through her efforts many historic items were returned to their traditional locations. But if she rates a perfect score as curator of America's number-one museum, she also deserves laurels as hostess of America's number-one home. She preserved the finest of White House traditions, yet she made it warm to live in and to visit.

On Halloween she suspended jack-o'-lanterns and flying witches and had cornstalks and pumpkins propped against the marble columns. As the months rolled by she changed the decorations with the seasons. These efforts gave a feeling of contemporary use and were a reminder to the visiting hordes that "real people live here!"

XXVII

"I call you to new heights of resolution, sacrifice, and courage!" These words, despite their familiar ring in the American ear, were not first spoken by President Kennedy in his justly heralded inaugural address. They were the words of General Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander addressing the troops before the Battle of the Bulge.

As President, Eisenhower had an appreciation of words and ability with phrases that was overlooked by critics of his ad-lib statements under the pressure of the press conference. In drafting a letter or a statement he showed a lawyer's sense of interpretation and refinement. With the most subtle of changes in a cabinet record of action or speech draft he could sharpen or alter the meaning to suit his philosophy. I once saw him switch a subordinate's direction abruptly by changing one word of his instructions and substituting another.

In a letter of authority he changed the sentence "You are hereby directed to make a review . . . of the need for additional funds," etc., to read "You are hereby directed to make a study . . . of the *possible* need for additional funds," etc.

On Saturday morning, March 11, 1961, I discussed this book with General Eisenhower at his home in Desert Palms, California. I arrived at 8 A.M. The chief already was at work at a card table set up in the living room of his low, modern ranch-style house. Mary Jane McCaffrey, who had been Mrs. Eisenhower's secretary during eight years in the White House, was working with the President. She left the room, and we moved over to sit alone in the warm California sunlight coming in through a big picture window and reflecting off the swimming pool outside. We talked of several things that morning, about the years past and the President's continuing dreams for his country. And we talked, too, about this book. He gave me valuable guidelines for its preparation and, when our meeting concluded, volunteered that I could tell any who were interested that we had worked out a procedure for my writing about his administration that was entirely satisfactory to him. More importantly, we discussed his approach to writing in which he deals first with philosophies, next about things, and lastly about people. This is significant as it reflects an approach he took to the presidency. His greatest interest was in what needed to be done. How it would be accomplished was secondary. Who was to do it, almost an afterthought.

When he considered the situation warranted it he could strip the diplomatic niceties from his correspondence and use tough, soldier's talk. On July 25, 1958, he sent to Russia's Khrushchev a letter in terms so plain there could be no misinterpretation. "Dear Mr. Chairman," it began, "I have studied your letter of July 23rd. I find in it apparent misunderstandings of the views expressed in my letter of July 22nd which I would request you to read again more carefully."

Under Eisenhower, for the first time in history a Chief Executive insisted upon a completely unedited transcript of his press conferences for public use.

At 10:30 A.M. on Wednesday press days Eisenhower crossed West Executive Avenue to the Executive Office Building which housed Grant's office when he was Secretary of War. Of this old build-

ing Abraham Lincoln once said the United States would go down in history for at least one thing—the most Gargantuan monstrosity in the history of architecture. When Grant was informed the structure was fireproof, his reply was, “What a pity.” Big, dark, gray, and oppressive, the building now houses the Budget Bureau, but it serves another purpose—next to it, the White House is whiter, its lines trimmer by comparison. On the second floor, in the old Indian Treaty Room, Dwight Eisenhower swung at the curves thrown him by 300 reporters.

In the early weeks of his administration many members of the staff tramped along with him. One day Eisenhower turned on his non-participating audience and said, “What’s the matter—don’t you fellows have any work to do?” From that day on we staff held our curiosity until the noon hour when a tape recording of the morning’s proceedings was played in the staff mess during lunch.

In his spontaneous replies to the prepared-in-advance questions thrown at him in rapid fire, Eisenhower often spoke hesitatingly, sometimes approaching his thought cautiously from first one direction and then another in sentences that did not always parse. For this his critics sometimes took him apart in beautifully composed phrases written at leisure.

Eisenhower was aware that his off-the-cuff comments were not always the smoothest. As we returned to the mansion one day following the President’s brief speech before a political group I told him we had received a request for permission to make reprints of the movies that had been taken for later use in the campaign. “Well,” he replied, “be sure they are edited first. You know how I repeat myself and leave sentences hanging.”

Members of the press more often than not would read their questions. At most a few dozen would be called on, and those who were recognized wanted to ask the question they had prepared or their editor had suggested, rather than follow up with one developed with reference to the President’s last answer. Eisenhower made use of this knowledge to get him out of fuller discussions of tender issues. If the question he received cut into a particularly sensitive area he could give a partial response with fair assurance the next questioner would change the subject with his query.

The President also developed a technique of side-stepping the subject while appearing to address himself to the question. When a reporter asked if he was aware of talk that he was surrounded by a palace guard to protect his genial nature, he replied, "I'm afraid my staff wouldn't agree that I am always so genial. Next question."

Members of his official family heard the playbacks of his conferences with a pride rekindled each week. They would sit up attentively when Eisenhower received a question full of booby traps, listen apprehensively as he fenced with the answer, and then smile, relaxed, once he had picked his way carefully to safe ground.

President Eisenhower also was served by an excellent memory for figures and history. Cabinet men and staff members close to him learned not to match their recollections against his. General Al Gruenther and others who have played bridge with him claim he can reconstruct with total recall every hand in a game played several months previously. During the 1956 campaign he questioned a figure used in a speech draft on which his economic adviser was working. Dr. Hauge protested the figure was correct and the President replied, "It may be, but it is not the same one we used in the 1952 campaign." Hauge checked the records and the President was right.

During a cabinet meeting the director of the Office of Defense Mobilization used a figure to indicate the value of a metal in the federal stock pile. "Where did you get your price per pound?" asked the President. "That's the current market price, Mr. President," replied the director. "Not unless you read a different *Wall Street Journal* than I do," Eisenhower stated. We sent out for the *Journal*, which substantiated the Eisenhower quotation.

During one of our luncheon playbacks of a Wednesday press conference we heard a reporter ask the President why he had eliminated three of five public-works bills from a long list of *must* legislation he had sent to the Hill. Jack Martin, the assistant for legislative matters and later appointed judge to the U. S. Court of Customs and Patent Appeals, was sitting with our group and began protesting at the recording machine—"He didn't, you're wrong." Then Eisenhower's voice came through, "I believe you are mistaken. I sent only two public-works items as part of my "must" list. The record will show that the three to which you refer were simply listed as recommenda-

tions." "How could he possibly remember that?" Martin asked weakly of the rest of us.

In the midst of the 1958 congressional campaign a reporter asked the President if he had meant it when he had said, at a previous press conference, that he would campaign as requested. He answered, "The statement you attribute to me is not complete. I said I will co-operate in the campaign in any way requested by the Republican party."

On August 26, 1959, Roscoe Drummond wrote, "Veteran Washington correspondents—not given to overstatement—assessed Dwight Eisenhower's 169th Presidential press conference as a stirring moment of history . . . and if there were any lingering doubts, Mr. Eisenhower's decisive and full-fledged command of his awesome office in foreign affairs and domestic matters and Congressional relations, they were totally removed by his impressive performance.

"It was moving and momentous because it showed Mr. Eisenhower irrevocably intent upon using his 'last atom of strength' and there appeared to be plenty of that, and his 'last atom of prestige' to try to bring a more peaceful world.

"Because it revealed also the President speaking with such depth of feeling and conviction that few if any of the 233 reporters had any doubt that in the bold peace moves he is now making, there is not a partisan or a personal motive in his whole being.

"Because it made clear that Mr. Eisenhower's not going to let small-minded arguments, protocol and propriety sway him from his venturesome diplomacy with Premier Khrushchev. And finally because it showed that Mr. Eisenhower is zestfully wielding the Presidency as in no other time since his first inauguration.

"Mr. Eisenhower was completely in charge of his press conference all the way. It was clear that he knew what he wanted to say and why he wanted to say it; what he intended to do and why he wanted to do it.

"Due to four things—one, loss of Secretary Dulles; two, resignation of Sherman Adams; three, visible and continued improvement in his health; four, his determination to have history record his regime with favor."

In all, Eisenhower held 186 press conferences in his eight years in office. During these thirty-minute sessions under fire he answered

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5766 questions, most of them on delicate issues of the day or involving the intricacies of foreign affairs. The arrangement of his words becomes unimportant when matched against his record of emerging unscathed from conferences at which a single incautious remark could have upset our relations with governments around the globe.

Part Eight

XXVIII

There are more challenging assignments in an administration than that of appointments secretary to the President, but there are none more interesting. Better than any of his associates, this assistant has an insight of the continuous activities of the Chief Executive. Others know he is busy and speak in generalities of the demands on his time. But the appointments secretary can document his case with the specifics that fill each minute full. And he learns, too, better than anyone outside the President's family, his boss's personal preferences, his moods and mannerisms, and the daily state of his disposition and health.

Tom Stephens, who held the appointments post for more than half of Eisenhower's service, even developed a formula that matched the President's mood to the color of the suit he was wearing. Stephens would watch from the windows in the office of Mrs. Ann Whitman, the President's hyperefficient personal secretary, for the President to walk from the mansion to his office in the West Wing. If Tom saw the boss was wearing a brown suit he would run up the "rough day ahead" warning flag. He was convinced when the suit was brown, so was the mood, and his theory worked with surprising consistency until the President got word of it. After this the brown-suit theory was more interesting than accurate.

As appointments secretary, Stephens often procrastinated in giving the "no" that was inevitable to many of the requests he received for appointments with his superior. When he did make his replies they were written in a flat and unimaginative style that did little to heighten the credibility of the excuse given for the refusal. Carrying on an efficient correspondence and maintaining the good will of those bid-

ding for presidential time, however, is a part of the job of negligible importance. Of far greater value is the appointments secretary's ability to take the burden of a constant awareness of the swift passage of time from the Chief Executive's shoulders; to keep his appointments flowing smoothly in an atmosphere of apparent relaxation; to sense when he needs a breather from the tightening tensions; and, above all, to serve as friend, confidant, and intermediary. In these abilities Tom Stephens had no peer during the Eisenhower years and, consequently, he deserves a high-superior rating for his White House service.

When events became too hectic in the oval office Tom could be counted on for an antic to rejuvenate the Eisenhower sense of humor. In performing these wonders Tom's favorite tool was the President's dog, Heidi, a Weimaraner bitch. Heidi's short, sleek hair had a purple cast to it, and her eyes were yellow as a gourd. In spite of being the most famous of her breed, she was more often in than out of obedience school; she lacked the inherent Weimaraner wisdom and was unbelievably, comically clumsy. She would go bounding across the lawn cheerfully scattering the protesting squirrels, trip over her own feet, and roll into an undignified heap. Heidi was always good for a relaxing laugh, and in the middle of a high-pressure afternoon Tom would send for her, open the door into the President's office, say, "Someone to see you, Mr. President," shove her in, and shut the door.

Heidi's paw print on letters "from the White House doghouse" have become collectors' items. Tom could put her simple mind into a hypnotic trance with about five words and seven seconds' time. He was able to train her to hold a message in her mouth and carry it in to her master in the oval room, but this approached the limit of her capabilities.

In attempting to get Heidi to perform a trick he had taught her for the President, Stephens once got down on his hands and knees in front of Eisenhower's desk to show his four-footed friend what he wanted done. Heidi never did perform the trick, but her master was convulsed with the antics of her trainer and given a moment's relaxation—Stephens' purpose in the first place.

Of the four posts I held in the government, my six months' temporary assignment as secretary to the President (official title of the

appointments secretary) was the most exciting. My recollections of the excitements of the post, however, do not obscure my knowledge that I was less than a success in it.

Sherman Adams took me into the President's office for my first face-to-face meeting with him the day before I was assigned to the appointments desk. There were no introductions; the Governor transacted his business without any reference to me as I sat quietly awed beside Eisenhower's desk for the first time. With no more explanation of the ramifications of the assignment or the preferences of the President than that, I began the next morning the "temporary" duty that lasted half a year.

My performance was complicated by two facts. First, I continued without additional help as first staff assistant on the patronage firing line. In the patronage office I was blessed with a hard-working, highly efficient staff of six women who performed miracles every day and covered for me when they could. Still, it seemed whenever I was in one office I was needed in the other, and the volume of letters and signature-demanding papers turned out by six speedy typists presented a formidable amount of homework for the end of each day.

Second, I felt the disadvantages of sitting at one of the most senior White House assignments while one of the most junior in age. In admiration of my fellow staff members I can say that none ever displayed any animosity over this situation, despite the appearance of a column by national feature writer, George Dixon, in which he referred to me as the "Third Man in the White House," ranking just after Eisenhower and Adams. This reference was completely gratuitous and, as completely, untrue. And, even in the blessed absence of comments from my colleagues, added to my feeling of uneasiness in the double assignment.

But the above is rationalization. The major reason I was less than successful as appointments secretary was my inability ever to forget that Dwight Eisenhower was President of the United States. Not until later, when I had gone on to the cabinet assignment, did I learn to relax in his presence. When I entered his office with a message I talked too fast and approached my topic so tensely the Chief Executive must have found my nervousness contagious. In an average sentence I "sir'd" him so many times he must have thought he was

back in the Army breaking in a new recruit. Tom Stephens and the President were comfortable with each other. Where Tom put the "Boss" at ease, however, I made him as uncomfortable as I was, despite an eagerness to please that must have been painful to witness.

One of the best reports I have ever seen on the multitude of detail that fills presidential hours appeared in *U. S. News & World Report*, March 14, 1958. Entitled "A Day in the Life of the President," the article was a minute-by-minute report of Eisenhower's activities in a workday selected at random, March 4. The published list of the day's official appointments totaled only four. As the miniature grandfather clock in the President's office chimed out the hours, however, the list of his activities grew impressively. With *U. S. News & World Report's* permission, here is that day's list as recorded by the reporter-photographer team assigned to the story:

7:00 a.m.: The President arose.

7:25 a.m.: Breakfast served on tray in bedroom: Small steak, toast, juice and caffeine-free coffee. Read two New York papers and one Washington paper during breakfast period.

7:58 a.m.: The President met Col. Robert L. Schulz, military aide, on ground floor of White House mansion. They discussed personal business, walked to the President's office in West Wing of the White House.

8:01 a.m.: The President entered his office, began to go through mail.

8:03-

8:05 a.m.: The President discussed the day's appointments with Robert Gray.

8:05-

8:22 a.m.: Sherman Adams, the Assistant to the President, and James P. Mitchell, Secretary of Labor, conferred with Mr. Eisenhower.

8:22-

8:27 a.m.: Brig. Gen. A. J. Goodpaster, staff secretary, conferred with the President on intelligence reports arriving from the Central Intelligence Agency. Press Secretary James C. Hagerty came in at 8:24 a.m. William J. Hopkins, executive clerk, brought in some documents for the President's attention.

8:27-

8:29 a.m.: Two staff members of *U. S. News & World Report*—John

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P. Sutherland, member of the Board of Editors, and Thomas J. O'Halloran, Jr., Staff Photographer—entered the President's office. Mr. Eisenhower was told about the arrangements for reporting his day in detail.

8:29—

8:35 a.m.: The President looked over intelligence reports, read mail, took up some routine matters with his personal secretary, Ann C. Whitman.

8:35—

8:41 a.m.: Gerald D. Morgan, special counsel, worked with the President on several documents soon to be made public.

8:41—

8:58 a.m.: Maj. Gen. Wilton B. Persons, Deputy Assistant to the President, and I. Jack Martin and Jack Z. Anderson, administrative assistants, talked with the President about legislative matters. Robert K. Gray, appointments secretary, briefed the President on appointment requests.

8:58—

9:02 a.m.: Vice President Richard M. Nixon conferred with Mr. Eisenhower.

9:02—

10:46 a.m.: The President went to the Cabinet Room, down the hall from his office, met there with Republican legislative leaders.

10:46—

10:53 a.m.: Back in his office, Mr. Eisenhower talked with Bryce N. Harlow, of his legislative-liaison staff, and Representative Leslie C. Arends (Rep.) of Illinois.

10:53—

10:56 a.m.: The President read memos at his desk.

10:56—

11:08 a.m.: Mr. Eisenhower went to the Conference Room near his office, spoke briefly to a large delegation of 4-H Club members. He returned to his office with Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson and a group of 4-H Club award winners.

11:08—

11:12 a.m.: The President dictated to Mrs. Whitman.

11:12—

12:15 p.m.: The President met with former staff member, Kevin Mc-

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Cann, now President of Defiance College, Defiance, Ohio.
Mr. Hagerty joined them at 11:25 a.m.

- 12:15 p.m.: The President left his office for lunch in the White House.
12:20—
12:50 p.m.: The President ate lunch in his bedroom: a glass of skimmed milk, a sandwich and a light salad.
12:50—
1:55 p.m.: Mr. Eisenhower stretched out on bed for his afternoon rest.
2:01—
2:08 p.m.: The President entered his office, discussed appointments with Mr. Gray.
2:08—
2:15 p.m.: The President dictated correspondence to Mrs. Whitman.
2:15—
2:37 p.m.: John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State, and James J. Wadsworth, deputy U. S. representative to the United Nations, just named as disarmament negotiator, met with the President. Anne W. Wheaton, Associate Press Secretary, brought in press photographers for a brief session of picture taking.
2:37—
3:29 p.m.: Mr. Eisenhower dictated letters to Mrs. Whitman and worked on a major foreign-policy speech which he will make within a few weeks. For a brief period the President was alone.
3:29—
3:37 p.m.: Sherman Adams conferred with the President on three major policy matters.
3:37—
3:55 p.m.: General Goodpaster met with the President on various items of business.
3:55—
4:29 p.m.: Mr. Eisenhower was alone, or dictating to Mrs. Whitman. He outlined parts of his forthcoming speech.
4:29 p.m.: The President left his office, returned to White House living quarters. During the next half hour the President dealt with personal business, made a phone call to Mrs. Whitman on a Government matter.
5:00—
6:20 p.m.: The President met an off-the-record visitor in his study.

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White House officials refused to release the visitor's name, but said the conference concerned government business.

6:20—

7:30 p.m.: Mr. Eisenhower watched television news shows, read additional newspapers.

7:30—

8:30 p.m.: The President ate dinner: a clear soup, a large steak (rare), some green vegetables, two cups of caffeine-free coffee.

8:30—

10:15 p.m.: The President studied official reports and read transcript of Secretary Dulles's news conference.

10:15 p.m.: The President went to bed, read a Western novel until he fell asleep.

Although the President's schedule on this reported day had been lighter than the days before or after, it had included fifteen appointments, versus the four that had been listed formally. In addition, he had dictated a speech, worked on twenty-five major items of foreign and domestic affairs, made six policy decisions, signed a proclamation, a directive, an executive order, nominated 339 postmasters, and read and replied to the daily mail.

The appointments secretary is the bearer of bad news. Every appointment request he receives means carrying one more black tidings, either to the harassed President, informing him of the addition to his schedule, or to the requester and his sponsors, informing them that the disappointing answer is, "Sorry, *no!*" He must listen to the "Boss's" bark if the schedule becomes too crowded to permit productive work.

The appointments secretary has an unshared knowledge of presidential pressures and problems to stiffen his backbone. Consequently, he approaches, with automatic negativism, each request he receives. Each brings to his mind three questions: *When* do I say "no"? (It should be soon enough to permit the writer to make other plans yet not so quick as to indicate the request was given less than full consideration). *Why* do I say "no"? (Ideally, because the President may be out of the country. More practically, because it would set a precedent to other similar requests which "unlike yours" the President would be inclined to turn down and thereby offend petitioners who

"unlike you" would not be quick to understand). *How* do I say "no"? (In such a way as to keep the good will of the writer, yet with such finality that the door will stay closed.)

Requests to see Eisenhower came in such numbers they inundated those who worked on his schedule. After a particularly hectic day on which requests had come in a barrage, I dreamed I had answered in the affirmative every plea for a presidential appointment. In my dream the result was like a bonus march on the White House with a hundred faces at every window, clamoring for admittance.

If some member of the Cabinet, staff, or the Congress asked Eisenhower to do something or see someone and added the clincher, "This is something you really ought to do, Mr. President," the Chief Executive almost invariably would agree. Personal plans, other harassments, anticipated pressures of the day involved never prevented his taking on "just one more" if he thought it was in the line of duty.

Although he sees the President more frequently than any other official, the appointments secretary has to scrounge for the few minutes he needs each day to go over future appointment requests. The little time that is not prebooked is quickly eaten up by staff assistants whose need for a decision seems more immediate at the moment. When a breather comes between official and staff callers and he heads into the oval room to get presidential advice on some proposals, he often finds that the President has that moment buzzed for his secretary to take dictation.

Still, one of the hazards the appointments secretary faces is the danger of becoming overprotective. Ironically, considering how frequently the charge was leveled at Sherman Adams by his opponents, it was the Governor who often reminded me, "Look, he's the President of the United States. You can't build a wall around him!"

There are people a President needs to see, people he must see, and people he wants to see. The first two categories leave very little time for the third.

For sheer enjoyment Eisenhower's favorite appointments involved young people. He rarely greeted with enthusiasm a scheduled meeting with scholarship award winners, 4-H Clubbers, Boy Scouts, and Future Farmers of America, however, because their business seemed so unimportant compared to the other problems competing for his time.

Once these delegations were in his office, however, it was a case of mutual infatuation and prolonged leave-taking that scrapped the well-planned schedule for the rest of the day.

When a group of young men and women were waiting for their appointment I would try to impress on them the number of problems and people who were waiting for presidential time and the high price he would pay in late work and missed schedules if they overstayed their time. After they had been with the President the allotted minutes I would go in to break up the meeting. Once when I interrupted such a group the young visitors jumped up like startled rabbits and headed for the door. "Oh, come on back and sit down," said the President. "He may run that office out there, but this is my office in here." The delighted teen-agers returned to their seats and it was a quarter of an hour before they *ambled* out. They strolled nonchalantly past my desk, the proudest Americans I will ever see.

Eisenhower did not miss opportunities to remind young visitors of their citizenship responsibilities in a democracy, and they would drink in his advice. After they had left he would say, "By golly, I just love those kids!" These meetings, which required no formal speeches, no heavy concentration, and no policy decisions, would leave the President buoyant, relaxed, yet energized for the appointments ahead.

The President recognized his weakness for stretching out the brief meetings we would plan for teen-agers and college students. Because it would make it easier for him to break away I once proposed we set up these appointments for the conference room across the hall and take him in to his visitors, rather than bring them in to him. Eisenhower agreed, but after two tries I gave it up. Each time, when the picture taking was over and the purpose of the meeting accomplished, he would ask his guests if they would like to see his office. The whole group would march back across the hall and the President would conduct them on a tour around the room. Then he would dig through a lower drawer of his desk to find them souvenirs—pocket knives stamped DDE, key chains, or fountain pens marked White House—while I danced impatiently on first one foot and then the other and men arriving for later appointments outnumbered the chairs in my office outside.

The appointments office is like a dentist's waiting room—very quiet

except for the constant jangle of the telephone. Despite the warm friendship shared by many of those waiting to see the Chief Executive, there is little talking, as each man, quiet in personal thought, rehearses what he is going to say, organizes his thoughts, or (as the time slips by) sorts out of his list items which are not of top priority.

Eisenhower's meetings were never stiff ones. If need be, until his visitor got over his stage fright, the President could carry the conversation singlehandedly. He had amazing interest and depth of information on which to draw during discussions on almost any subject, and he invariably could find a common ground of interest on which to ask additional questions to add to his knowledge. I once saw him put at ease a very frightened visitor from the Far East by asking some engaging but unimportant questions. "What is the diet in your country," he asked, "mostly fish?" The visitor reported that his countrymen also raised some chickens and a small amount of beef. "Well," volunteered the President, "I hope they don't try to raise these black Angus like mine. They won't graze. You practically have to put a napkin on them before they will eat." By now the visitor had settled back in his chair prepared to discuss the important business that had brought him.

I was continually amazed at the speed with which Eisenhower's mind could convert from one problem to another. He could manage a near-complete schedule of important appointments at quarter-hour intervals, clear his mind in the seconds it took me to escort out his old visitor and bring in the new, and be locked on the fresh subject in full concentration by the time I withdrew from the room.

I would break in on his concentration on a problem to announce that it was time for an official "swearing-in" in the conference room across the hall. After the ceremony he would greet the family, shake hands with his new appointee, and as bulbs flashed give easily of the famous "Ike smile" and the impression he had no care in the world and *this* was the most important event in it. Then, the two-minute interlude over, he would go back to his own office. Before he had crossed the corridor his face was again serious, his mind turned back to bigger tasks, and, picking up in the middle of the thought he had left behind, he would be back in business again. This ability to take continuous interruption and convert his mind quickly from one

interest to another was fascinating to behold. Without it any President's day would be disorganized and unproductive confusion.

A President's best and oldest friends—those he would most want to see—are generally the most loath to “bother” him when they are in the capital. He finds out, disappointing days later, they were there but “didn't want to intrude.”

Vice President Nixon and, except for two men, all members of the President's Cabinet were granted requested appointments at the earliest available time. During my experience at the desk these meetings were scheduled without clearance with the President or, contrary to some speculation, with Sherman Adams.

With one exception ambassadors would make their presidential appointment requests through the State Department. The exception was Russia's Menshikov. For him, the Russian Embassy would call to report, “The ambassador has been instructed by his government to make an appointment today with the President.”

Except for members of his staff, Eisenhower's most repeated official meetings were with John Foster Dulles. The first time I told him the Secretary of State was outside, he answered, “You don't ever need to announce him. I'm here whenever he is.” The hard-working Secretary of State was always either just back from abroad or just about to leave on a foreign trip of high significance. When he was in Washington he needed frequent meetings with his chief to report on his past actions and clear proposals for the future. Further, situations in his field developed quickly. There were days on which he would conclude a two-hour meeting with the President and return to the State Department to find another matter brewing which brought him back to the White House thirty minutes later.

To guarantee that their important business would not be pushed aside by less weighty, more imminent details, the President established regular appointments with some members of his administration and the military. These men automatically had an appointment unless they called to cancel it.

There were a number of nonofficial visitors whose requests for a meeting in the oval room were granted automatically. Evangelist Billy Graham was one of these nonbusiness appointments the President wanted scheduled on his calendar without prior clearance.

Whether talking with the guard at the White House gate, a secretary in the appointments office, or with the ambassador, labor leader, or African chieftain with whom he shared the waiting room, Dr. Graham conversed in sincere ease on his partner's chosen topic. When his travels brought him to Washington he would call for a time and we would set up a fifteen-minute meeting invariably stretched by the President to a half hour. Once when I reported that Dr. Graham was in the city and wanted to come in to give Eisenhower a few words of encouragement, the President replied, "Fine. I'm always glad to see him, but I don't know why he would come in to encourage me. He has the tougher job."

After the appointments secretary has set the day's schedule his hardest task is holding to it, keeping the appointments flowing smoothly and on time. Every day brings unexpected but necessary additions, and almost never does a listed meeting take less time than originally planned for.

As a rule, the men with the biggest problems to discuss were the most considerate of Eisenhower's time. They would arrive promptly for their meeting, but with little time to spare, make their presentation to the President, receive his advice, and be on their way within the allotted time. Ironically, these were the men who weighed great dilemmas, carried heavy burdens, and for whom there would have been justification for throwing the rest of the day's schedule cockeyed. Many men who saw the President on less than vital matters, however, lost all awareness of time, once they stepped into his office. When their allotted minutes ran out we went in with reminders. The first was subtle enough. I would hand the President a note on which I had printed in letters big enough to be read by his guest across the desk, "Your next appointment is waiting." The President might say, "Thank you. I'll be with him in a minute," but if he only nodded his head the caller in most cases caught the signal and made his good-bys. In a few instances it was necessary to step into the President's office, present him with a message, and, while he was reading it, catch the visitor's eye while winding my watch. If these signs failed the next step was to audibly announce to the President that his appointments were stacking up or, possibly, that one of the men in a subsequent group would miss his airplane if we

kept him waiting longer. After such an announcement both the President and his visitor would come to their feet and the latter would make a hasty retreat.

Many of Eisenhower's appointments were concluded with the aid of the White House photographers. I would step into the oval office and announce to the President that the photographers would like to have a picture. The President would ask if they were ready. I would answer yes, open the door to the outer hall, and the photographers would come rushing in, twenty-five to thirty strong. The President and his guests would stand for the picture, and as the photographers' assistants were unplugging the floodlights and getting their equipment out of the way Eisenhower would shake his visitors' hands and the interview would be over.

One Saturday morning the President was visiting with the U. S. Ambassador to Russia, Llewellyn Thompson, and Secretary of State Dulles. I had told him earlier that the photographers would like to have a picture of the three following the meeting. Since this was obviously not an appointment to be concluded by anyone but the Chief Executive, the timing of the picture was left up to him. When he called for me, I entered the office and found him busily arranging the photograph himself. He had pulled a chair up beside him. "Here, Foster," he said, "you sit here, and, Mr. Ambassador, you stand behind us." As he signaled for me to let in the photographers he explained his choice of a sit-down picture. "As you can see," he said, "I slipped into a sports coat this afternoon, and I want to hide down here behind the desk."

Of the comparatively few times in my experience when it was necessary to take inhospitable steps to bring an overdue end to a visitor's meeting with the President, I cannot remember a single instance when the culprit who had stolen the time failed to say to me, once we were outside, "I'm sorry, but he just wouldn't let me get away," adding something like, "You ought to lighten up on his schedule a bit. He really looks tired."

XXIX

In 1958, Eisenhower had twenty official and seven unofficial foreign visitors in the first seven months. Each visit necessitated meetings, state dinners, speeches, and protocol. The protocol requirements of a President not only are demanding, they are precise. On January 19, 1960, I was filling in for Stephens at the appointments desk on the occasion of the formal signing of the treaty of mutual co-operation and security between the United States and Japan. The State Department submitted its customary briefing memorandum, which left nothing to chance and no minute unaccounted for. In part it read:

Physical Arrangements

The President, Prime Minister Kishi, together with the other four Japanese signatories and three United States signatories, will be seated at a long table in the center of the east side of the East Room.

Seats will be provided along the east wall back of the signing table for two interpreters and four treaty aides.

Seats for 115 persons will be provided in the East Room.

Press

On each side of the west entrance the TV cameras, photographers and other members of the press will be located. A platform will be erected at the south side of that entrance for TV and other motion picture cameras and a similar platform erected on the north side for the still cameras. Other representatives of the press will be located in the north end of the East Room.

The Ceremony

The luncheon guests and the 65 extra guests for the signing ceremony will be seated in the East Room by 2:30 p.m.

Interpreters and three persons from the Treaty Office of the State Department and one from the Japanese Treaty Office will be seated behind the U. S. and Japanese delegations.

2:25 p.m. (approximately)—Mr. Conger, Acting Chief of Protocol,

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will request the following officials to take their places at the signing table in the East Room:

- (a) The Japanese delegation, except for His Excellency Nobusuke Kishi, Prime Minister of Japan, in the following order—

His Excellency Koichiro Asakai
Ambassador of Japan to the United States

The Honorable Tadashi Adachi
President of the Japan Chamber of Commerce and Industry

The Honorable Mitsujiro Ishii
Member of the House of Representatives and
Chairman of the Executive Board, Liberal Democratic Party

His Excellency Aiiichiro Fujiyama
Minister for Foreign Affairs of Japan

- (b) The United States members, other than the President, in the following order—

The Honorable Christian A. Herter
Secretary of State of the United States of America

The Honorable Douglas MacArthur II
Ambassador of the United States to Japan

The Honorable J. Graham Parsons
Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs

The President and Prime Minister Kishi will proceed from the Blue Room by the Main Corridor to the Main Entrance to the East Room, going around the right end of the signing table, and will take seats at the center of the table. The Prime Minister will sit on the right of the President. Name cards will indicate seat positions.

2:30 p.m. (approximately)—The President, after being seated, will make a few remarks on the successful conclusion of the negotiations for the treaty and agreement.

2:33 p.m.—Translation of the President's remarks into Japanese by Mr. James J. Wickel, Division of Language Service, Department of State.

2:36 p.m.—Remarks by Prime Minister Kishi.

2:39 p.m.—Translation of Prime Minister Kishi's remarks into English by Mr. Shimanouchi, Counselor, Embassy of Japan.

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2:42 p.m.—Upon completion of the translation of Prime Minister Kishi's remarks, the signature of the documents will take place as follows.

Signature of Treaty

The President sits while the following detailed procedures are carried out:

Mr. Charles I. Bevans, Assistant Legal Adviser for Treaty Affairs, Department of State, will pick up the Japanese Government's original of the Treaty and, beginning with Prime Minister Kishi, will place that document before him from the left-hand side and indicate the place where he is to sign. After Mr. Kishi has signed the Treaty, Mr. Nakamura will come in at Mr. Kishi's right and move the ink stone to a position in front of the next signatory, Mr. Fujiyama. Mr. Bevans and Mr. Nakamura will repeat this procedure for the remaining members of the Japanese Delegation. After all the members of the Japanese Delegation have signed the Treaty, Mr. Nakamura will place the ink stone in front of Mr. Kishi, placing it on the table from Mr. Kishi's right.

Simultaneously, Miss Sylvia E. Nilsen, Treaty Adviser, Department of State, will be having the United States Government's original signed by Secretary Herter, Ambassador MacArthur, and Assistant Secretary Parsons.

Mr. Bevans and Miss Nilsen will then exchange the copies they hold and have the U. S. Government's original signed by the Japanese representatives and the Japanese Government's original signed by the U. S. representatives. Mr. Nakamura will move the ink stone from place to place as the members of the Japanese delegation sign.

As soon as the last of the Japanese representatives has completed signing the Treaty, Mr. William E. Murnighan, Treaty Adviser, Department of State, will lay before the Secretary of State for initialing, a Minute in duplicate. After the Secretary of State has initialed the Minute, Mr. Murnighan will have it initialed by Prime Minister Kishi and will thereupon hold both documents until after the ceremony.

Signature of the Agreement

Signature of the Agreement will proceed in the same manner as the signature of the Treaty outlined above.

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As soon as the last of the Japanese representatives has completed signing the Agreement, Mr. Murnighan will lay another Minute in duplicate before Mr. Herter then before Mr. Kishi for initialing and will hold those Minutes until after the ceremony.

Miss Nilsen will lay before Secretary Herter 5 notes to be signed and Mr. Bevans will lay 5 notes before Prime Minister Kishi for signature.

Upon completion of the signing of the notes and the placing of the signed documents on the table in front of Mr. Herter and Mr. Kishi, respectively, Mr. Bevans will inform Secretary Herter that signature of all the documents has been complete.

3:05 p.m.—

1. Secretary of State Herter will make a few remarks.
2. Translation of Secretary Herter's remarks into Japanese by Mr. Wickel.
3. Foreign Minister Fujiyama will make a few remarks.
4. Translation of Foreign Minister Fujiyama's remarks into English by Mr. Shimanouchi.

3:15 p.m.—End of the ceremonies.

All persons seated at the table and all invited guests will stand as the President and the Prime Minister depart around the right end of the table and out through the Main Entrance of the East Room. The President will say goodbye to the Prime Minister at the front door of the White House.

My job was to brief the above arrangements, inform the President about the parts of which he needed preknowledge, and have him in the right place at the right time.

Preceding the two-thirty signing in the East Room, Mr. Eisenhower gave a stag luncheon for the Prime Minister. Before he left his office for the luncheon I went over with him the brief I had prepared. It was only half a page in length and he glanced at it hurriedly, quickly noting the necessary details in his mind:

After the luncheon, you will wait with Prime Minister Kishi until I come after you. This will be when the others have taken their places.

When you approach the table, go around the right end.

Your remarks, as all others, will be made while sitting.

There will be approximately a 20-minute period while the signing, in which you have no part, takes place.

The last thing on the program are remarks by Foreign Minister Fujiyama. After their translation, you will want to close the meeting. Secretary Herter suggests you present the Buchanan Medal at this point.

You will then walk the Prime Minister to the door.

With no more than these brief instructions the President went through his part in the thirty-five-minute ceremony without a hitch. Since his was not one of the signatures required on the documents, I anticipated the twenty minutes of silent signing would be awkward ones for him. During the first few signatures, however, he watched with interest as the Japanese delegates, using brushes and ink stones, drew their names upon the papers. Then he looked back at the flags of the two countries, the Stars and Stripes and the Rising Sun, standing side by side. You could almost see his mind leave the room as his thoughts carried him to other places and years gone by. And I was reminded of the comment he had made in the morning. At that time he had given tribute to the strong and growing friendship between the two countries when he had said, more to himself than to me, "To think I'd ever feel as I do today—about the Japanese."

Top administration officials shared a part of the President's increased schedule during the visits of foreign dignitaries. These guests of the government would bring with them an entourage of officials to meet with their counterparts in the Eisenhower high echelon, and many of these discussions revealed constructive steps being taken in one country that could be equally effective in solving a problem of the other.

Because the post of cabinet secretary is as old in most democratic countries as it is new in ours, my office gained more than it gave through these interchanges.

One of the most interesting visits paid us was by a member of Prime Minister Menzies' group on June 3, 1960. Although the meeting was very fruitful, the advance arrangements had their moments of mirth. The visitor called from Australia to complete arrival plans, and even getting his name correctly over the radiotelephone connection was difficult. "It's E. J. Bunting," he shouted several times in an unclear transmission. "Bunting, Bunting—as in 'bye baby.'"

Part Nine

XXX

The periods surrounding Eisenhower's three major illnesses etched the deepest scars in the memories of his White House staff. Each associate will be able to describe those hours of apprehension and anxiety long after he has forgotten the more pleasant, more routine side of presidential service.

I have been told that every citizen, old enough to be aware of the events at the time, can tell you exactly what he was doing when he received word of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the news of F.D.R.'s death. I was aboard the attack transport U.S.S. *Collingsworth* in the South Pacific when we were flashed the bulletin about Roosevelt. A dozen or so of us were having a lively discussion in the wardroom when the news jolted us. The room emptied quickly as men found excuses to go to their quarters so they could contemplate, alone, the lasting effect of this development on them, their world, and their war.

In times of serious mishap to the President we are reminded he is our national security blanket. Political friends and foes alike share a common concern: the first from affection, both from the worry man has when there are changes in his present and uncertainties in his future.

I remember the story that went the rounds after Roosevelt was re-elected to his fourth term. It concerned the man who went to the newsstand, gave the boy a quarter, picked up a newspaper, read the headline, put the paper back in the pile, and walked away. According to the story, this routine was re-enacted many times. The man never took the paper—just looked at its banner, paid his money, and walked on. One day the newsboy asked him what he was looking for. "I'm

watching for an obituary notice," he said. "But," protested the young man, "you'll find the obituaries on the inside of the second section." "Not," said the man, "the one I'm waiting for."

It is unlikely this story was based on fact, but if it was you can be sure the man who waited for the news received it, when it came, without the elation he had anticipated.

A Washingtonian I know was driving along Rock Creek Parkway on November 15, 1957, when a car came up behind him, its horn blasting. At first he pulled far over, thinking the other car wanted to pass, but when the honking continued he decided the other driver was trying to warn him of something, possibly a low tire, so he stopped. The second motorist pulled alongside him to say, tearfully, "The President's had a stroke!"

The details of the Eisenhower illnesses were reported in almost embarrassing fullness. The morning after his heart attack the President was asked, "What shall we tell the people?" "Tell them the truth, of course," he replied. And the truth they were told about each illness, within hours after the diagnosis was certain.

On June 10, 1957, almost exactly a year after his ileitus attack, President Eisenhower suffered a *mild stomach upset*. The following excerpts from a press conference held to inform the public about his temporary and minor indisposition show the detail in which it was discussed.

Mr. Hagerty: The following statement—

Q.: Four-thirty.

Mr. Hagerty: Four-thirty.

Q.: As long as we are back in this routine again.

Mr. Hagerty: Four-thirty—the President is making a good recovery from his mild stomach upset. He has slept most of the afternoon without sedation or medication. He is now taking and retaining liquids by mouth. I will come back to that in a little while.

His pulse, temperature, respiration, and blood pressure continue to be normal. The electrocardiogram showed no change and he has had no cardiac symptoms.

On the recommendation of the doctors the President's engagements for tomorrow have been canceled to permit the President to complete his recovery.



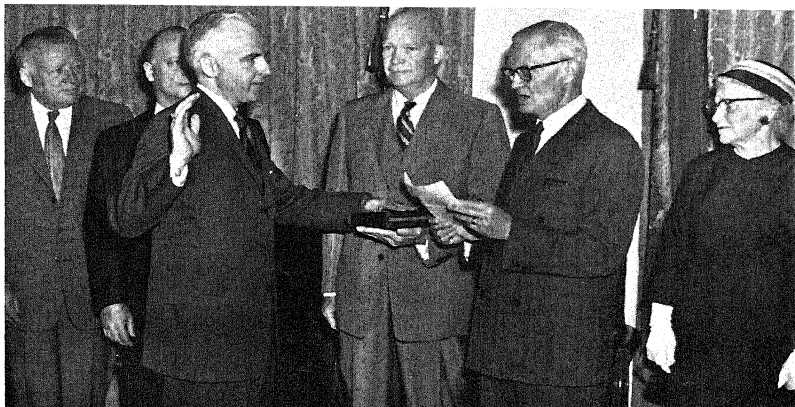
1. After her characterization of "Sherman Adams" at a Women's National Press Club stunt party, Pat Wiggins of United Press International received from the Governor a hug that assured her all was forgiven.

(photo by Jack Horan, Washington Star)



2. Governor Adams presided at the triweekly 8:30 A.M. meetings of the President's staff held in the conference room just off the Eisenhower office. Left to right: Sherman Adams, I. Jack Martin, J. Bud Barba, James Lambee, General Bragdon, William Hopkins, Rhomer McPhee, Tom Pike, Phil Young, Robert Gray, General Persons, Maxwell Rabb, Murray Snyder.

(photo U. S. News & World Report)



3. White House swearing in ceremonies are a dime a dozen unless, of course, the ceremony happens to be yours. The author's followed the meeting of the Cabinet on May 16, 1958. Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, Secretary of the Interior Fred Seaton, and the author's mother look on as Assistant to the President Adams, "assisted" by President Eisenhower, administers the oath. (World Wide Photo)

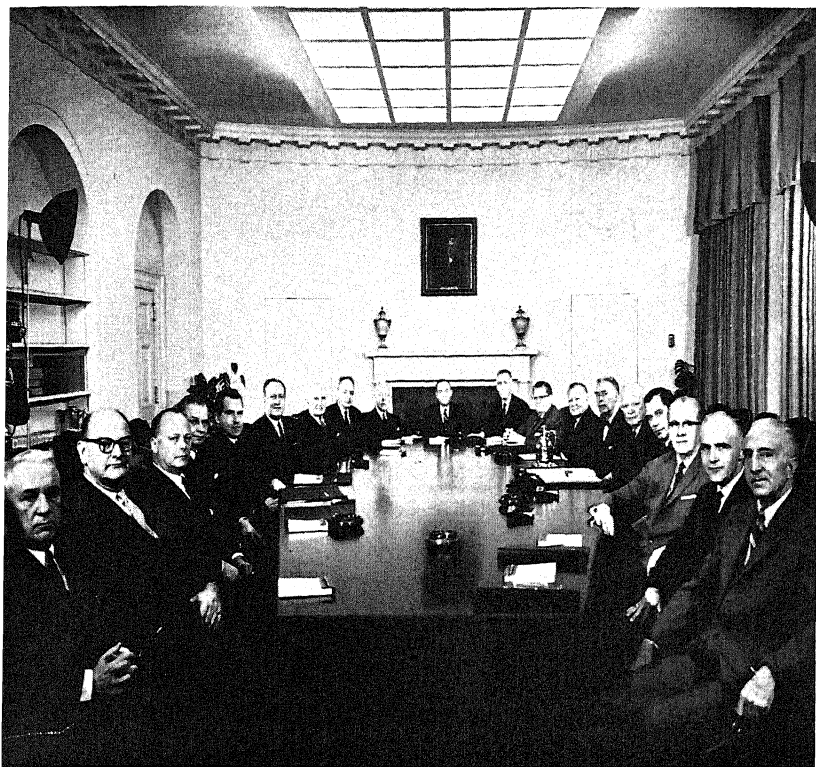
4. On November 25, 1957, President Eisenhower suffered a slight stroke after a first meeting with King Mohammed V of Morocco and was ordered to bed by his doctors. By the next day, however, he was determined to see his official visitor. Here the author, acting as the Eisenhower appointments secretary, greets the late king and his son, His Royal Highness Prince Moulay Abdullah. (photo by Abbie Rowe, courtesy National Park Service)





5. No one seemed anxious to leave the room following cabinet meetings. Participants gathered in small groups to comment on presentations and plan future action according to presidential directives. In this picture, from left, are Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, U.S. Representative to the UN Henry Cabot Lodge, Vice President Richard Nixon, Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy, the author, Lt. Gen. E. R. Quesada, Administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency, and his special assistant, J. Gordon Bennett. Through the corridors at the extreme left can be seen a part of the Stevens collection of paintings by Eisenhower and his colleagues.

(photo by the New York Times)



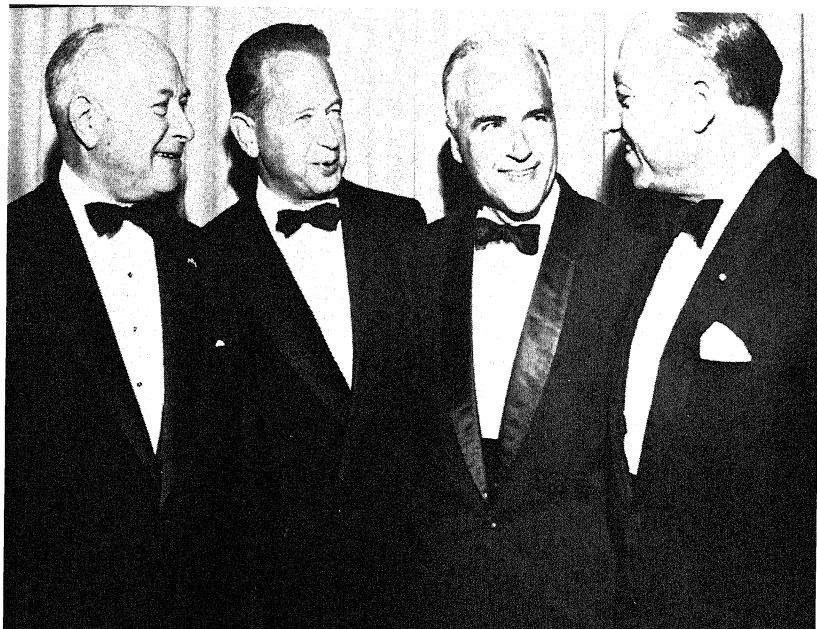
6. The official photograph of the last meeting of the Eisenhower Cabinet. From left to right: The Honorable Gerald D. Morgan, Deputy Assistant to the President; James J. Wadsworth, U.S. Representative to the UN; Fred A. Seaton, Secretary of the Interior; Robert B. Anderson, Secretary of the Treasury; Richard M. Nixon, Vice President; William P. Rogers, Attorney General; Frederick H. Mueller, Secretary of Commerce; Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare; John A. McCone, Chairman, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission; Maurice H. Stans, Director, Bureau of the Budget; Leo A. Hoegh, Director, Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization; James P. Mitchell, Secretary of Labor; Arthur E. Summerfield, Postmaster General; Christian A. Herter, Secretary of State; Dwight D. Eisenhower, President; Thomas S. Gates, Secretary of Defense; Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; Robert K. Gray, Secretary of the Cabinet; Wilton B. Persons, the Assistant to the President.

(photo by Abbie Rowe, courtesy National Park Service)



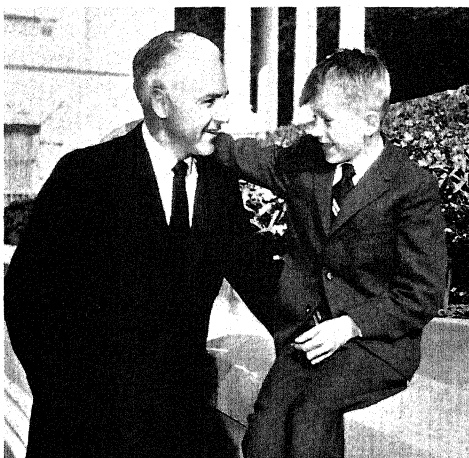
7. Following the weekly meeting of their superiors, the cabinet assistants attended a "debriefing" session in the Cabinet Room. Left to right: William D. Carey, Bureau of the Budget; Richard A. Schwartz, Dept. of Labor; Eugene Boster, Dept. of State; Charles E. Johnson, Office Coordinating Board; R. Eugene Livesay, Dept. of Defense; Miller F. Shurtleff, Dept. of Agriculture; Bradley H. Patterson, Jr., Assistant Cabinet Secretary; Robert K. Gray, Cabinet Secretary; Emil W. Reutzel, Jr., Office of Civil Defense Mobilization; Lorne Kennedy, Dept. of Interior; William E. Parsons, Dept. of Treasury; Harold H. Healy, Dept. of Justice; George H. Becker, Jr., Dept. of Commerce; Wesley Hjornevik, Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare; Joseph Winslow, Civil Service Commission. Absent from this picture: Charles K. McWhorter, representing VP Nixon; Nyle M. Jackson, Dept. of Post Office; Walter C. Wallace, Dept. of Labor, and Ralph W. E. Reid, Bureau of the Budget.

(photo by the New York Times)



8. Speakers for the evening posed for photographers following a UN dinner for the U.S. Committee for the UN. From left: The Honorable David Sarnoff, Chairman, Radio Corporation of America; the late UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld; the author; the Honorable Jacob Javits, Republican Senator from New York.

9. As the millionth migrant to move under the auspices of the Inter-Governmental Committee on European Migration, Andrejs Suritis was a celebrity the moment he stepped off the plane. After a week in which government officialdom rolled out the red carpet, Andrejs was settled in Kalamazoo, Michigan. And, like the 999,999 before him, became an addition to his adopted country's population statistics.



(photo by Abbie Rowe,
courtesy National Park Service)

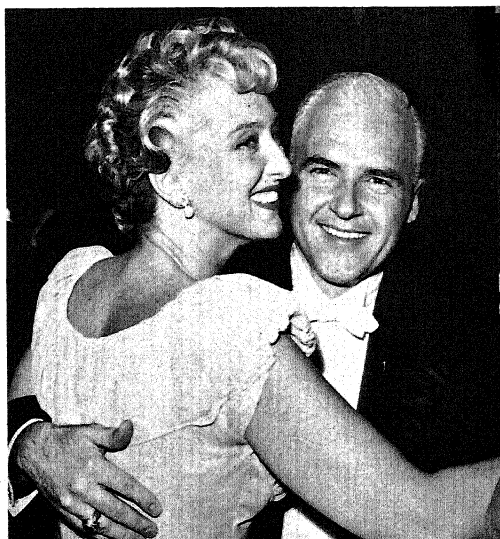


10. Physical facilities for a party in Washington's historic Georgetown section are simple. All that is required is a small patio area filled on a ratio of one guest to the square foot. When the Honorable Maxwell M. Rabb resigned as the first Cabinet Secretary, members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, White House staff, and even John and Barbara Eisenhower took part in the tradition of "giving him the chair."

(photo courtesy *Life* magazine)



11. There are some compensations for bachelors' status in the nation's capital. Official escort duty can be one of them, especially when it means squiring so lovely a Miss America (1959) as Mary Ann Mobley.



11a. Or talented actress Celeste Holm.

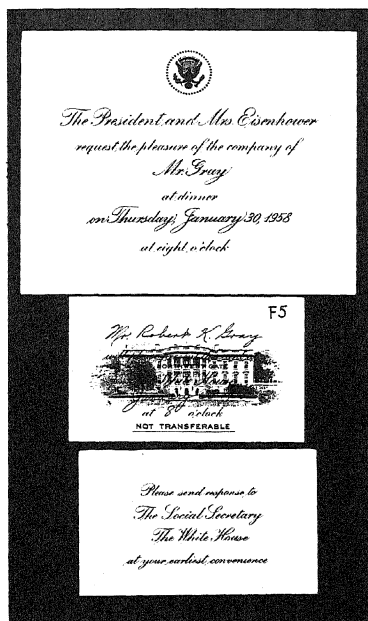


12. Vice President Nixon in a candid shot that caught him in the mood his associates knew best—affable, relaxed, ready to discuss any subject of important mutual interest; politically young but a political pro.

(photo by Clyde Wilkenson)

13. On a near once-a-week schedule, President Eisenhower met with some 300 of the nation's top reporters and answered questions on every conceivable subject. These meetings were held in the old Indian Treaty Room of the Executive Office Building across the street from the White House. On the way to a meeting the President had his mind on possible questions. On his return he would discuss the answer he had given with Press Secretary James Hagerty and with Jim's hard-working and conscientious assistant, Mrs. Anne Wheaton. (photo by Abbie Rowe, courtesy National Park Service)





14. White House invitations are prepared by hand by craftsmen located in an office on the second floor of the Mansion's East Wing.

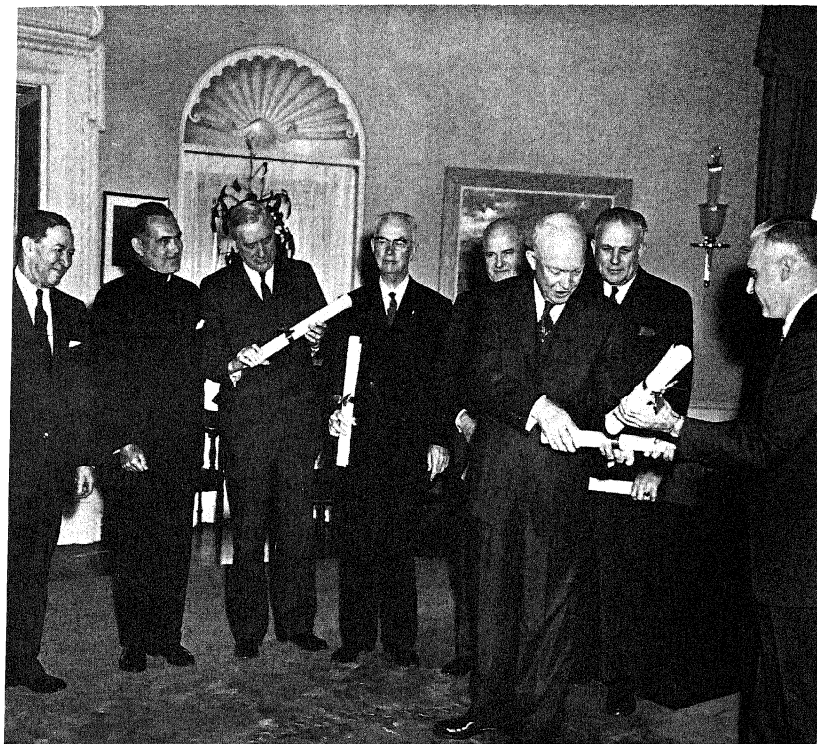
15. There is no better advertisement for her country than the wife of the French Ambassador, Madame Hervé Alphand, shown here with Olivia de Havilland (Galante), who is married to one of Madame Alphand's countrymen, the publisher of Paris Match.

(courtesy Reni photos)





16. Finding the right gift to express their affection for the President at Christmas time was a yearly problem for members of the Eisenhower Cabinet. In 1959 they selected a piece of Steuben crystal engraved with the chart of one of the Eisenhower goodwill trips.



17. On January 3, 1958, President Eisenhower swore in the first incumbents of the Commission on Civil Rights and presented them with presidential commissions. From left to right: The Honorable J. Ernest Wilkins, Theodore M. Hesburgh, Robert G. Storey, John S. Battle, Doyle E. Carlton, John A. Hannah.

(photo by Abbie Rowe, courtesy National Park Service)

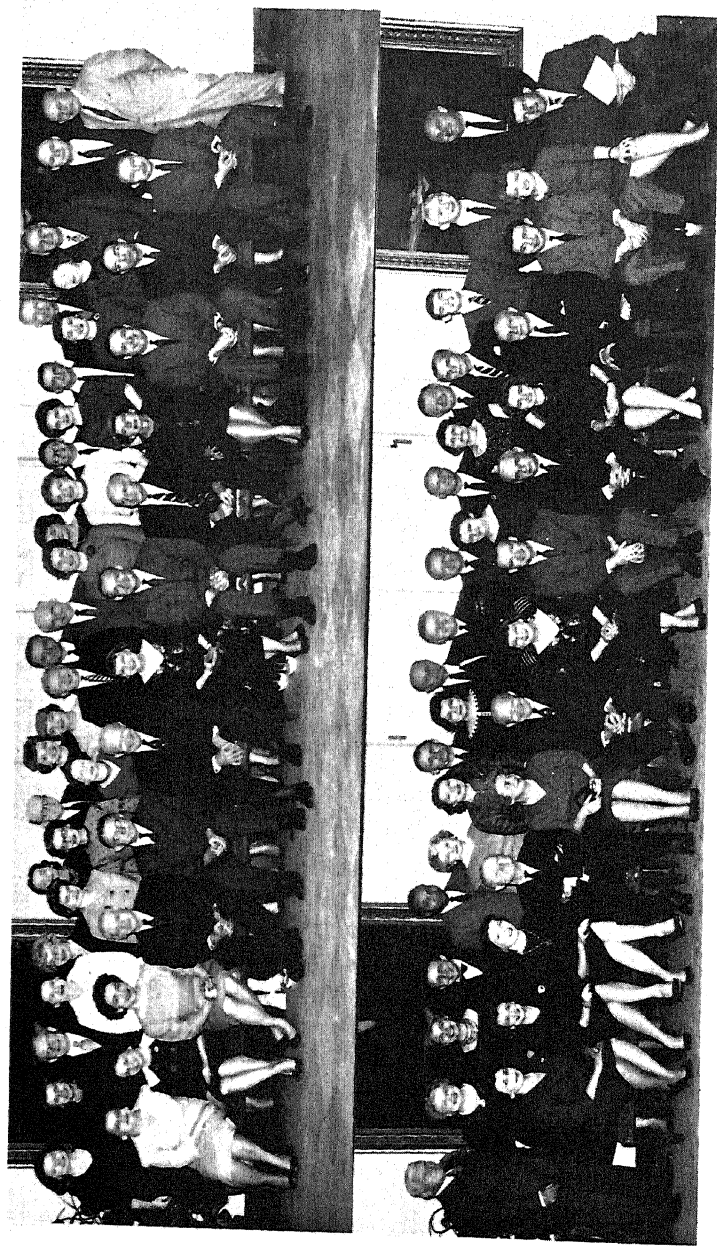


18. The Cabinet Secretary was assigned some interesting collateral duties such as swearing in contralto Marian Anderson as a member of the National Fine Arts Commission. Holding the Bible is the Commission's chairman, the former Ambassador to Norway, the Honorable L. Corrin Strong.



19. During the author's experience on the President's appointments desk, meeting requests from cabinet officers were scheduled without clearance with the President or, contrary to some speculation, with Sherman Adams. Occasionally a cabinet officer, such as Labor Secretary James Mitchell (above) would stop in and wait in the appointments secretary's office for a break between visitors. Then he would slip in for a quick presidential answer.

(U. S. News & World Report)



20. In the closing hours of his administration, President Eisenhower called together the members of his staff and their secretaries for final pictures of the "team."

(photo by Abbie Rowe)

Now, going back—

Q.: That is the end?

Mr. Hagerty: That is the end.

Q.: That is signed by whom?

Mr. Hagerty: This is by the three doctors—Dr. Snyder, Dr. Heaton, and Dr. Mattingly.

Q.: That is their statement, not yours?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes.

Q.: I beg your pardon.

Mr. Hagerty: Yes. Going back a little on this “now taking and retaining liquids,” he has had several cups of tea. And Dr. Snyder expects that late this afternoon he will have milk toast.

Q.: Is that hot tea?

Mr. Hagerty: Hot tea. The only medication that he had was early this morning, when he had intravenous glucose and saline solution.

Q.: Jim, that is intravenous feeding, isn't it, rather than medication?

Mr. Hagerty: You asked me what the medication was, and this is what the doctors say the medication was.

Q.: After six o'clock this morning?

Mr. Hagerty: About the same time—it's what they call the supportive—

Q.: What time?

Mr. Hagerty: Around seven this morning, around there someplace. This is what they call a supportive—

Q.: Treatment.

Mr. Hagerty: Treatment. Thank you.

Q.: Just once?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes. When you have nausea and when you vomit up liquids, this is supportive and puts back liquids into your body; that is, normal liquids.

Q.: Is that what the saline solution is for?

Mr. Hagerty: The glucose is sugar and the saline is salt.

Q.: Do you know how much they gave him?

Mr. Hagerty: I don't know how much they gave him. He had it only once. And that is the only medication that he has had.

At the present time he is—the President is sleeping. Dr. Heaton is going to the Pentagon for that ceremony this afternoon, I believe at four-thirty, where he is getting a Distinguished Service Medal.

Q.: What for?

Mr. Hagerty: They have announced it. I don't remember what the

citation is, Andy. And Dr. Snyder is going with him. Dr. Mattingly is staying here.

Q.: No thought of taking him to the hospital?

Mr. Hagerty: No.

Q.: Not at this time?

Mr. Hagerty: Not that I know of.

Somebody asked me earlier if we had been in touch with Dr. Ravdin, or communicated with Dr. Ravdin, or Dr. White. I said we had not, and that is true. However, Dr. Ravdin has made plans a long time ago, and will attend the ceremonies at the Pentagon in connection with the award, or the medal, rather, given to Dr. Heaton.

Q.: Will he come over here?

Mr. Hagerty: They will bring Dr. Ravdin back here, not on the case, but merely bring him back, and he undoubtedly will say hello to the President. But he is not a physician on the case. And I just merely give you that in line with the conversation I had with you gentlemen earlier.

Q.: To refresh my memory on Ravdin, was he in on the heart attack case?

Mr. Hagerty: No, on the ileitis case. It's Isidor Ravdin.

Q.: From Philadelphia.

Mr. Hagerty: Yes—University of Pennsylvania—Medical School—he was the second man—the surgeon.

Q.: Did you find out what he had to eat last night?

Mr. Hagerty: No, I haven't.

Q.: Has the blueberry pie been confirmed?

Mr. Hagerty: Blueberry pie I said he had.

Q.: Have the doctors told you what caused this?

Mr. Hagerty: No, other than what we said, Stevie, that it certainly was caused by something he ate and which disagreed with him. There is no—and I have got some queries or heard some queries in connection with—ptomaine poisoning or anything like that, and the doctors say that this is not true. There is no question of ptomaine or anything like that connected with it.

Q.: Jim, were you able to establish whether or not last evening at dinner and yesterday noon at lunch, whether the President and Mrs. Eisenhower had the same things to eat?

Mr. Hagerty: I can say this, Bill. I was able to establish that they ate pretty much the same.

Q.: Any others at the dinner?

Mr. Hagerty: Not that I know of.

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Q.: Can you tell us anything about the President's current diet, calorie-wise? The type of food he can eat . . .

Mr. Hagerty: No I can't, Bob, I am sorry.

Q.: Have you been able to determine whether there was something he ate last week or whether this thing had been coming on—

Mr. Hagerty: No—

Q.: —for several days?

Mr. Hagerty: —and neither have the doctors been able to.

Q.: Were you able to find out what he had for dinner last night?

Mr. Hagerty: No. I don't know.

Q.: Jim, in this statement it says that engagements have been canceled tomorrow in order for the President to complete his recovery.

Mr. Hagerty: Yes?

Q.: Does that mean the doctors expect him to complete his recovery tomorrow?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes, it does.

Q.: Then back to work Wednesday?

Mr. Hagerty: Well, I have—

Q.: Does that mean—

Mr. Hagerty: Let me answer one question at a time. That means, as near as they can say now, Andy, yes, the answer is.

Q.: He will be back in the office Wednesday?

Q.: Expects?

Mr. Hagerty: The answer, as near as they can expect right now, the answer to that is yes.

Q.: Did they authorize you now to say, Jim, that this is not serious?

Mr. Hagerty: I thought that I took care of that by putting in the word "mild."

Q.: I thought the doctors took care of that? [Laughter.]

Q.: Back up!

Q.: Oh.

Q.: This morning you said that the President had called Dr. Snyder and this afternoon you said that Mrs. Eisenhower had called Dr. Snyder originally?

Mr. Hagerty: Well, that was this morning. I think the latter statement that I made is correct, because I did some checking.

Q.: While he was out at American University?

Mr. Hagerty: About the same time that he was returning.

Q.: If he was asleep at eleven-thirty this morning, how long was it before he woke up?

Mr. Hagerty: It was at least several hours. I just don't know.

Q.: Have you talked to him again?

Mr. Hagerty: No I have not.

Q.: He is asleep again now?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes.

Q.: Has he slept continuously since eleven-thirty?

Mr. Hagerty: No. Intermittently. And he had—

Q.: Woke up for the tea.

Mr. Hagerty: —he woke up enough to have a cup of tea. He has been napping.

Q.: When would the tea be, early this afternoon?

Mr. Hagerty: What?

Q.: Same bedroom he always uses?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes.

Q.: Did they examine him again this afternoon?

Mr. Hagerty: Why, sure. That is what the doctors are there for.

Q.: Did they take another cardiogram?

Mr. Hagerty: No, they have not.

Q.: Because you mentioned one . . .

Mr. Hagerty: Let me explain that, Larry. The reason that I put it that way, in all of the statements, is because there are times when a statement would stand by itself without the other two, and I was just trying to bring them up to date.

Q.: Just the one this morning?

Mr. Hagerty: That's right.

Q.: Has John been here today?

Mr. Hagerty: No, he has not.

Q.: Is he in town?

Mr. Hagerty: No, he is not.

Q.: Where is he?

Mr. Hagerty: He is on his way for a short vacation in Florida, I believe.

Q.: He hasn't been called back?

Mr. Hagerty: No, he has not.

Q.: Has he been notified?

Q.: Does he know about it?

Q.: What's all this?

Mr. Hagerty: John . . . I will have to let you know that. There were people getting—trying to get in touch with him. He is driving, and our people have been trying to get in touch with him. Whether he has been

notified or not, I do not know, but he will be told just exactly what I have told you people, that it was a mild upset.

Q.: Is he taking the whole family with him?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes.

Q.: Did the kids go over to the Thompsons' in Alabama?

Mr. Hagerty: As far as I know, the kids are with him, but I haven't checked that.

Q.: Has there been a test of the President's sedimentation since last night?

Mr. Hagerty: Don't know, John.

Q.: Jim, will the doctors be staying over here tonight?

Mr. Hagerty: Well, my only— I didn't check that out. I would assume that there would be a doctor, of course.

Q.: Has ileitis now been ruled out completely? Can they say flatly now that it was not a recurrence of ileitis?

Mr. Hagerty: Well, all I can do—and I think the answer to that would be yes, Bob—and I am repeating, there is no indication that this digestive upset is related in any way to the President's recent operation or his heart attack.

Q.: Do you know what the President ate, or don't they know?

Mr. Hagerty: I don't know.

Q.: Do the doctors know?

Mr. Hagerty: I don't know whether they know or not.

Q.: Did they tell you?

Mr. Hagerty: No.

Q.: I have been asked, in that connection, is the Secret Service examining the White House kitchen?

Mr. Hagerty: Not at all. I thought—that was one of the reasons why I said that there was no question at all of poisoning—ptomaine poisoning or anything in that connection.

Q.: How is the President feeling this afternoon? Is he in pain—any discomfort?

Mr. Hagerty: No. Coming along.

Q.: This morning he has had no nausea—since early this morning?

Mr. Hagerty: That's right, Bill.

Q.: He is not in any discomfort or pain? "Discomfort" I had better withdraw. In any pain?

Mr. Hagerty: No.

Q.: Any anticoagulants today?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes, I believe so.

Q.: On the dinner last night, you were asked this morning and you said you would try to check on what he had to eat, but leaving it this way, some implication perhaps that for some reason you don't want to say what he had for dinner, other than the pie, which came out from—came out from another source?

Mr. Hagerty: It isn't that. They want to find out just exactly what food or what types of food caused this. And when they do, I will let you know.

Q.: What food was prepared in the White House kitchen?

Mr. Hagerty: That was just yesterday. It could have been other places.

Q.: I am talking about the meal last night.

Mr. Hagerty: Yes.

Q.: Is there any checking being done on the food at Burning Tree?

Mr. Hagerty: Not that I know of.

Q.: Did he eat lunch at Burning Tree Saturday?

Mr. Hagerty: I do not know.

Q.: Was he in the White House Saturday night for dinner?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes.

Q.: Is this correct, that you could find out what he had for supper but until they complete a check on the food for the period, you don't want to say? Is that right?

Mr. Hagerty: That's right.

Q.: It could be a two- or three-day period?

Mr. Hagerty: Sure.

Q.: Can you tell us Mrs. Eisenhower's reaction to this?

Mr. Hagerty: Well, sure. She was up virtually all the night, and I think she is—or was—concerned as much as a wife can be concerned when her husband has an upset. She feels better now with the progress that the President has been making and I have been reporting to you. I guess that's about all—the only way I can put it.

Q.: Did he have more than one piece of pie last night?

Mr. Hagerty: So far as I know, no. But I wouldn't swear, Bill. I don't know.

Q.: Can you say what other tests there were, besides the cardiogram?

Mr. Hagerty: No, I can't, because I don't know.

Q.: Do you know whether the blueberries were from Maine?

[Laughter.]

Mr. Hagerty: I haven't the slightest idea.

Q.: California?

Q.: Can you tell us what appointments had been canceled?

Mr. Hagerty: Well, the main one, of course, was the legislative leaders' meeting tomorrow morning at eight-thirty. If you want me to get the other appointments, I will, but I do not know what the rest were.

The one that the President himself, and Mrs. Eisenhower, were very sorry about was the group of forty taxicab drivers from all over the country that we had scheduled today at eleven o'clock and the President regretted having to cancel out that group, since they are coming to Washington for this purpose, and the White House has so notified the people in charge.

Q.: This would obviously rule out any idea of going to the naval maneuvers at Jamestown?

Mr. Hagerty: I would think so, but he had no plans to go.

Q.: Do you think he would try to see the leaders later this week?

Mr. Hagerty: Sure.

Q.: Do you think there would be a news conference Wednesday, Jim?

Mr. Hagerty: I wouldn't know.

Q.: Jim, what was that?

Mr. Hagerty: I wouldn't know.

Q.: The Wednesday breakfast with the congressmen still on?

Mr. Hagerty: We haven't canceled it at the present time. And we would have to—we will keep you as fully informed as we can on the President's engagements. The only—other than the one tomorrow, we will day by day. I think tomorrow will be the last day.

Q.: Has there been any change in plans since noon for Governor Adams?

Mr. Hagerty: None at all.

Q.: What are your own plans now? Insofar as the rest of the day is concerned?

Mr. Hagerty: I have nothing further that I plan to put out, Bill, and I expect to be home this evening, and to be in early in the morning, and I will get a statement from the doctors by eight-thirty tomorrow morning.

Q.: Will you have anything more tonight?

Mr. Hagerty: No, I don't expect to.

Q.: Jim, is this a lid?

Mr. Hagerty: Well . . .

Q.: Well?

Mr. Hagerty: I don't expect anything more.

Q.: In that connection, because there will be a doctor in the White

House overnight, probably the services, at least, will want to keep somebody in the press room overnight.

Mr. Hagerty: You are welcome to stay.

Q.: Will the doctors stay here overnight?

Mr. Hagerty: I said I thought one would.

Q.: You don't know which one it will be?

Mr. Hagerty: No.

Q.: One of the three?

Mr. Hagerty: I can tell you that later on, before we leave.

Q.: Do they plan another electrocardiogram tomorrow?

Mr. Hagerty: I didn't ask Dr. Mattingly that. I will check that.

Q.: Do you know when the last EKG was?

Mr. Hagerty: His last, Smitty?

Q.: Yes.

Mr. Hagerty: Well, I think—now all I can do is—there was when he went to Walter Reed—remember when he went to Walter Reed, when he had that cough and cold, and that was when?

Q.: March?

Mr. Hagerty: Just prior to the Bermuda conference. Now when was the Bermuda conference?

Q.: March 20.

Mr. Hagerty: It was then about the middle of March. But I am—now whether they have run any since then, I am not sure, but I will check that out. That was certainly the last one we announced.

Q.: On his cough, Jim, that began, as I recall, Inauguration Day.

Mr. Hagerty: That's right.

Q.: The parade. When did he get rid of it?

Mr. Hagerty: Oh, Stevie, you are asking me questions that I can't answer. I don't know when. But it was—

Q.: I guess before he went to Bermuda.

Mr. Hagerty: No.

Q.: Augusta?

Q.: Augusta?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes.

Q.: Jim, there was a story in the local papers—on Saturday, I think it was—saying that when the President came back from this fried-chicken luncheon up on the Hill, Dr. Snyder asked him how much fried chicken he had and he said . . . [*inaudible*] . . . close watch still being kept on the diet. Do you know anything about that conversation?

Mr. Hagerty: No, I don't.

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Q.: Would you check that for us and ask Dr. Snyder?

Mr. Hagerty: I will ask him.

Q.: Do you know where Mrs. Doud and Tkach went?

Mr. Hagerty: Yes.

Q.: For a ride?

Mr. Hagerty: No.

Q.: Where?

Mr. Hagerty: To Walter Reed. Mrs. Doud is having an eye examination.

Q.: This is the last briefing today?

Mr. Hagerty: I hope so.

Q.: What about these things you are going to check on? You will report on those tomorrow, or there is some chance of your giving us these various points now?

Mr. Hagerty: I can't check on them until he gets back, but I will check before I leave this evening and let you people know.

Q.: Has it ever been established whether the President ever had an ulcer at any time?

Mr. Hagerty: There certainly has. I know of none that he has had.

Q.: When do you figure—

Mr. Hagerty: I am sure of that much. I am an expert in that field.

Q.: When do you figure you are going to leave?

Mr. Hagerty: Whenever I get finished work. Six or six-thirty.

Q.: And you will come out and give us this additional information, but not have a formal conference?

Mr. Hagerty: That's right.

Q.: Thank you.

END

The Eisenhower honesty in informing the public about his illnesses was unprecedented. The press did not learn of President Cleveland's surgery for cancer of the mouth until twenty-five years after it had taken place. Cleveland went to such lengths to conceal his illnesses from the public that the operation—in which the President's entire left upper jaw was removed—was performed at sea aboard a yacht, with the President sitting upright in a chair strapped to a mast.

For a year and a half of President's Wilson's term he was recovering from a near-fatal paralysis and the government had no active, authorized leader. Congressional delegations used every ruse to get in to

see the President to apprise themselves of his condition. Some historians believe the President was incapable of making major decisions much of this time, and refer to the period as "Mrs. Wilson's regency" in the belief his wife was running the country.

After his preliminary recovery from the heart attack suffered in Denver, the Chief Executive stopped off in Washington for a few days before going on to his Gettysburg farm to complete his recuperation. During the time he was in the capital a remarkable number of tourists gathered around the White House fence. There was no indication outside that the President and First Lady were within, but the mansion took on new meaning with its master home, and the public was expressing its anxiety over his health, an anxiety which would continue all through the four and one half years remaining in Eisenhower's administration. From that moment on, the announcement of a presidential cold would flood the White House switchboard with solicitous callers, the stock market would falter, and there would be a flutter in the heartbeat of the nation's economy.

Despite three incapacitating illnesses to America's oldest President, no congressional action regarding this situation was ever taken during the Eisenhower terms. The President and Vice President Nixon agreed between them on a three-point plan:

(1) In the event of inability the President would—if possible—so inform the Vice President, and the Vice President would serve as Acting President, exercising the powers and duties of the Office until the inability had ended.

(2) In the event of an inability which would prevent the President from so communicating with the Vice President, the Vice President after such consultation as seemed to him appropriate under the circumstances, would decide upon the devolution of the powers and duties of the Office and would serve as Acting President until the inability had ended.

(3) The President, in either event, would determine when the inability had ended and at that time would resume the full exercise of the powers and duties of the Office.

It concerned Eisenhower that appropriate legislative provision had not been made for transferring an incapacitated President's responsibilities to his Vice President. He repeatedly urged Congress to take

action, and properly despaired when the only result was congressional condemnation of the plan he had worked out with Richard Nixon—in the absence of legislation.

I had been looking forward to the morning of June 8, 1956. We were to have a staff meeting at eight-thirty followed by fellow Nebraskan Fred Seaton's swearing-in ceremony as Secretary of the Interior at nine. At seven-thirty a White House operator called me to say the staff meeting had been canceled and, because the President had a slight headache and stomach-ache, the Seaton swearing-in and cabinet meeting were postponed until 2 P.M. There was some speculation among the staff that the illness might be more serious than announced. But we were encouraged by these facts: The cabinet meeting had not been canceled, merely postponed; Governor Adams continued with his plans to leave at eleven o'clock for a five-day vacation; and we were 99 per cent certain we would be told the complete story under the President's standing order.

At 10 A.M. the Seaton ceremony was postponed until 3 P.M., the cabinet meeting was canceled, and an official bulletin was issued, ending with the words, "There is nothing the matter with his heart." Thirty minutes later, on one of my trips into Governor Adams' office, I passed two men wheeling a Bell & Howell electrocardiograph back to the dispensary. The Governor told me his plans to leave were firm, and I breathed a sigh of relief. At 11:05 A.M. Adams left for the airport—a sure sign everything was O.K.

I had an early lunch that noon with Seaton, Brad Patterson, and Bill Ewald of the staff. Seaton informed us that his swearing-in had been set ahead an additional hour—to 4 P.M.—and that the President was being taken to the hospital. "All I know, m'boy," Seaton told me, "is that Doc Snyder says it's an infection in the lower intestine and has a name about this long," and he held his hands at arm's length. When I returned to my office I found on my desk a note which read, "The Governor has returned—his trip is canceled."

One of the secretaries reported she had passed the family drive on her way to lunch as they wheeled the President out. His face was covered; Mrs. Eisenhower was in tears. The secretary was so shaken it was obvious she would be of no use to us that afternoon, so I sent her home.

At 3 P.M. I had a conference in the Vice President's office in the old Senate Office Building. The telephones were going wild there, too, and the offices were full. Some of the calls and callers were political fence mending, just in case.

Official press releases were now being issued almost as fast as the ink could dry. At 4 P.M. the attack was announced as ileitis.

A large percentage of the telephone calls directed to staff members were from stockbrokers hoping for some assessment of the seriousness of the illness. Cabinet officers who normally would have had their secretaries keep track of the changes in time for a scheduled meeting made the calls themselves in the hope we would add something to the news they had received.

At 7:30 P.M. the Vice President spoke at a Mayflower Hotel meeting for Young Republicans. He was called away from the meeting around 10 P.M. and, for fear the urgency of his call might be misinterpreted, decided to share its message—the doctors were holding a consultation at midnight and thought an operation might not be necessary.

When I entered my office on Saturday morning, June 9, the first dispatch concerning the President's operation was on my desk. Now that they had positive proof it was not his heart and were assured, barring complications, he would recover, staff members gathered in small groups to speculate about the political implications of this development only three months after Eisenhower had decided to run again for a second term and only weeks before the nominating conventions. Most thought this would discourage him from another four years of the presidency.

Those who had been in the White House at the time of the Denver heart attack made comparisons with the way the news was handled and the timetable under which future plans became firm. One of my secretaries volunteered she could remember better than her reactions to the news of the 1955 heart attack the following February 29 when "Ike" said he would run again. Along with others, she had watched out the windows as he went over to his press conference. When he came back he was wearing his widest grin and waving like a candidate.

Another secretary said she had had to stay in the office, but she

knew his answer was yes before she learned it officially, when she heard the press motorcycles roar out and the sound of people running through the halls with gold-rush excitement.

I lunched that noon at a large table in the mess with now-Secretary Seaton (finally sworn in after four postponements), National Security Secretary Dillon Anderson, General Goodpaster (then a bird-colonel), and Governors Adams and Stassen. The President had been in surgery from 2:59 A.M. until 5:11 A.M., and most of these men had been up all night. Goodpaster had sat with Mrs. Eisenhower, who is terrified of operations. He reported that she sat stiffer than her chair until the reports began to come back that everything was going to be all right.

The President's sense of duty was illustrated by his last order before he was wheeled into the operating room at Walter Reed Hospital. The order was an alert for all American military forces throughout the world to stand by to repel a sneak atomic attack. There was no special reason for fear concerning the international picture at the time. But Eisenhower had been told he would be under anesthesia for about four hours. He knew that only he, as commander in chief, could put U. S. defense forces at the ready in an emergency if one developed during that time. To be on the safe side, he gave the stand-by order before he subjected himself to the surgical blackout. These very presidential words before the operation were contrasted with the very human ones when, as he emerged from the ether and looked up at one of his doctors, he said, "Boy, what a bellyache!"

At the staff meeting on June 11, Adams gave us a late report on the President. "I think we can all be very grateful," he said, "that it is as good as it is, and I think it is very good. The President will be able to sign bills, necessary signatures required by the Constitution, immediately. He will probably be sending for various ones of you today or tomorrow. In general, we'll move along under the Denver plan."

One of the staff men said he had been asked by a member of the press about the political implications and wondered if a party line had been established. "It is only natural," Adams answered, "that you will be asked. I would think that our first concern, as it was at Denver, should be for the President's recovery. These things take time to heal, but they do heal and he's healing. Our attitude can

justifiably be one of confidence—everything's going to work out all right. After that we know of nothing which will be or has been changed by his illness. I believe the staff would want to say no more than that about his plans. Any other questions? . . . [*Pause.*] I guess not," and he adjourned the meeting.

The White House operation swung back into its usual routine, normal except for the receipt of over 19,000 get-well greetings, continuous telephone inquiries, and a slight delay in obtaining signatures from the President, first at Walter Reed and then at Gettysburg.

Staff members made a few changes in their schedules, but the disruptions in business-as-usual were minor. Jim Hagerty told me one morning his problem for the day had been how to tell the press what the President had for breakfast. "How," he asked, "do you say 'Cream of Wheat' without mentioning the brand?"

And on July 10 we received from the Eisenhower farm home in Pennsylvania his redecision to stand for a second term.

XXXI

I was most personally involved at the time of Eisenhower's third illness. It occurred on November 25, 1957, only twenty-five days after I had been assigned the extra duties of the President's appointments secretary.

Fall in Washington can be a spectacular season that stretches nearly to Christmas. After a weekend of temperatures in the near seventies, however, Monday the twenty-fifth turned wet with a raw wind, more miserable than cold. The President began his office appointments early to get a good start on the day's work before the noontime arrival of King Mohammed V of Morocco. The King had been invited for an official state visit and Eisenhower would be involved with meeting him at the airport, feting him that night with a state dinner, attending the King's return dinner on Tuesday, and, in the interim, with several meetings with the foreign-relations advisers of both

countries. Eisenhower wanted to polish off as much of his office work as he could before he went out to the airport, so he could devote himself to his guest in apparent relaxation.

The airport meeting and the ride back into the city went off as scheduled. The President, who had made the trip bareheaded, escorted the King to the door of Blair House, which was to be the monarch's official residence during his stay, and bade him good-by until dinner-time that evening.

Since his heart attack Eisenhower had become cautious where his health was concerned. The office of his physician, Dr. Snyder, was located in the mansion directly opposite the entrance to the President's private elevator. Eisenhower stopped in here twice each day for a checkup that lasted but a few minutes. This day he mentioned to Snyder that the wind had turned quite cold, that he had felt a chill as he stood at the airport through the playing of the two national anthems. When he lay down for his noon rest he asked for an extra blanket and a hot-water bottle. Nevertheless, he came back to the office in the early afternoon to sign the mail and finish his paper work.

At twenty-two minutes past two the presidential buzzer under my desk sounded a long *brrrrr*. There was a direct-line telephone connecting the President's desk to mine. It had not functioned properly when it was first installed. The President had lost patience with it and seldom used it after the error had been corrected.

I kept on the corner of my desk a folder which contained schedule sheets scored off in hours and days to show the firm appointments for the following three weeks. The folder also contained a calendar for the current and following years, a list of foreign visitors to whom invitations had been extended, and note paper. To avoid returning for information the President might want, I always grabbed this folder as I sailed out of my office and into his.

Eisenhower did not like to have a staff man slink inside his door and stand timidly at the threshold. Although it ran counter to my first inclination I had learned to go in almost brusquely and not halt my momentum until I had reached his desk. This particular afternoon the President looked up at me slowly. It seemed an effort for him to raise his head. He blinked his eyes as if trying to focus his

vision, and asked hesitatingly, "Berne? . . . Berne? . . ." Bernard Shanley had been moved to the appointments post in 1955 after two years as special counsel. He had been succeeded by Tom Stephens, my predecessor at the desk.

"No, Mr. President, it's Bob," I answered. "Can I help you?"

The President had taken off his glasses. In a rather jerky motion he folded in the wings and made two or three attempts to put them in the breast pocket of his suit. "These . . . darned . . . glasses," he said, as they slipped out of his hand and onto the carpet beside his desk. We both reached down after them and came up head to head, the glasses in his hand.

I repeated my question, "Mr. President, can I do anything for you?"

Now, although he spoke slowly, his head seemed clear enough. "No," he said, "no . . . not . . . now . . . thanks." He picked a paper from the stack in front of him and appeared to begin to read it.

However inappropriately I had been addressed, I had been dismissed clearly enough. Nevertheless, when I reached his door I hesitated, trying in an instant to decide if I would be too far out of order to say something further. I pulled the big door open and turned back toward him. But he seemed still intent on the paper in front of him so I stepped out into the short passageway that connected his office to mine.

The door clicked shut behind me and I stood, short of breath and perspiring, my heart pounding and my mind jammed to bursting with questions: Berne! Yes, he had looked right at me and called me Berne, not once but twice. And his speech? He seemed to be laboring for each word. But they *were* consecutive. Was there anything unusual in the way he picked up and studied that paper? No, I had seen him go through that action so often it was the mental image of him most firmly in my mind. But the glasses, what about the glasses? Well, maybe he couldn't see his pocket with his glasses off. Anyway, I don't think I've ever seen him put his glasses in that pocket. Yes, he had seemed strange, but how well do I know him, really? Subtracting Sundays and the five days he had spent in Augusta on vacation, I had worked directly with him only sixteen days. Was that long enough to know his idiosyncrasies? Was there a skeleton in the presidential closet about which Stephens had neglected to tell me? Should

I tell someone? Who, then? Sherman Adams, perhaps? And what do I tell him? "Governor, I have observed, drawing on my vast experience of sixteen days, that the President is foggy today?" Hardly! "Governor, when I went in to see the President just now he couldn't remember my name." Ha! I could almost hear Adams retort, "Why should he?"

These thoughts came fast. Still, seconds were slipping by. I made my decision. What if I did get laughed at for suggesting the President was not himself? To me, something seemed wrong with him, and I decided to make my report to one who could tell in a minute if I was right. I quickly covered the few steps down the passageway, opened the door to my office, and, without breaking stride, headed for Adams.

Two of the stenographers assigned to the appointments secretary shared a corner of the big office. One of the two, Mrs. Helen Colle, kept a minute-by-minute record of the President's time and who had spent it with him. As I went by her desk she said, "Ann's in." Ann Whitman, the President's personal secretary, was officed on the opposite side of the presidential spaces. To cut down on the traffic in the oval room and to avoid some of the interruptions, we would advise each other when we were going in.

"Ann's in." "Ann's out." "Ann's in again." Mrs. Colle made these announcements many times each day in a monotone of near boredom. Today her announcement had real significance.

"You say Ann is in?" I asked. "Yes," Helen replied, "you must have just missed her. She signaled she was going in just before you came out."

I felt giddy with relief. Ann had not missed a day's service with the President since his inauguration. She spent several hours each day in his office. No one on the staff knew him better or was better able to judge his responses to the pressures under which he worked. If there was anything unusual about his actions no one would be quicker to notice than Ann.

As the minutes ticked by, the reasons for my apprehension appeared more and more foolish. If Dr. Snyder was summoned I knew he would use the opposite, less public, door to the President's office, but there was no sound of excited voices, no quick movement in the halls. Fifteen minutes later we received from the Secret Service a telephone

message that shattered my growing optimism: "The President has returned to the mansion."

A short time later Governor Adams came back from the First Family's quarters. He stepped into my office and with a studied nonchalance said, "Say, Bob, the President has a little chill and has gone on over to the house. Why don't you cancel his appointments for the rest of the day?"

"Oh," he added, as he turned to leave, "and don't add any to tomorrow's schedule until we talk again."

"What about the appointments already scheduled for tomorrow?" I asked.

"For the time being let them stand. We won't get everybody excited until we see whether he feels like coming in."

Good old Governor. Steady as a rock and no more excitable. At least I knew he was aware something was amiss, even if he didn't know I shared his knowledge.

That night Mrs. Eisenhower, the soldier's wife, gamely greeted her guests at the White House dinner for the King of Morocco. So as not to cast a pall over the festivities, the Chief Executive's illness was announced as a minor cold. Mrs. Eisenhower, escorted by Richard Nixon, apologized for the absence of the President, who lay in his bed, one floor above the heads of the visiting diners, with what would be announced the next morning as "an occlusion of a small branch of the middle cerebral artery—a slight stroke."

XXXII

By the next morning the President was champing to get back to work again. He suggested the official talks with the Moroccan King go on as scheduled. After these arrangements had been firmed we received a surprising royal request. The King asked for permission to view, as a tourist, the presidential offices where, barring the Eisenhower illness, the meeting would have been held. Naturally we made

the arrangements, although the King's treatment and arrival were most untouristlike.

In co-operation with Protocol Chief Buchanan we recently had added to the ceremony with which we received visiting dignitaries on official business. Buchanan had told me one day that the presentation of credentials by an ambassador reporting to this country was pretty drab when compared to the courtesies extended American counterparts arriving in the smallest of countries overseas. In the latter case, the government sends the gold coach, the band, an honor guard, and the whole thing is quite a celebration.

Before Buchanan and I agreed to dress the ceremony up, the newly appointed ambassador of a foreign government would arrive in his own car or by taxi, be checked by guards at the White House gate, and finally would be escorted into the staff room where he would wait until the President was ready to see him.

Both the new man's "speech" of greeting and the President's reply of welcome were typed out or hand printed in advance and placed in envelopes. During the course of the brief, informal conversation the two men would exchange envelopes, recording for history what they would have said had there been time.

New arrivals in the ambassadorial corps cannot officially begin their duties until they have presented their credentials. And the traditions of protocol say that those waiting to present credentials must be received by the President in the order in which they arrived in the United States. Occasionally a new ambassador would land in San Francisco and motor across the country at leisure. Upon arriving in Washington he would discover three or four of his future colleagues had been professionally impotent while they awaited his arrival and their opportunity to see the President in proper turn. To break such a backlog we once added four ambassadorial appointments to Eisenhower's schedule in a single day.

It would have been undiplomatic to give one ambassador more ceremony than another, and the number constantly arriving in Washington precluded our adding, to the traditional procedure *within* the President's office, time-consuming details which his schedule could not consistently permit. Nevertheless, we had embellished the arrival ceremonies with a few flourishes which were simple enough

to be democratic but would show the visitor we recognized his importance and wanted his country's good will. These arrangements could be laid on quickly, and we swung our people into action to receive the Moroccan King in style.

Clem Conger, deputy chief of protocol and acting chief during Buchanan's temporary absence, called for the King in a black White House Cadillac with the American and Moroccan flags flying from its front fenders. A motorcycle escort guided the caravan in a big figure S from the front door of Blair House across the street and through the open gates to the West Wing of the mansion a quarter of a block away. I stood at the steps, as the official greeter, flanked by one of the President's military aides, some interested members of the staff, and a score of photographers and reporters. (In our country you can measure the importance of a visitor not by the number of pieces in the welcoming band but by the number of photographers in the welcoming party.)

I escorted the King and his group into the reception hall, through the staff room, and into my office. Others with the royal visitor, including his son, Prince Abdullah, wore Western-style topcoats. The King, however, was wearing a *jelab*, a long, camel-hair robe with flowing sleeves and a hood folded back into a wide collar closed at the throat by two braid buttons. As we walked I looked at the King's robe, trying to decide if it was outer coat or inner garment. It appeared there was no way to get it off except to slip it over the head, and this seemed like such an un-Kingly gesture I decided it was meant to be worn indoors. Even if this was not the case, I rationalized, the King might consider my offer to take his "coat" as a none too subtle check for concealed weapons. He looked comfortable enough, and by the time we had moved into the President's office I had determined to let the others in the group swelter in their wraps rather than call attention to my dilemma with the number-one guest.

The President's office is simple and plain. Its oval shape is repeated in its white, molded dome and on the floor by the dark green carpet bearing the official seal. During Eisenhower's days his military flag with uncounted campaign streamers stood beside the fireplace. On the east, between the double windows and glass-paneled door, stood a

giant globe in a big, mahogany stand. On top of the television console beside the door was a brooding bronze of Abraham Lincoln sitting on a bench. Except for these points of interest and the paintings on the walls, the furnishings were not particularly noteworthy. The room's best feature was the magnificent view it offered of the mansion and, through the thick bulletproof windows on the south, the rolling lawn.

Simple compared to executive suites in industry and small compared to the quarters of cabinet officers and subordinate officials, this room, like no other in this country, symbolizes history and power to an American. And each American I showed it to would drop his voice to a near whisper the moment he entered.

But the King seemed impatient to be on. I could see that he was waiting for me to open the next door, but I wanted to show him one thing more. Turning his attention to Eisenhower's desk, paper-free and uncluttered with bric-a-brac, I pointed out the President's glasses lying neatly folded in the center of the blotter. As I mentally chastised myself for not recognizing more quickly their significance in yesterday's drama, I explained to the King that the President kept several sets around so he would always have a pair handy whether he was in one of the different parts of the mansion or here in his office. At this the monarch from the land of alabaster palaces snapped his head toward me, opened his hands in sweeping amazement, and asked, "*This? This is the President's office?*"

XXXIII

Eisenhower's ability to bounce back after serious illness dumfounded both his doctors and his colleagues. His stroke left him with a minor aphasia which bothered him a good deal at first and then less and less until it disappeared several months later. Neither his mind nor his memory was affected past the first few hours. Two days afterward he was back in his office working under a schedule only slightly decreased. Two weeks later he left for Paris and

a "summit" meeting of the NATO members. By January he was determined to deliver his "state of the Union" message in person to the Congress and before national television cameras. Members of the staff had been given the courtesy of the floor and we stood in the back of the House chamber, giving the "Boss" moral support and worrying through every word. But Eisenhower muffed few more phrases than the rest of us might have under the same pressure. When he did have trouble with a word he attacked it again with more impatience than lost humor.

Impatience set the key for the Eisenhower recuperations. Watching him pace his Gettysburg living room like a caged tiger helped convince Mrs. Eisenhower that her heart-patient husband could survive a second term in the presidency better than inactivity.

Nor did Eisenhower lose his ability to laugh at himself during times of infirmity. Dr. Snyder spoke of the President's "tremendous capacity for self-therapy" and credited his patient's optimism, will power and sense of humor as big factors in his fast recoveries. Eisenhower gave his doctors a vital assist in looking on each illness as a temporary inconvenience, not a possible end. After his heart attack, the worst of his three illnesses in office, he asked his doctors many questions about the limitations the disease would place on him and about his ability to continue as President. He never asked if it were certain he would pull through. Apparently the possibility did not even occur to him.

Dr. Snyder also attributed Eisenhower's ability to bounce back from his infirmities to the President's physical condition and the care he takes of his body. He eats sensibly, holds his weight down, gets a full eight hours' sleep, and exercises regularly. A citizen's first reaction on meeting him is invariably surprise that he appears so much more healthy in person than in photographs. Eisenhower's facial color is as ruddy as that of a Scotch mountaineer, his complexion as cherubic as a Rubens nude. A woman reporter once asked him if his color was real or the result of a sun lamp. The President joked, "Neither. It's that special kind of rouge I use."

As a cadet at West Point, Dwight Eisenhower had played football. As a spectator, his continued interest in that game as well as baseball would qualify him as an average sports fan. However, his

real athletic love was golf. It was not only his first choice but his second, third, and fourth choices as well. During his presidency he attended few of the games played by Washington's Senators (baseball) or Redskins (football). It wasn't that he disliked witnessing these sports but simply that he could get in two rounds of golf during the same amount of time. His unbridled enthusiasm was evident in a letter he sent to the Professional Golfers Association. It said, in part: "From one whose enthusiasm for golf far exceeds his skill, greetings. The 1955 PGA championship, to be played this year at the Meadowbrook Country Club in Detroit, will be followed with intense interest by duds and experts alike, all over the nation. My special congratulations to the winner and my admiration to all who chase him home."

In any weather short of cyclonic, President Eisenhower liked at least thirty minutes daily hitting a few balls. Sometimes, after he had struggled for an hour or two with a knotty problem at his desk, he would leave his office, stop by the gymnasium in the passageway between the West Wing and the mansion, slip into an old windbreaker jacket and a golf cap, and head for the south lawn. He occasionally practiced putts on the green near his office, but, more often, he would stand just north of the circular driveway and drive balls out to the southeast corner of the lawn where they were shagged by his valet, Sergeant Moaney.

In addition to the physical exercise golf gave him, the President benefited from the mental relaxation it provided. It was interesting to see him come back to his office, after thirty minutes of apparently thought-free diversion, with the perfect solution to the tough problem with which he had been struggling earlier.

Blowing snow or pouring rain would keep the President indoors for his exercise. On these days he swam in the crystal waters of the White House pool, kept at 80° temperature so there would be no shock to his system when he plunged in. He swam for exercise, however, not for enjoyment. His stroke was fast and determined; it was something to get over with as quickly as possible. Except for these rare dips and an occasional swim with his grandson, the President generously turned over his swimming pool, as he did the White House tennis courts, to the members of his staff.

Every President, to maintain a long-standing tradition, plants a tree somewhere on the White House grounds during his term in office. In the spring of 1959 the mimosa planted by Abraham Lincoln became diseased and had to be cut down. This brought the tradition to mind again, and the gardeners suggested the Eisenhower planting take place that year so one season would remain in the President's term for him to repeat the performance if the first failed to produce a healthy tree. A beautiful red maple, already several years old and twenty feet tall, was selected. A spot was chosen for the planting which might have been satisfactory from the viewpoint of the landscape artist but which was entirely unsatisfactory from the viewpoint of Eisenhower, the golfer—it would have placed the tree directly in line with his driving range.

"If a tree gets planted there," he said with determination, "someone else will plant it." The spot in which the tree was ultimately planted is south of the presidential office and today shades Caroline Kennedy's swings.

XXXIV

The visit of the Moroccan King focused attention on another of the necessary preparations for entertaining foreign heads of state—the selection of an appropriate gift. Those who face the problem at Christmas time of what to give to the rich uncle who has everything have a partial idea of the difficulties this presents. A President's problem recurs not once but a dozen times each year.

The gift selected should be unique, American, especially appropriate for the receiver, and of lasting value as a reminder of United States good will. Its selection is complicated by the certainty it will be made public, ruling out the possibility of using a good idea more than once. Publicity about the gift also requires that it measure up to the stiff standards of the American citizens who have several million different ideas about what it should be.

The gifts President Eisenhower gave to visiting dignitaries were

often recommended by the State Department. The final selection, however, was the President's, made after personal deliberation. When possible he liked to select a gift that could be inscribed on the occasion of the visit. Also, when appropriate, he wanted his gift to have a utility value to the receiver.

For King Mohammed V, Eisenhower selected a Quester Compound (celestial) Telescope, a precision instrument that presented a good example of American advances in the science of optics. An engraved silver plate was set into the top of the case. The King had expressed a desire to visit the Mount Wilson Observatory while he was in California; the President's choice fitted perfectly his interest in astronomy and the gift was a notable success.

On the occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip in October 1957, the Eisenhowers gave the royal couple a ceramic statue by Edward Boehm. It portrayed Prince Philip in action on his polo pony. This was a personal gift. Officially, the President presented, on behalf of colonial Williamsburg, the headquarters papers of the British Army in America during the Revolutionary War.

The Queen and Prince Philip gave Mrs. Eisenhower a pair of hand-fashioned, life-sized porcelain models of American songbirds. For the President they brought a card table of English walnut and black calf-skin. Under a plate-glass top was a color map copied from one used by General Eisenhower to plot the invasion of Normandy in 1944.

The hit of the exchange, and illustrative of the personal interest the President took in the gifts he gave, was one he had prepared by hand. For two weeks prior to the visit Eisenhower spent luncheon breaks and evenings in his top-floor studio completing an oil portrait of eight-year-old Prince Charles. He had only a black and white photograph hastily supplied by the British Embassy to work from, but the portrait turned out very well. It was no masterpiece in art, but it couldn't have been more highly prized by the Queen, who was particularly touched by the effort and thoughtfulness it represented. The gift was so enthusiastically received the President did a matching portrait of Princess Anne and sent it to the Queen the following Christmas.

The Eisenhowers also sent gifts from the Old West to the royal children. With the consideration of a doting grandfather, the Presi-

dent instructed his press office not to announce the contents of these gift packages. He knew the royal visit was being covered in detail by the British as well as the American press, and he did not want to spoil the youngsters' surprise.

Contrary to public opinion, the President paid for his personal gifts to his counterparts overseas. Eisenhower presents usually cost in the neighborhood of \$1000, although he was more concerned with appropriateness than with price. In exchange he received some gifts that were truly priceless, such as a gold scabbard encrusted with precious stones. These he accepted as if they were gifts to the American people and had them sent to the Eisenhower Museum in Abilene, Kansas.

I had the greatest sympathy for a foreign government's quest for the right gift for the President. Whenever his birthday or wedding anniversary rolled around, the members of his staff would go through the agonizing job of trying to find something really different to show their affection. More often than not we fell back on an old stand-by and gave an additional fir tree or azalea bushes for the Gettysburg farm.

As secretary to the Cabinet it was my responsibility to find the gift that would express the sentiments of his associates in the cabinet room. One afternoon, with Christmas almost upon us and no acceptable idea yet in mind I mentioned my urgent need for suggestions to friends who were attending the White House Conference on Children and Youth. Two of the educators, Vera Newburn from Greeley, Colorado, and Gladys Sheridan of Gothenberg, Nebraska, took on the problem as a personal project and started up Connecticut Avenue to tour some of the Washington shops. Two hours later they reported in from Camalier and Buckley with several ideas, one of them so superior they thought the choice was obvious and so did I. It was a fine desk clock, set in a gold globe slightly smaller than a duckpin bowling ball. The globe was etched with the countries of the world and circled with a gold wheel which matched the hour in Washington, D.C., with the time any place else on earth. For the President, who made and received calls from rulers around the globe and around the clock, the gift was as useful as attractive.

One year we stole our Christmas idea for the Cabinet's gift to Eisenhower from him. He enjoyed giving engraved Steuben crystal and we asked the company to make up a piece designed especially for him. At the time, the President was on a good-will trip and was to return on Christmas Eve. Steuben's ingenious craftsmen designed on glass a chart of the historic overseas voyage.

For my Christmas gift, in 1959, the cabinet secretariat decided to purchase, with the help of Lieutenant S. W. Ebert, navy supply officer in Ville France, an oil painting I had admired in a French gallery. I had spotted the painting, too big to consider bringing home, while on shore leave during a two-week stint of active reserve duty with the Sixth Fleet. Its subject was a reclining nude, decently posed but naked as a newborn. The artist had used good imagination in composing his painting but had resorted to the obvious when he selected "Miss Fanny" as its name. In retrospect, I am embarrassed to admit I described the picture so completely on my return that my staff was able to identify it accurately via mail to Ebert, who made the purchase.

It was well into December by the time the details were arranged, and everyone involved despaired of getting the picture delivered in the States by the twenty-fifth. Then, one of the secretaries, Mrs. Nell Yates, who was probably the least shocked by the idea since her husband owns a Georgetown art studio (The Dickson Gallery), reminded the others that President Eisenhower was in Paris and perhaps his naval aide could bring back the painting aboard the plane. A cable was sent to Captain Aurand, who agreed to lug the art work home.

Somewhere over the Atlantic, as Aurand later told the story, he unwrapped "Miss Fanny" and showed her to the President. "Bob doesn't intend to hang that in his White House office, does he?" asked the President. "Yes," joked Aurand, "he intends to paint 'D.E.' in the corner. Everyone will think it is one of your works and no one will dare to complain." The President is alleged to have replied that there was only one way to avoid criticism—have a new brass plaque made for the frame and rename the painting "Grandmother."

Collecting and packing the gifts President Eisenhower took to presidents, potentates, emperors, and generalissimos were important aspects of preparing for a presidential trip overseas. The presents were packed in large plywood shipping containers, then put aboard

the Chief Executive's airplane in inverse route order so those needed would be accessible at each stop. In addition to major gifts of crystal and de luxe Polaroid cameras, Eisenhower's plane would leave loaded like Santa's sleigh with American fountain pens, desk sets, and electric mixers.

One presidential gift, paid for by the State Department, was never delivered. It was an \$8000 jet-propelled motorboat intended for Nikita Khrushchev. Eisenhower had selected it as his personal gift for presentation during his visit to Russia. The boat had reached Moscow when the invitation to the President was withdrawn, and for several days following the collapse of the Moscow invitation, Ambassador Thompson displayed it under floodlights on the front lawn of the United States Embassy. The craft was later purchased by the Presbyterian church in West Allis, Wisconsin, and sent to Africa for use by missionaries.

From his fellow citizens President Eisenhower received a great many gifts, most of them low in value and high in sentiment. He was given quilted bedspreads, hand-knit afghans, elephants carved out of Ivory soap, and wooden silhouettes of pelicans, ducks, and sunbonneted girls with sprinkling cans intended for the White House lawn. He also received decorated cakes and home-canned pickles and golf caps and fishing lures.

Many who shared his hobby interest, if not his talent, sent him original oil paintings. Some of these were notably well done; others were outvalued by the cardboard on which they were painted. Nine out of ten of the amateur artists had picked the President as their subject, and, despite their obviously good intentions, their finished works gave the Chief Executive an expression indicating that unseen hands had him at the throat or portrayed him with all the character of a cue ball with ears. Good or bad, Eisenhower was warmed by their efforts and affection and dispatched a note of appreciation to each.

On at least one occasion the President was the recipient of stolen property. The theft was not a serious one, and resulted from student competition in the Ivy League. The donors understandably refrained from identifying themselves more specifically than "several Yale students." To them the President replied:

TO "SEVERAL YALE STUDENTS"

I am not at all sure that the Post Office Department approves of a letter addressed in this fashion, but with a little luck it may reach its proper destination.

I most deeply appreciate your interesting letter and, even more, the thought that prompted you to send to me a unique and sentimentally valuable gift. While I am not in the habit of accepting what I am told is known to your generation as "hot goods", I am reassured that a successful violation of rules during Harvard Week makes the whole proceeding legitimate. I have been intrigued by the process by which tradition has created a situation of extra legality, the result of which is a transformation of illegality to legality.

Ultimately I shall send the Saybrook Banner of Arms to the Eisenhower Museum in Abilene, Kansas, where its safekeeping may be better assured than under the hazards of undergraduate venturesomeness. I hope that some of you eventually will view it with pride in your successful exploit.

Again my thanks for the sentiments that prompted you to take risks in which the stakes were so high, and my best wishes,

Sincerely,

Gifts of value, particularly wearing apparel and food, almost without exception were distributed to Washington children's homes. One of the exceptions occurred after Eva Bowring's visit with the President in the spring of 1958. He had asked the former United States senator to come in so he could persuade her to accept appointment to the Federal Board of Parole.

Mrs. Bowring is a petite and feminine grandmother who can handle a teacup with grace and is equally at ease holding a saddle horn as she rides the ranges of her western cattle ranch, and she would have accepted the President's assignment to any post. After she agreed to serve on the Parole Board she returned to Nebraska to wind up her business affairs. Her first night back in the state she called me from Omaha. She was at Sam Nesie's Sparetime—along with the Sportsman Club in Hastings, one of the best of the many steak houses for which the beef state is famous—and wanted to know if she could send the President some Nebraska steaks. I told her I didn't think he ever was served the food that was sent him but I would check and see. While I held her call on one line I rang

the Secret Service on another. "Do you know the sender and the source?" they asked me.

"Yes," I replied, "and I can endorse both."

"Well, under those circumstances the answer is yes. The President goes up to the roof these nice nights and grills a steak for him and Mrs. Eisenhower. I'm sure he will enjoy one from your friend."

The next afternoon a box arrived containing not one but a dozen T-bone steaks, or, more accurately, T-bone roasts. Their dark, rich color was veined like fine marble with fat—they would have been delicious raw and at the President's hands I am sure they were superb. His reputation as a chef has been widely reported even though Mrs. Eisenhower once commented on her husband's talent in the kitchen, "Ha! Burns everything he cooks!"

While acting as appointments secretary I witnessed the Eisenhower sense of humor many times. "Life," Eisenhower once said, "ought to be an accumulation of happy days. If you don't have some fun every day, that day is wasted." He applied personally his admonition that a man should take his *job* seriously but never himself.

While he took his job seriously, he never became overimpressed with his position. Shortly after he was elected, he was playing golf with a group of his friends when one of his former associates in the Army's highest command passed by and greeted him. "Well," said Eisenhower, "this really must be quite a job I have now. Even he calls me 'Mr. President.'"

One afternoon when he was trying his best to get away from the office to attend a function, he said, "Is Mrs. Eisenhower going? Then have her drive by my office and honk. If I can go, I'll join her."

He did not like rough language or appreciate risqué stories, but he found a humorous situation a delight, particularly if it involved him.

One day when I went into his office he said, "I notice the flag is at half-mast over the White House. Who has passed away?" We had received word of a congressman's death a few hours earlier, and I supplied the name. "How long does it stay down?" the President asked.

"Only until the interment, Mr. President, for a member of Congress. It's ten days for a Vice President, the Chief Justice, or Speaker of the House, thirty days for—" I stopped short. I had been about to tell the

President the etiquette of the flag in the event of his demise. I turned brick-red and he roared with laughter.

One day the President heard a commotion on the other side of the heavy draperies which were lowered across one end of the corridor to protect his privacy during the two hours of the morning public tour. In answer to his question a guard told him there were thousands of Boy Scouts touring the mansion.

"I wonder what would happen," said the President, "if I stuck my head through the curtains." To the delight of several hundred Boy Scouts he did exactly that.

I will never again see a national Christmas tree or power dam or lighting system that is energized by a presidential finger upon the buzzer without some pang of empathy. For my experience on the appointments desk was beset by buzzer troubles. The button that put me under the President's thumb was located under his desk, alongside his left thigh. The other end of the wire connected under my desk to a buzzer which had been calling presidential aides through many administrations. The only clue to its length of service was two layers of paint and one of varnish stain. However long it had served, it decided to end its service one morning of my second month on the job. I learned of it from Ann Whitman, who called from her office to say the President had rung for me repeatedly, but without response, when she was with him.

While the President was in the mansion for lunch I had every electrician in the White House checking wires between his desk and mine. In the President's office they sensitized the call button so the slightest touch would send the current. On my end I had them replace the faulty buzzer with the most powerful one in the supply room, set at the top of its volume so there would be no danger of typewriters and telephones smothering its signal. The very least the President had a right to expect, I reasoned, was response when he called. To the moment the Republicans left the White House (and so far as I know to this day) the President summoned his appointments secretary with a buzzer whose vibration shook the massive desk and whose volume startled the pigeons in the trees outside.

One afternoon the President had his eyes on the paper he was studying as he reached down for my call button and pushed the

Secret Service alarm in error. Immediately catching his mistake, he rang for me and I started in to his office just as his protectors entered it from three sides. I knew the men on the security detail well and shared a warm friendship with those who took a shift at the stations outside his office. The one I knew, perhaps better than the others, snarled out a one-word command to me as he passed—"Freeze!" I had wondered how long it would take them to get inside if they were ever needed, and it was reassuring to see the speedy if cold dispatch with which they moved when triggered.

Some weeks after Eisenhower's light stroke I was shaken by an erratic, seemingly insistent summons from the loud buzzer. Whereas the President's usual signal was one short blast, this one resembled Morse code sent by a man signaling for assistance with his last strength. I could hear it continuing behind me as I raced through the runway that connected his office to mine. There was only time to wonder how seriously ill I would find him before I tore open the door and leaped into the room. Behind the desk a surprised Eisenhower looked up from the papers before him. "Did you want something, Bob?" he asked, obviously astonished by my athletic entry into the inner sanctum.

"You rang for me, Mr. President."

"No, I didn't." And then, looking under his desk, he said, "Oh, Heidi, get out from under there." And I became the only appointments secretary ever to be summoned to his master by the President's dog!

One of the many admirable traits and interesting contrasts in Eisenhower's presidential personality was the pride he felt for his family and nation, yet his modest appraisal of his personal accomplishments and power. He won the hearts of his countrymen, but their admiration failed to turn his head, despite the contrast between the acclaim and power they gave him and his humble origins and early career.

Eisenhower was so completely unknown when he received his promotion to colonel that a Fort Lewis, Washington, newspaper captioned a picture of him "Lt. Col. D. D. Ersenbeing." After this promotion, the unassuming future President, in giving vocational counsel to his son, John, told him he didn't expect to go much farther in his own career.

On the GOP campaign train in 1952, conditions were crowded and uncomfortable, the participants hot and tired. One of the advisers shared his small bedroom with a file cabinet and boxes of campaign materials which were stored on his bed and had to be moved out into the hall before he could turn in. He had just fallen to sleep one steamy night around one-thirty, when somebody knocked. "Who in hell is at that door?" he shouted. A voice answered, almost apologetically, "It's Ike. I thought maybe I could see you for a minute." Eight years in the presidency did nothing to change this unassuming air of candidate Ike.

In some instances Eisenhower's modesty, coupled with a determination not to push the will of the people or exceed the bounds of the authority granted the executive branch, kept him from greater accomplishments. Speaking of the presidency, Woodrow Wilson said, "Let him once win the admiration and confidence of the country and no other single force can withstand him, no combination of forces will easily overpower him." Eisenhower had the strength of great public support added to the constitutional and political power which culminates in a President, and could have wielded unprecedented executive authority. It was frustrating to men who knew so fully of his noble purposes and high ideals that he did not always exercise his power to implement them. More wisely than many of us around him, however, he realized that the gain which seemed so important to us at the moment could not offset the long-range consequences of a Chief Executive who warped the definitions of the system that empowered him.

XXXV

The President was on a nickname basis with the American public and with his grandchildren, who called him "Ike." To the members of his Cabinet and staff, however, as to the friends with whom he golfed or played bridge, he was "Mr. President." Despite the warmth of their friendships and affection for him, it never occurred to his

associates to shatter the dignity in which he held his office by using a less formal address. Even Dr. Milton Eisenhower, when he wrote his brother at the White House, began his letters, "Dear Mr. President."

Every man who worked with President Eisenhower can give you examples of his warmth and outgoing interest in people. One Saturday afternoon when he was on the massage table he got into a religious discussion with his White House physiotherapist, a young, devout Sunday-school teacher. The discussion concluded with the President inviting his masseur to attend church with him the next morning.

Following newspaper reports that a well-known baseball slugger was in a prolonged slump, the President dropped him a quick note in which he assured him it had been his experience "you always come out of them sooner or later."

At the conclusion of the period in which I served in the dual assignments of patronage and appointments secretary, Eisenhower called me in to ask, "Bob, is there anything I can do for you?"

Eisenhower's letters to administration officials frequently contained evidences of his support in the tasks that confronted them. He once sent a note thanking a member of his Cabinet for the daily reports which were keeping him in close touch with the progress on a program. He signed his note "with warm regards and my prayers that your patience will outlast your problems."

The President signed informal correspondence not "Ike" but "D.E." For his official correspondence within the administration he used a pale green stationery with its letterhead—The White House, Washington—engraved in blue. The envelope carried no marking of any kind, but the color was exclusively his and recipients expected to find no other signature inside. For personal correspondence with friends and close associates, the President used cream-colored stationery with "DDE, The White House" heavily embossed in gold. Each year this paper carried hundreds of examples of the Eisenhower thoughtfulness.

Wherever the President was, whatever his work load, however tough his schedule, he always found time to maintain the considerate traditions he established in his first weeks in the White House. Each birthday I spent as a member of his staff, the day started with a letter of greetings from the President. The first year the greeting was

warm but formal; the letter began "Dear Mr. Gray" and was signed "Dwight Eisenhower." By the third year the letter began "Dear Bob" and was signed "D.E." It was sent from Newport, Rhode Island, where the President was on vacation and, in addition to birthday greetings it carried "the hope that you will be able to get some kind of a vacation during the month we are here in Newport." The President's 1959 greeting came from overseas. He wrote:

Dear Bob: Although I shall be in Paris (and more or less in the clutches of President de Gaulle) on your birthday I do not want your anniversary to pass without a greeting from me. So this note will have to serve as a long distance "Happy Birthday." With felicitations and warm personal regard, *Sincerely*, D.E.

On March 24, 1958, he wrote:

Dear Bob: Thank you for your note and, more particularly and much more importantly, for serving as Acting Appointments Secretary these last months. Your willingness to undertake cheerfully that chore, in addition to your own regular duties, delighted me. And for the splendid and efficient manner in which you carried the dual and difficult assignment I can only say that I am profoundly grateful.

I have just read the talk you made at the Harvard Club in Boston [an attack on the "part-time President" charge]. Sometimes I too wonder how all of us have survived this worst of all possible Washington winters.

With warm regard,
Sincerely, D.E.

When one of Eisenhower's associates spotted a speech or a clipping or a cartoon he thought the President might have missed and was tempted to send it on to him, he had to weigh its usefulness or possible interest to the "Boss" against the certainty he would feel obliged to write a note of acknowledgment and thanks.

President Eisenhower also sent out a staggering number of New Year's letters, individually and painstakingly composed. He took time from a vacation in Augusta, Georgia, during Christmas week in 1959, to send his letters. Like the half-time speech of a coach who knows

his psychology, the President added to his holiday greetings some reminders that the last year of his administration had arrived and that he wanted to make it the best. His letter to me read:

Dear Bob:

As the last few days of the 1950 decade draw to a close and we approach the final full year of the present Administration, once again I am impelled to try to express to you my gratitude for your services to the nation during the year and my appreciation of your personal assistance to me. Sometimes, in the rush of official matters, I feel remiss in acknowledging the real debt I owe to you—a debt, incidentally, that I can never repay but which I shall always remember.

The home stretch is upon us. A thoroughbred tries to make his best effort in the last furlong. I know none of you will slow the pace, and indeed I have no fear that you will not exert your energies to make all America proud, as I am proud, of the record.

Once again, my deep thanks to you and my best wishes to you and yours for a Happy New Year.

With warm regard,

As ever,
D.E.

Most highly of all, I treasure the final Christmas letter I received from the President. Its confident look into the future is another of the reasons none of us who worked with him ever thought of the oldest Chief Executive in our nation's history as an old man.

Dear Bob:

At the end of each of the past seven years, I have tried, by individual letters, to express my gratitude to my close associates in the Administration for their unfailing dedication and selflessness in the service of the nation. In these final days of this Administration and the last holiday season we shall spend together, I strive once more to find the words to express the depth of my indebtedness to you. Personally and officially your counsel, assistance and your very presence have meant much to me.

As a team, the group has performed magnificently. I, for one, refuse to countenance its breaking up. I would rather think of us working—in diverse localities to be sure—as vigorously as ever to forward the principles and policies which we all supported because of their importance to the prosperity and progress of our country and to the securing of a

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just and durable peace. I know you will all do your best. So, I prefer to think of January twentieth not as a date that will terminate our collective effort, but rather as one in which each of us will now take to the grass roots our continuing crusade for sound, progressive government.

In this spirit, then, let me thank you once again for your invaluable contribution to the people of our country, and at the same time urge you to keep the ranks closed and the colors flying.

With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and warm personal regard.

As ever,
D.E.

Part Ten

XXXVI

Official Washington did its entertaining during the Eisenhower years at three Houses—White, Blair, and Anderson—at ninety-four embassies, or at the home of Chief of Protocol Wiley T. Buchanan.

Buchanan, the collateral descendant of America's fifteenth President, held the rank of ambassador and also served as protocol adviser to the White House. He and his effective staff, headed by Clem Conger, were far more than official greeters and made significant contributions to this country's foreign relations.

Ruth and Wiley Buchanan functioned as a husband and wife team in the Nixon tradition and were perfectly suited to their job. They had served at Luxembourg—a small post, yet the diplomatic crossroads of the world—where they had begun their global acquaintance of kings, queens, and heads of state. In addition to their international circle of friends, the Buchanans were assisted with the advantages of youth, energy, good looks, and the money to do their assignment with a flair.

Wiley, who learned to change from morning coat and striped pants to a dinner jacket in ten minutes, was the first businessman to hold the chief of protocol position. It was a long-time ambition realized and he dedicated himself to it around the clock. When Italian President Gilvanni Gronchi changed a nineteen-day train tour to a shorter tour by air, Buchanan worked his crew until 5 A.M. three days in succession to complete the new schedule and button up the final arrangements. During Eisenhower's terms more foreign dignitaries arrived in the United States than in any comparable period in history. And many of the extra problems accompanying each visit were the chief of protocol's to solve.

Wiley's popular predecessor had driven his 1954 Ford at a frantic

clip to the half dozen embassy receptions to which a Chief of Protocol is invited in a single evening. He would park his car at the end of the block-long line of limousines, rush from embassy to embassy, and arrive breathless at each receiving line. For this important post, which pays 25 per cent less than an assistant secretaryship, provides neither car, driver, nor expense account.

Dipping into the bountiful Buchanan bankroll with an endearing willingness, the Buchanans gave the liveliest of the official parties. They frequently ended a formal dinner with dancing to such informal music as Pedrito and his steel band, flown up from the Caribbean islands for the occasion. If their guest of honor was a young crown prince or princess the guest list would include an adequate sampling of young contemporaries.

When official business kept her husband out of the city on an evening when guests had been invited for a formal function, Ruth Buchanan would carry on, never forgetting a name or a charming grace. Like her husband's, Ruth's after-dinner toasts were a delight. Lifting her glass to her guests one evening, she singled out German Ambassador Wilhelm Grewe. Then she saluted the ambassador's wife, who had just given birth to a new son, and said, "We are sorry Mrs. Grewe cannot be with us this evening, but of course she has the best *conceivable* excuse for her absence."

Skilled in the international etiquette called protocol, the Buchanans were overseas traveling companions of President Eisenhower and the Nixons, and at home they accompanied visiting dignitaries in their tours across the States. It was Ruth Buchanan to whom Mrs. Khrushchev turned to question the contents of a small paper wrapper she found in the bathroom of her American hotel. "It is soap," Mrs. Buchanan explained, adding, "you can take it with you if you wish—the hotels expect you to." "No, thank you," replied Mrs. Khrushchev, "we don't use soap in Russia."

Color was the keynote at the Buchanan table. On a pink cloth Ruth Buchanan would set hand-painted Dresden candelabra, gold flatware, multicolored crystal, and flowers in profusion. For the debut of her beautiful daughter Bonnie she turned the grounds of the family estate into an outdoor ballroom lighted with thousands of candles and covered with enough colored tenting to protect a thou-

sand guests from the inevitable garden-party downpour. To bring out their younger daughter, Dee Dee, the Buchanans took over and decorated the entire Pan American Union building on Constitution Avenue.

Secretaries of State Dulles and Herter entertained large groups at Anderson house, a historic stone building with a castlelike interior constructed of seventeen kinds of marble and filled with priceless relics, manuscripts, and tapestries.

Anderson House is the headquarters of the Society of the Cincinnati, whose first President General was George Washington. The founders of the society were commissioned officers of the American Army and Navy who had fought in the Revolutionary War and who specified that rights to membership would be hereditary. In its early years the organization was attacked as undemocratic by such stalwarts as John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin. They saw it as a step toward a military nobility. Ironically, the exclusiveness that challenged the society's early years gives it an attraction in modern America that guarantees its perpetuity.

Many Washingtonians will tell you otherwise, but the organization has no connection with the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, except that the latter was given its name by several of the society's original founders who settled there at the end of the Revolutionary War. The society was named for Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, fifth-century B.C. hero whom historians credit with saving Rome from two invasions, returning each time to his farm without thought of personal reward.

In 1938 the society was given its present headquarters by Mrs. Lars Anderson, widow of the onetime American ambassador to Japan and a Cincinnatian.

The grand staircase ascends three stories from the dining room, where seventy guests can be accommodated comfortably. During Mr. Herter's dinners the Air Force's Singing Strings played their way down these stairs and, gypsy-style, around the guests at dinner.

Smaller groups were feted in Blair House, home of the Trumans during their years of the White House renovation and the nation's guesthouse since October 29, 1942. The government purchased Blair House completely furnished with oriental rugs, portraits, a pantry with 252 feet of shelves laden with fine crystal and china, including

a rare set of Lowestoft, an excellent library, and a vault filled with silver, some of it by Paul Revere.

The graceful old home could match historical notes with the White House, its neighbor across the street. It was at Blair House that General Robert E. Lee turned down President Lincoln's offer—made by Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General under Lincoln—to command the armies of the North. On its front steps a White House policeman lost his life defending President Truman from two would-be assassins as the President watched, thunderstruck, from a second-floor window. During the Eisenhower years Blair House continued to play a part in history. The President with rare exceptions (Queen Elizabeth and Winston Churchill) used it to domicile his top-ranking overseas guests. In prestige it ranks only a step below the White House.

When King Saud ibn Abd al-Aziz Al-Saud arrived from Saudi Arabia he brought with him an official party of sixty-five, five of them royal princes and each with a title derived from an assigned task. There were the royal barber, two coffee makers, a keeper of the jewels, an incense burner, a food taster, a tailor, armed guards, and guards' guards. There was also an official known as the "Keeper of the Curry Powder"! Because Blair House can sleep only a dozen the State Department obtained rooms in nearby hotels for the overflow. When members of the entourage argued that they were all of equal rank the department suggested they take turns, sleeping one night in the President's guesthouse and two in the hotel. The first night, some of the royal brothers elected to sleep on the bedroom floors and in the hallways rather than lose face and gain the comparative luxury of a hotel.

The King does not drink alcoholic beverages. Although he has four wives he brought none of them to the States, and most social events, therefore, were limited to men only. These circumstances presented the protocol office with the almost insurmountable challenge of planning successful Washington parties without either liquor or ladies.

Remembering that the monarch's father, King Ibn Saud, had brought a flock of sheep with him when he visited President Roosevelt aboard a U. S. cruiser during World War II, plans were originally

provided for the construction of a sheep pen on the White House south lawn. It was never built because a last-minute cable from Saudi Arabia informed the State Department the King was temporarily off lamb chops and shish kebab.

State Department officials went all out, however, to cater to the Saudi Arabian preference for goat's milk which they learned about from departmental files. With considerable difficulty sixteen pints a day were scrounged up along the eastern seaboard and stored in refrigerators at Walter Reed Hospital. At dinners the precious liquid was doled out to the high-ranking members of the King's entourage. At one of the last functions of the visit a Saudi Arabian official turned to the State Department counterpart seated beside him and said, "You Americans drink a lot of goat's milk." "Actually, no," replied the American honestly, "we have been serving it as a treat to you from Saudi Arabia." "Well," replied the Saudi Arabian with equal frankness, "most of us hate the stuff."

Washington's embassy entertaining runs the gamut. It can be informal or plush, intimate or with a guest list no more selective than a department-store grand opening.

Because they give receptions only once or twice a year (on their national holidays) and, consequently, have fewer opportunities to invite those on their lists, the smallest embassies have the largest crowds. Some, like longtime friend of the United States—the 114-year-old Republic of Liberia—give their gatherings a national flavor with native music and buffet tables beautifully spread with homeland dishes. Larger establishments have entertaining down to a science, and each has its specialty. The British Embassy's big day is the Queen's Birthday Party. Everything about this event is tradition-bound—from the fresh strawberries with Devonshire cream and the champagne toasts to the date. Her Majesty's natal day is celebrated not on the (usually) cold and rainy twenty-first of April on which she was born but on the more clement eleventh day of June.

The Count and Countess de Motrico, who now serve their country in Paris, represented Spain on Embassy Row for seven and a half of Eisenhower's eight years. They were unequaled boosters of their country, proud to be in the United States, informed and interested observers of all that transpired here. Additionally, since they entertained

on our national days as well as their own, they gave extra impetus to the social whirl.

The Motricos introduced Washington to one of Spain's most interesting traditions at their annual New Year's Eve gatherings. To celebrate the passing of the old year, each man is given a small basket filled with twelve white grapes. At midnight, and on every stroke of the clock, each man is advised to eat one grape and kiss one girl. Only if you know how stiff some official functions can be will you fully appreciate the juiciness of this version of the American game of post office.

The Count de Motrico excelled in the Spanish art of the after-dinner speech. In toasts at his board he met his match only once in my presence. John Lodge (brother of Henry Cabot Lodge), then our ambassador to Spain, was the guest of honor. On this night Spain's ambassador to the United States and the United States' ambassador to Spain held the guests spellbound for thirty minutes as each toasted in poetic eloquence the country of the other and the ties that bind them both.

It is not unusual for those on the social circuit to go to several embassy receptions in a single night. As they make their rounds they may be struck with the thought that they are seeing the same faces again and again. Even the smiles of the servants seem familiar, and for good cause. Most of Washington's cocktail parties are catered, and private staffs are supplemented by professional waiters.

These men are not only an aid to the hostess; their employment can also be helpful to the guest, particularly if his invitations are so numerous that both the function of his kidneys and the efficiencies of his work would be impaired from too much imbibing. The overburdened guest need only tell one of the professional butlers he will be drinking ginger ale during his stay in Washington. The hired butler will pass the word to his colleagues, and from then on a good percentage of the Washington waiters who serve him will indicate his drink among those on the back row of the tray—as straw-colored as scotch and soda, yet as innocent as mothers' milk.

Judging from the number of men I have seen served from this soft-drink row, I would guess the percentage of nontippers at a capital diplomatic reception may be as high as 25 per cent. In a town

where most top male guests hold some security classification and secrets in national trust, I am proud to write that in six years of attending official Washington parties I have seen few men who were so much as having occasional difficulty with their enunciation, and I have *never* seen one intoxicated. Even so, photographers assigned to a Washington social beat tactfully refrain from "shooting" a congressman or administration official with a drink in his hand.

While Washington is a highly social town, it is a hard-working town where the social set has heavy responsibilities and takes them seriously. A man who may have been the life of the party in Poughkeepsie is sobered here by the burdens he bears for his nation's welfare. In his after-hours relaxing he keeps an early curfew and a clear head.

A Washington bachelor can find a full-time social occupation. Unescorted females have him outnumbered three to one. For purposes of bride shopping that ratio is considerably reduced when the women's ranks are stripped of the widowed, aged, visitors, ineligible wives, sisters, or offtime bridesmaids. But if the ratio overstates the degree to which he will be sought in wedlock, it understates his attraction as an available extra man at formal dinners.

During the final hours before her scheduled affair a Washington hostess fears each jangle of the telephone. She knows her caller might be the wife of one of the invited congressional or governmental officials bearing the black tidings that her husband will not be able to attend. The caller will suggest she drop out, too, so the table will not be thrown out of balance. But the plucky hostess will insist she come alone and will send out an S O S for one of Washington's extra men.

During my years of White House service the press listed me as one of Washington's most eligible bachelors. To set this classification in its true perspective, I should point out that Rhode Island's bachelor senator, Theodore Francis Green, also was included in the most-eligible list at the age of ninety-three!

Embassy entertaining from a bachelor's point of view could stand some changes. For one thing, you are never asked even at dances, to bring a "date." I thought this had worked in my favor one night at the French Embassy. Madame Alphand's daughter had that day come of age and had been invited to the formal dinner. During the meal I

mentally disposed of the other males around the table as being far too old for the young mademoiselle and appointed myself to the pleasant task of saving her from the oldsters when the dancing began. On our third whirl around the floor she turned her beautiful face up to me, flashed her enormous eyes in that delicious way of Frenchwomen, and asked sweetly, "Tell me, have you any children my age?"

Some days later Madame Alphand asked if her daughter had offended me. "Of course not," I replied, "although for a moment I thought I might have to send for a cane to help me off the floor." "Well, mon cher," said the beautiful Nicole, "I am glad that you find it amusing. After the guests had left that night my daughter came into my room and told me of her *faux pas*. 'And, Mother,' she said, 'he went white . . . he just went white!'"

Nicole Alphand is as long on intelligence as she is on charm, and she uses both in the service of her country. Paris *couturiers* have no better model in the world, and she wears their creations with a natural flair which causes American men to approve their wives' purchases of extravagant French fashions . . . "if only they will make you look like *that*." She loves the United States like one native-born and is a devoted wife who says she is "only twelve years younger than Hervé."

Some ambassadors spend a social evening monitoring their wives' conversations. The proud French ambassador pays his wife the highest compliment when he shows no concern if she is engaged for twenty minutes of conversation with the representative of a foreign nation which is momentarily involved with France in the most delicate international business.

Ambassador Alphand is excellently versed in the business of his country and, as well, in the problems of the United States. Additionally, he has a fine sense of humor and a superb talent for mimicry. His impersonations of Winston Churchill and other world figures have been the high point of many social evenings in Washington. He never imitated Dwight Eisenhower in my presence, but I have no doubt he could do so perfectly without offense.

At a delegates' meeting in Hot Springs, West Virginia, he was called on to do his monologues and added to his repertoire one of Russia's Nikita Khrushchev making a speech. The ambassador did not use the native tongue of his subject but imitated the phonetics of Russian

just as he does in mimicking an Oriental or any other person whose language he does not actually speak. On this occasion, with a masterful blending of guttural sounds and glottal explosions, Alphand portrayed Khrushchev to perfection with what, to the English ear, passed without question for Russian. The Russian delegate took the imitation sourly. Later one of his colleagues asked him if he had enjoyed the Alphand performance. "How could I?" he replied. "I couldn't tell what he was saying; I don't speak French."

Whether attending a large diplomatic banquet or an intimate embassy dinner, American government officials are often struck with the fervent hope that we are as well represented overseas as are most of the foreign nations in Washington.

D.C.'s foreign diplomats are well read in the news of the day, they have a good understanding of the American political scene; they know our geography and the major products and industry of each of our states. They know how we are affected by major developments in commerce, industry, or politics, and they follow the developments and problems of the countries of the world. Many of them are their country's best advertisements.

Washingtonians were the first of their countrymen to regret the success of the Castro forces in Cuba, for they knew it would halt the diplomatic services of Ambassador and Señora Nicolas R. de Arroyo. This attractive young couple were architects, not diplomats, by profession. Among the monuments to their skill is the Havana Hilton Hotel. When the Arroyos were asked by their government to represent Cuba in the States they agreed to do so as a public service for a limited time.

They refurbished the Cuban Embassy on Washington's upper Sixteenth Street and made it a center for diplomatic dining and entertaining. They taught capitalites Latin dance steps and love of Latin music. And they worked hard, too, at the more important part of their assignment, putting down deep foundations of Cuban-American friendship.

The Arroyos were in New York when the Castro forces routed the Batista regime. It was the last day of 1958. They had promised their young son they would show him Times Square on New Year's Eve, and they read the word of their government's fall from the band of

news-in-lights on the Times Tower. They immediately drove back to Washington, arriving in the early morning hours. When they reached the embassy they found that although our government had not yet recognized the Cuban change, the State Department had permitted Castro supporters to take over, and these fanatics would not allow the Arroyos to enter to retrieve their clothes or even to claim their son's dog. For several weeks they were forced to hide out, incognito, and Castro lost support of Washingtonians who could have been helpful to him because of the city's sympathies for the courageous Cuban ambassador.

Most Washington diplomats are excellent linguists who have practiced their languages in the many posts where they have served before their countries assigned them to the United States. Although French is the diplomatic language most of American officialdom would be sorely limited to what they could say. Fortunately, English is the capital's official language. Most diplomats are so schooled in it—its pronunciation and idiomatic use—that it is easy to forget the tongue is not their own. Many use it when speaking with their fellow ambassadors even when the language is not native to either. In explaining this to me, an ambassador who once represented his country in Moscow and who speaks Russian as well as he does English said, "I always use English when I speak to [Russian] Ambassador Menshikov. If I speak to him in Russian, I give him the advantage of speaking in his native language while I speak in one other than my own. If I keep the conversation in English, then we are both on uncommon ground."

Highly skilled and affable Swiss Ambassador August Lindt once told me he considers the United States the hardest post for a European diplomat, particularly an English-speaking one. "Because we know your language," he said, "we think we know you. But, thank God, you are different and think differently too."

XXXVII

Old customs and graces have been so meticulously preserved in Washington that an invitation to a diplomatic dinner at eight automatically means formal dress and formal service. There are a few differences in customs in various parts of the world that have to be remembered; men from continental countries consider it a reflection on their age if they are helped into their coats or offered lights for their cigarettes; nationals of certain Eastern countries consider it offensive if you cross your leg so the toe of your shoe points at them.

Washington dining combines the best of Old World charms. Guests arrive promptly between 8 and 8:05 P.M. After they have been admitted they are relieved of their wraps, and while the ladies are checking for any necessary last-minute repairs the butler refers each of the men to a seating chart of the dining room and gives him a miniature white envelope bearing his name. Inside the envelope he finds a small card which gives the name of the lady to be escorted to dinner and, on the reverse, a diagram of the dining room showing him again on which side of the table and how far down he will find the places for himself and his partner.

The mechanics of the evening in hand, the guests are then shown into the drawing room where they are greeted by their host and hostess. After the greetings and introductions they have their predinner cocktail. At this point they observe two unwritten rules: (1) Small talk, if it is to be accepted socially, shall be engaged in while standing—there will be ample chairs, but they are for use later in the evening; (2) the men shall avoid engaging in predinner conversation with the ladies they are to escort to the table.

When the hostess indicates the dining hour has arrived each man seeks out his partner, tells her he is the lucky man who is to take her in to dinner, and they move into the dining room. After showing his partner to her place and seating her the man takes his place beside her and they engage in concentrated conversation oblivious to all others in the room, some of whom may not yet be in their chairs. In

this entranced position, they are served the soup and accompanying wine of the first course, keeping the hostess in their peripheral vision to see when she "turns the table," their signal to begin a conversation with the diner on their other side during the fish course. This game of swivel chairs continues back and forth through the entree, salad, and dessert courses.

If I have made this sound stilted and uninteresting, I have done the reader an injustice. These are simply some of the immutable rules of diplomatic dining, and once they have been mastered, the proprieties take care of themselves and the diner can turn his full attention to the pleasures of the evening and the excellent company in which he is fortunate to be included.

When the salad plate is placed before a guest it carries a doily, a finger bowl, and a spoon and fork for dessert. The guest places the utensils on either side of the plate for later use with the dessert, still two courses away, and the finger bowl to the left of the plate—never, except occasionally to wash a grape, to be used at all. Social Washingtonians dexterously handle this superfluous crockery while looking into the eyes of their dinner partners.

In most parts of America the finger bowl has moved from the formal table to the roadhouse specializing in steamed crabs or barbecued ribs. As a part of Washington dining, however, its place is so firmly established that Premier Khrushchev, before returning to Russia following his visit to the States, ordered forty dozen finger bowls from a Georgetown retailer. He had been under such continuous exposure to this custom in the capital he assumed it was an international indication of a highly civilized society and intended to introduce the routine to his fellow vodka drinkers. If the idea does not catch on behind the Iron Curtain he will do well to hold on to his purchase. The custom is dying out so fast in this country he will one day be able to recoup his investment by selling his digit-dunking equipment to the museums of America.

Immediately following a formal dinner the ladies and the men separate. I cannot report on the doings or the conversations of the ladies when they disappear into the room into which the hostess leads them. However, the men go with the host into the library or study for liqueurs, coffee, cigars, and twenty minutes of stimulating con-

versation. I have long suspected the challenge of this post-dinner period is the attraction which draws busy men night after night to the social circuit and the parties planned by women.

I thought of it in particular one night at the Finnish Embassy when the after-coffee group included, in addition to the host, Ambassador Seppala, Ambassador Alphand (France), Ambassador Menshikov (Russia), Chalmers Roberts (of the *Washington Post*), Per Jacobsson (chairman of the executive board and managing director of the International Monetary Fund), and Russell Dorr of the Chase Manhattan Bank. The discussion turned to Russia's contemplated devaluation of the ruble, confidence in international moneys, and the psychology of light vs. heavy currency. Since a discussion such as this one would be eagerly attended by columnists, politicians, political scientists, and academicians the world over, it is perhaps understandable they made a deep impression on this Nebraskan.

The Russian emissary to the United States entertains less frequently than the diplomats of the other major powers. He could hardly expect the Communists's holiday (first of May) to be a cause of celebration in this country and does not entertain on Russian national days.

The big doors of the Russian Embassy do not open to a caller until he has passed inspection by a pair of eyes that peer out at him through a sliding panel, like those of a tip-off man in a speak-easy. When these doors are thrown open to official Washington, however, they reveal an embassy heavy with maroon velvet draperies and dark paneled rooms, where guests are feted with champagnes and caviar in capitalistic splendor.

In appearance, Ambassador Menshikov is Madison Avenue. His manners are polished, his mood is friendly, and, unlike those of his countrymen who surely have the worst tailors in the world, his suits fit.

In the Eisenhower years Russian-United States relations went through peaks and valleys of such warmth and cold that recipients of invitations would appeal to the State Department for advice as to whether the current attitude called for their acceptance or rejection. In determining his guest list for any of the rare embassy social functions, the Russian ambassador must have drawn numbers out of a hat or called upon some Soviet master plan too devious for us to divine. The number-one man from one executive office would be invited,

while the third junior assistant would be the only one invited from the next.

Atheistic Menshikov had one of the longest Christmas-card lists in Washington, and high government officials who received his greetings among the hundreds that fell like snow upon their offices made certain that, if it was exhibited at all, the card from the Russian ambassador received less prominence than the one from the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover.

One of the best of the social virtues in hard-working Washington is to know when to go home. Guests leave in order of rank within moments after the guest of honor, and only rarely is that later than 11 P.M.

The guests will find Mr. Cole, professional doorman, waiting to call their car. This cheery gentleman is at the curb at every major function in the nation's capital, and his list of acquaintances runs down every page of the social Green Book.

XXXVIII

When a visiting dignitary has an old American friendship he wants to renew, entertaining moves off Embassy Row. For example, when the Queen of Greece came to Washington in the fall of 1958, she was feted at dinner by the Chief of Naval Operations and Mrs. Arleigh Burke. Their friendship had begun in her own country years before. While the dinner was "unofficial," rules of protocol were observed, and the following extensive instructions were sent to the small guest list several days before the dinner:

Procedure for dinner in honor of Queen Frederika at Admiral's House—Thursday, 23 October.

Encls: (1) Presentation plan
(2) Seating plan
(3) Forms of address

Arrival Arrangements

Guests have been requested to arrive at Admiral's House at 8:00 p.m. The Queen will arrive in one car, with the Crown Prince and Princess. The Ambassador of Greece will follow in a second car with Madame Liatis, Group Captain Deros and Madame Karolou. Admiral and Mrs. Burke should be waiting at the Massachusetts Avenue entrance where the canopy is located to greet the Queen on her arrival at 8:30 p.m. The guests should be lined up according to rank in a semi-circle around the gold living room (the men ahead of their wives). (Refer Encl. (1))

Presentation to Royalty

Admiral Burke will escort the Queen to the gold living room where the guests will be waiting and walk slowly around the semi-circle with her, introducing each guest: "Your Majesty, may I present the Postmaster General," etc.

The Crown Prince will follow after the Queen with Mrs. Burke and will be introduced to the guests in the same manner: "Your Royal Highness, may I present . . ."

Commander Post will escort and introduce Princess Sophie.

The Ambassador and Madame Liatis and the rest of the Greek party will be introduced by Colonel Armstrong to the other guests. They do not make the circle as do the Royal Family. The U. S. guests should leave the semi-circle after the Royal Party has passed by and come forward to meet the Ambassador and the rest of the Greek party.

Ladies should be wearing the left glove and holding the right glove in the left hand. Ladies and gentlemen should keep their hands at their sides until the Queen or the Royal Highnesses extend their own hands first. If they do not, the person being presented should simply give a slight bow as he or she is presented. If Royalty shake hands, say "How do you do, Your Majesty (or Your Royal Highness)," using the title only—never saying their names or using the words "Queen," "Crown Prince," or "Princess."

No one in the room should sit while Royalty is standing nor should anyone smoke in the presence of the Queen. No one should initiate conversation with the Queen.

After the introductions Admiral Burke should invite the Queen to sit on the large settee under Decatur's picture, and offer a sherry or a champagne cocktail. After she is served, trays of drinks may be passed to all the other guests. Everybody but the Queen should remain standing.

Entrance to Dining Room

At about 8:50 p.m. Admiral Burke leads the way to the dining room with the Queen. It is the custom for reigning Royalty to occupy the host's chair at the head of the table, so Admiral Burke will seat her there and take the chair at her left. Mrs. Burke will follow immediately after with the Crown Prince, taking her usual place at the other end of the table with the Crown Prince at her right. The Princess will then be escorted in to her place at Admiral Burke's left by Secretary Gates. (Refer Encl. (2))

The Ambassador's chair is at Mrs. Burke's left. Normally Madame Liatis, as the #3 lady guest, would be to the right of the Crown Prince—however, the Greek Embassy suggests moving Madame Liatis to the Postmaster General's right and putting Mrs. Summerfield at the Crown Prince's right, in order to give him an opportunity to talk to as many Americans as possible.

Toast

At the dessert course, Admiral Burke should say a few welcome remarks and propose a toast "To Their Hellenic Majesties, King Paul and Queen Frederika."

Leaving the Table

The Queen may or may not give the signal to leave the dinner table. If not, the Admiral should at an appropriate time suggest to her, "Shall we proceed to the drawing room?"

Upon leaving the table all guests proceed to the drawing room for coffee and liqueurs. No one should sit unless the Queen suggests it. No one should smoke unless the Queen does or unless she suggests that others do.

Departure

The Queen will be the first to depart.

Precedence of Royal Party

The Queen

The Crown Prince

The Princess

The Greek Ambassador

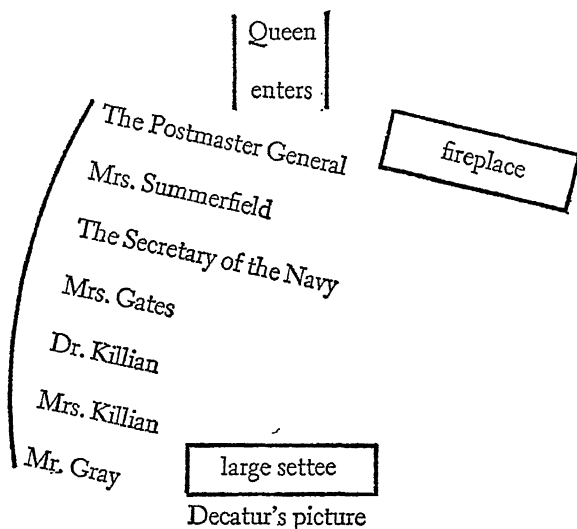
Madame Liatis

The Aide-de-Camp, Group Captain Ehas Deros, RCAF

The Lady-in-Waiting, Madame Marie Karolou

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Presentation Plan



Seating Plan

	Her Majesty The Queen of the Hellenes
The Postmaster General	Admiral Burke
Madame Liatis	Her Royal Highness Princess Sophie
Mr. Gray	The Secretary of the Navy
Mrs. Killian	Madame Karolou
Group Captain Deros	Dr. Killian
Mrs. Gates	Mrs. Summerfield
The Ambassador of Greece	His Royal Highness The Crown Prince of Greece
	Mrs. Burke

Forms of Address

TITLE AND FORM OF INTRODUCTION: (TO AN AUDIENCE)

1. Her Majesty, Frederika, Queen of the Hellenes
2. His Royal Highness, Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta
3. Her Royal Highness, Princess Sophie of Greece

ADDRESS ORALLY AS:

1. Your Majesty or Madame
2. Your Royal Highness or Sir
3. Your Royal Highness

ADDRESS IN WRITING:

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| <i>Envelope:</i> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Her Majesty
Frederika
Queen of the Hellenes 2. His Royal Highness
The Crown Prince of Greece 3. Her Royal Highness
Princess Sophie |
| <i>Invitation:</i> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Her Majesty, The Queen of the Hellenes 2. His Royal Highness, The Crown Prince of Greece 3. Her Royal Highness, Princess Sophie |
| <i>Place Card:</i> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Her Majesty
The Queen of the Hellenes 2. His Royal Highness
The Crown Prince of Greece 3. Her Royal Highness
Princess Sophie |

With no decisions remaining regarding the details of the evening—what to say, where to stand, or what to do—the guests met the royal family in relaxed cordiality. On this occasion, as on all others while the Arleigh Burkes lived in Admiral's House, the Navy did herself proud.

XXXIX

Most coveted of all Washington invitations, of course, are those to the social functions at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Unlike other countries—Britain, for example, where the royal family does the honors at ceremonial functions while the Prime Minister handles the affairs of state—an American President carries both executive and social loads. The Eisenhower heart attack, because it helped bring about an overdue public acceptance of a reduction of the Chief Executive's social activities, may prove a benefit to long lines of future presidents.

The formal White House season was pared slightly during Eisenhower's second term. Nevertheless, it consisted of several brilliant dinners honoring the Vice President, the members of the Cabinet, the Speaker of the House and members of Congress, the Chief Justice and members of the Supreme Court, and members of the diplomatic corps. The latter group, with wives, numbered twice the capacity of the State Dining Room and called for two parties on successive nights.

Dinner guests were admitted through the South Gates of the White House and stepped from their cars at the south entrance into the Diplomatic Reception Room. This oval room is duplicated in shape one floor above in the Blue Room and two floors above in the President's study. The title was given to the room when the President's office was upstairs in the mansion and diplomats were received here for the presentation of their credentials.

F.D.R. held his famous fireside chats before the fireplace in this room. In the Eisenhower years the guests who were the great of government and industry gathered here, conversing with their dinner companions and waiting for the signal that the President and Mrs. Eisenhower were receiving on the floor above them. They would then follow the military aides down the wide corridor and up the winding marble stairs, through the reception hall, and into the Blue

Room to be received by the President, the First Lady, and by the guests of honor.

To give full attention to the individuals in it, the Blue Room is one of the few White House rooms that contains no portraits. Yet even those frequent White House visitors, no longer impressed with the resplendent surroundings, did not need all distractions removed in order to keep their attention focused on the stars.

I remember going through the White House reception line during the visit by Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip and being so conscious of Her Majesty's beautiful blue eyes and flawless complexion that, to the exasperation of Doray Saddler, my fashion-designer sister in Denver, I had not even noted the color of the Queen's gown. According to the next day's newspaper account, the gown was "blue-gray satin, entirely embroidered in a design of autumn leaves and berries in gold thread and pearls."

The receiving line that night, October 17, 1957, provided an interesting contrast between democratic and royal protocol. The President led the line, followed by the Queen, beside whom stood the Prince and then Mrs. Eisenhower. A military aide announced, "Mr. President, this is Mr. Robert Gray." The President shook my hand warmly, said, "Hello, Bob," and, turning to Her Majesty, said, "Your Majesty, this is Bob Gray, one of the members of my staff." The Queen turned to Prince Philip and introduced me as "Mr. *Robert* Gray of the President's staff." When Prince Philip turned to Mrs. Eisenhower and said, "Mrs. Eisenhower, this is Bob Gray," the First Lady said, "Hi, Bob."

At state dinners, pre-Eisenhower, guests were seated at a horseshoe-shaped table at which the First Lady sat across from the President at the inside of the curve, with her back to the guests. Mrs. Eisenhower substituted an E-shaped table at which she could sit on the same side as her husband.

The comfortable capacity of the State Dining Room is one hundred. By reviving the practice of having a musicale following the dinner, Mrs. Eisenhower entertained an expanded guest list. Musicales were held in the ballroom where two hundred and fifty guests could be seated, depending upon the type of entertainment planned and how much room the performers would require. Guests invited for the musicale were asked to come at 10 P.M. They chatted in the Dip-

lomatic Reception Room, the lower hall, and the library until the military aides received the signal that the final toasts were being given in the dining room. Then the aides escorted the musicale guests into the ballroom and seated them on gilded folding chairs.

At the first strains of "Hail to the Chief," played by the Marine Orchestra in the great hall, the guests in the ballroom would rise while the President, Mrs. Eisenhower, and their dinner guests entered and took their places in the first two rows of chairs at the north end of the room.

Musicale entertainment was sometimes provided by a single artist, such as Artur Rubinstein, or a group, such as the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. For the dinner honoring Chief Justice and Mrs. Earl Warren, in the spring of 1958, the musicale was literally a show stopper. Understudies substituted before Broadway audiences of top vehicles so the Eisenhowers and their guests could be entertained with a program provided by Thelma Ritter and Cameron Prud'homme of *New Girl in Town*, Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert of *West Side Story*, Pat Stanley of *Blue Denim*, Frank Derbas and Peter Gennaro of *Bells are Ringing*, Sally Ann Howes of *My Fair Lady*, and little Eddie Hodges of *The Music Man*.

During the program the domestic staff worked noiselessly in the State Dining Room at the opposite end of the mansion. The special banquet tables were removed and a buffet supper was laid out for the benefit of musicale guests at the conclusion of the entertainment.

The Eisenhowers would join their late diners for conversation and coffee and then, around midnight, so unobtrusively few guests would realize they were going until they had gone, they slipped into the elevator that took them up to their private quarters. (Protocol dictates that no one leaves before the President, even when he is the host.)

Thus, by the smoothest arrangement of details that enabled her to serve her guests in shifts, Mrs. Eisenhower gave extra hundreds the thrill of meeting visiting dignitaries and moving through the beautiful rooms of the mansion—with the velvet restraining ropes down!

Perhaps the most interesting of the Eisenhower White House dinner parties was the one for Premier and Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev during the explosive Russian's 1959 visit to the United States. The dining room was particularly colorful that night. The E-shaped table was set

for 100 guests and covered with masses of golden yellow chrysanthemums and yellow candles intertwined with feathery vines of green smilax. At each place were four gold forks, two pearl-handled knives, a gold soup spoon, a crystal water goblet, four crystal wineglasses, and one of the Eisenhower plates of white china edged in coin gold. The elaborate Monroe gilded bronze *surtout de table*, a mirrored plateau edged with sculptured gold figures, covered the table in front of the principals.

From guest to guest at the table that night the story spread that when Allen Dulles, then head of America's Central Intelligence Agency, went through the receiving line and had been introduced to Mr. Khrushchev, the Russian Premier had replied, "Oh yes, Mr. Dulles, I read your reports."

In contrast to the host and his guests in white tie and tails, the Russian Premier wore a black business suit and gray satin tie. The most startling sight of the dining room was not the Premier, however, but Mrs. Khrushchev. Her daughters, Yuliya and Rada, attended that evening and, except that they were younger than the other women and painfully frightened and shy, could have passed for American girls. Unlike their mother, they wore make-up and their gowns had color. Mrs. Khrushchev wore no cosmetics on her white face, she wore no jewelry, her gray-streaked dark hair was pulled straight and severe around her head, and her dress was stark black. The rest of the room and the ladies in it were a burst of color and jewels, and I could not beat down the odd feeling I was seeing a strange scene from a Hollywood extravaganza in which the scenery and all players were in technicolor except for the center of attention, who was revealed in black and white.

The menu was as American as apple pie. It included Boston brown bread sandwiches, roast turkey with corn-bread dressing and cranberry sauce, scalloped sweet potatoes, coleslaw in tomato baskets.

It was a dramatic evening, but a hospitable one. Conversation, from the head to the tip of the table, appeared animated and friendly. Considering the opposite philosophies represented in the room, the absence of any incident marked the steady advance of international diplomacy over the years. At a diplomatic dinner given by President Monroe, the British Minister, Sir Charles Vaughan, noticed that the

French representative, the Count de Serurier, bit his thumb whenever he made a remark. "Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?" he asked. "I do," answered the count. Both men drew their swords and had to be separated by the President himself.

With one of the finest toasts of his career President Eisenhower concluded the Khrushchev dinner and the guests moved into the ballroom for after-dinner entertainment. Some were surprised the young Texas pianist, Van Cliburn, had not been invited to play. He had had a highly successful tour in Russia—in fact, before he was known as a top artist in the United States, he had won acclaim in the U.S.S.R., where Khrushchev had given him the traditional bear hug following his Moscow performance. For this particular evening the President had selected, instead, his fellow Pennsylvanian and friend, Fred Waring, and his chorus.

Waring and his group entertained more frequently than any other during Eisenhower's years in the White House. His talented troupe performed well the kind of music President and Mrs. Eisenhower especially enjoyed. However, the choice was possibly not the best one for the occasion of the Khrushchev visit; as the language difficulty was a problem to some of the official party and an insurmountable obstacle to others many felt an instrumentalist might have been better. My surmise was that the President and the First Lady deliberately had made the evening as colloquially American as possible.

That evening the Waring Songsters sang, "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah," "Over the Rainbow," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the President's favorite, and finally swung into a spirited rendition of "Dry Bones."

As they sang the words, "Ankle bone connected to the shinbone, shinbone connected to the knee bone, knee bone connected to the thighbone," etc., the interpreter sitting behind Khrushchev gave a frantic and frightened look around, hoping for some divine guidance that would permit him to make some sense for the Premier in the translation of these lyrics which, when taken literally, make little enough sense to one in natural command of the language.

My favorite partners at the White House were wives of guests from out of the city. While there were always many things to talk about with the wives of associates in government, the real pleasure in a

social evening at the White House came from sharing the evening with someone who had not been there before, as a native takes pride in showing his country to a tourist.

For the Khrushchev dinner I drew Mrs. Henry Steinway, wife of the president of the world's most famous piano company. She confessed to me she felt exactly like Cinderella and was too excited to eat more than a bite of the evening's fare.

For me the evening was perfect except for one brief moment of embarrassment. As we moved into the ballroom for the musicale I suddenly felt my dinner waistcoat flapping in the front and discovered the clasp had broken in the back. I confided my plight to an usher who took one look at the broken piece, disappeared upstairs, and returned a moment later with a yellow wooden golf tee! It fit the bill perfectly and I still use it, with pride, today.

XL

Top administration officials reacted in varying ways to the invitations that streamed across their desks. Some took the view their official duties deserved all their energies and declined every invitation. Others reasoned that the President's necessarily reduced late-hour activities obligated them to an extra effort to appear at functions, particularly those given by other nations and those given for or by members of Congress.

One cabinet member accepted every invitation but attended nothing. There were always ample reasons for which excuses could be tendered at the last minute, and an early acceptance, he rationalized, was evidence he had wanted to attend.

Most harassed administrators swung from very social to antisocial. Capital invitations are extended some weeks in advance. (I once received an invitation on September 9 for a Women's National Press Club dinner the following January 7.) For a few weeks officials accept every invitation for a remote date. Then when that period finally rolls around they find themselves going out night after exhausting night.

During this period their reaction is automatic. They turn down every invitation. Subsequently, of course, comes a period in which the official is attending no social functions. His conscience smarts, he begins again to accept every invitation, and he is back on the pendulum's swing once more.

The social occasion first to be shunned by administration executives is the large charity ball. It is not that they fail to see their responsibilities toward the worthy causes these parties serve, and many send a check whether or not they attend. Their objections are two-fold. First, balls run late, a contrast to the Washington rule that guests are home an hour before midnight. Their second objection is to the society orchestra. These bands play fox trots at a frantic tempo and meld one piece into another in a set that may last fifteen minutes without a break. A delight to his rested wife, perhaps, but not to the tired executive.

Nonofficial entertaining in Washington takes place on a scale no less large and no less grand. To snare the top names from diplomatic and administration lists, hostesses battle with the perpetual ferocity of a congressman from a marginal district. The more prominent hostesses live in homes built more for entertaining than for living, with institution-size kitchens and coat-check rooms off the foyer.

Well known among local hostesses with a national reputation is Gwendolyn (Mrs. Morris) Cafritz, who, when she does her book on Washington, will need to go to three volumes. This will not be because she wants to gild the gold, add to the facts, or drop names unnecessarily, but because for her few subjects are ever fully spent, few topics beyond her comment, and no audience too exhausted to hear more.

Mrs. Cafritz was the fall guy at the autumn meeting of the Saints and Sinners Club in 1958—one of the two women ever so honored. This group spoofs its guests of honor with flashback skits covering civic accomplishments and claims to fame. At the end of a long show the honored one is given "two minutes" supposedly for rebuttal but traditionally filled with phrases of the I-don't-know-what-I've-ever-done-to-receive-all-this-attention kind.

Gwen stretched the two-minute limit to ten, then twenty. As the large audience wriggled nervously she noted that we had reached "the

posterior of the afternoon" and continued with comments on an ever-widening range of subjects with emphasis on "cuhlture" which she thought it would be nice if there were more of. Just past the half-hour mark she confessed that, for her, one of the major attractions of the city is the "beautiful" Supreme Court—"I like to go there by the hours. Of course, it's almost impossible to get a seat now—they are all taken by those Caryl Chessman *aficionados* and, anyway, since the integration decisions, the Supreme Court is no longer chic!"

After the meeting had broken up a reporter went up to her and, with a choice of words that qualified him for the diplomatic corps, said, "That was a wonderful speech!" "No, but it wasn't. Didn't you notice—I forgot to say *anything* about outer space!" Gwen replied.

Gwen Cafritz once went into the Washington Berlitz language school and asked "to see somebody about French." "Of course," the manager replied, "at what level do you wish instruction?" Gwen said she was "quite conversant already" but she wanted to brush up on the *tu* forms—the second-person singular that has no comparable tense in English and which, in French, is used principally in conversation with young children, between adults in love, and, in the old days, when addressing the King.

"The *tu* form?" repeated the manager incredulously. "Yes," said Gwen. "Morris and I are going over to the Continent next month, and you know, my dear, one meets so many royalty."

Mrs. Cafritz never wants for guests, and her lists include some of the top drawer of official and social D.C. She has been known to send her personal maid to baby-sit when a couple she wanted to dinner said they couldn't make it "because of the little one." Once she approached a government official rumored to be under consideration for a cabinet post. "Is it true the President is going to appoint you to the Cabinet?" she asked. "I'm giving a dinner party Friday, and if the rumor is true, I'd like you to come. If it is not true, perhaps you would like to come in after dinner for the dancing."

The biggest annual Cafritz affair is an Easter reception honoring the members of the Supreme Court. For this event the generous and indulgent Morris Cafritz lets his wife have exotic Hawaiian flowers flown in and stuck into the grounds surrounding their Foxhall Road home. In the entryway, beneath a circular fluorescent light and

at the foot of the plastic balustrade, Gwen sets the Easter theme with live white rabbits in a great golden cage.

There are many things about Mrs. Cafritz that Washingtonians admire—probably none so much as her ability to hold her position as one of the ruling social czarinas. Even so, once in a while she experiences some magnificent social bloopers. For her fellow Hungarian Zsa Zsa Gabor she gave a formal luncheon. The guests entered the dining room, and all except one poor man took their seats at the table. He was still looking for his place when it was obvious all places were taken. He had been included on the guest list and the seating chart, but his hostess had failed to provide for him in the dining room.

Gwen Cafritz once told a nationwide television audience she liked to have General Maxwell Taylor, then chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, at her dinner parties because she considers him "cute." In part she has built her reputation on a running feud with Perle Mesta, "hostess with the mostest" as portrayed in *Call Me Madam*, the musical based on Mrs. Mesta's service as minister to Luxembourg.

When Mrs. Mesta returned to Washington a reporter asked Mrs. Cafritz if she would be including the lady ambassador at her future parties. "I wouldn't imagine so," Mrs. Cafritz answered. "Morris and I move more with the younger set." The reporter made a beeline to Les Ormes, the Mesta mansion which she later sold to Vice President Lyndon Johnson, to ask if its owner would include the Cafritzes on her guest list. "No," countered Mrs. Mesta, who considers a gathering of 200 guests a small party. "I doubt if I'll be having anything that large."

Perle Mesta backs up her big heart with an open pocketbook. Her secret to successful entertaining is two-pronged—the hostess should enjoy her own party and hang the expense! By this or any other standard her entertaining is a success. No one enjoys himself more at a Mesta party than his hostess does.

Mrs. Mesta jests that "all you have to do to draw a crowd to a Washington party is to hang a lamb chop in the window." Actually her gatherings are planned to the last detail, although each is an experiment. To the ingredients of best food and finest music she adds the unexpected on her guest list. With Machiavellian delight she has placed Clare Boothe Luce at dinner next to Senator Wayne Morse,

who led the opposition to her confirmation as ambassador to Brazil and of whom she said publicly that his troubles began when he was kicked in the head by a horse. For the wife of Wernher von Braun she selected as escort the Pentagon official who had been in the news as the missile scientist's antagonist. She does her matchmaking with such apparent innocence it is impossible to avoid the contagion of her enthusiasm.

She knows exactly when a conversation begins to drag and what to do about it. She can bundle up the ravels of an old conversation and roll it in a new direction, but her forte is in inviting interesting guests in the first place and then tossing the conversational ball to them to carry.

Mrs. Mesta had been friend to General and Mrs. Eisenhower during their tour in Europe, and her friendship was just one of the many things they refused to alter simply because they had moved into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Mesdames Mesta and Eisenhower exchanged frequent telephone calls, and the President himself occasionally joined the two women as they chatted in Mrs. Eisenhower's sitting room, discussing with them the days of the past in which he was less sensitive to the political differences which separated him from Mr. Truman's major female appointee.

Perle Mesta is a registered, card-carrying, money-giving Democrat, and proud of it. During the Eisenhower regime she could have switched to the President's party and all would have forgiven her act on the ground of personal friendship. But Perle Mesta is not one of the Washington chameleons whose party label always matches that of the incumbent President. Through the first years of our acquaintance she invariably slipped into each of the many conversations we had, "Now don't forget, I'm a Democrat." When her party gave the nomination to Kennedy she switched her allegiance to Nixon-the-Kennedy-opponent but not to Nixon-the-Republican. For doing so she suffered considerable criticism from those Democrats who charged her with political opportunism.

Mrs. Mesta loves music. Many of her parties were planned as dances, but even those that were not often ended up with the guests dancing to the three-piece combo that had been playing toe-tapping music throughout dinner.

The cha-cha was slow to catch on in the capital. The mambo and the samba, the fox trot and a few waltzes made up the most popular program. Some of the lawmakers had skill to match their obvious enjoyment of this form of diversion. Barney Breeskin, whose orchestra has been playing for twenty years of Washington social functions, rated the Nixons as the best dancers during the Republican administration. "They're as smooth as college sophomores," Breeskin claimed. "Put them at a Yale or Harvard prom and they'd be right in step."

Two others from Capitol Hill receive less than top ratings. One, an eastern congressman, gives dancers an excuse to sit one out whenever he makes a request—his favorite, "Sidewalks of New York"! Another of the representatives once said to his hostess, "Perhaps we should sit down. I can't get the swing of the cha-cha."

"Can't you hear the music?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but I don't like it. I have my own tune in my head—I'm dancing to 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.'"

Perle Mesta's entertaining, always done in good taste, has a flamboyance that makes it newsworthy. She is on excellent terms with the press and is her own full-time press agent. She invites working members of the corps to her parties, including formal dinners where they attempt to keep their note pads concealed under their napkins. At parties where she is guest of honor she has been known to submit a suggested guest list which is 30 per cent members of the press. She can keep track of the location of every cameraman in a crowded room and consciously assists in composing the pictures in which she appears.

At the International Horse Show Ball at the Sheraton-Park Hotel in 1959, we walked past two merry-go-round horses which were placed in a bower of flowers to set the theme. "Let's stand here a minute," she said. "Some photographers are bound to come along and take a picture that will make all the papers." She did, they did, and it did.

Two other hostesses complete the quartet who were most prominent in Washington's nonofficial party giving from 1953 to 1961: Marjorie Post May, erect and handsome dowager with the bearing of a queen who does her entertaining with little notoriety; and Mrs. Robert Guggenheim, whose effervescent personality seems out of place in the beautiful but heavy estate that is her base of operations.

The floors in Mrs. May's Washington home were removed from

one of Marie Antoinette's palaces in France. Other parts of the residence are equally elegant. Although it is spacious it is not always adequate for her entertaining, and Mrs. May has suites under lease in a capital hotel so she will always be assured of accommodations for her weekend guests.

For many years her ocean-going yacht was a symbol of social elegance, but in the air age it proved too slow for fast-moving Mrs. May. Now she transports her guests in her four-engine turboprop Viscount, the *Merriweather*, the interior of which looks like a feminine version of J. P. Morgan's private railroad car. The color scheme is light blue and beige with touches of rose and chartreuse. The woodwork is frosted walnut, the fabrics specially woven copies of those in an old French château.

With Leonard Carmichael, superintendent of the Smithsonian Institution, Polly Guggenheim has worked hard to promote the Smithsonian jewel collection. Climaxed by Harry Winston's gift of the famous 44-carat Hope diamond, the Smithsonian has acquired a creditable display of fine gems which Carmichael hopes to make available on a one-night-loan basis to presidential wives. Thus, future first ladies, if they be a miner's orphan like Pat Nixon or the wife of a rich but frugal man, would be able to select the right jewels to crown their costumes in any company, whether sharing the spotlight with the Queen of England or the Begum Khan.

The institution's superintendent wisely reasons the touring public will be more interested in viewing the jewels if their luster is enhanced by the fact that some have been worn by the First Lady of the land at a state dinner for a visiting potentate. Carmichael reasons that use of the jewels will encourage the gift of additions to the collection. He admits he has his eye on Mrs. Guggenheim's solitaire diamond the size of a pigeon's egg and on her magnificent, deep blue sapphire brooch—weight 423.44 carats! These are the best in her collection, which includes gems in such number that when she originally visited the Smithsonian display the Washington *Star's* Betty Beale questioned whether Polly was there "to see or to show."

Although they entertained less frequently, several others can be added to the list of Washington hostesses who were prominent during the Eisenhower years. One of these was the late Mrs. Katherine

Whitten, whose death shortly after the Kennedy inauguration saddened socialites from Newport to Nassau. Mrs. Whitten loved everything in life except dull people. Her dinners, while socially correct, were wonderfully relaxed.

In Washington, where many weigh their words cautiously before they comment, Katherine Whitten's open frankness gave a lift to any conversation. She once telephoned one of my secretaries to extend an invitation to dinner. The secretary checked the calendar and found it clear. "I am sure Mr. Gray will be delighted to accept," she told Mrs. Whitten, who replied, "Well, my dear, if you find out he isn't delighted you call me back."

At a formal dinner in her Connecticut Avenue apartment Mrs. Whitten unintentionally provided her guests with a startling conversation piece that will be repeated and embellished as the years go by. On this particular evening, in the middle of the dessert course, a 4 x 6 foot oil painting toppled off the wall and fell over the head of a United Nations ambassador. His head popped halfway through the canvas, which came to rest around his ears. Looking out at the astonished guests with the eyes of a startled rabbit, the ambassador gave the appearance of an animated "Kilroy was here" cartoon. The guests commiserated with him about his possible injuries, but hostess Whitten's first comment was, "Damn! That was one of my best paintings!"

XLI

For the large part, those who compose Washington's society are interested, interesting, informed. They are hard-working for the causes to which they subscribe, their awareness of national issues is kept honed to a fine point by the company they keep, and their many friendships abroad give personality to their international viewpoints.

Washingtonians, like Texans, think nothing of traveling a thousand miles for a party, and White House, diplomatic, and charity ball lists include guests invited from across the land and overseas.

While in London on business I once received from a Washington hostess a cablegram which read: HAVING FEW IN FOR DINNER AT MAXIMS PARIS SATURDAY NIGHT. HOPE YOU CAN JOIN US.

Although theirs has been called the City of Receptions, Washington hostesses show ingenuity in the variety of entertaining they provide. Madame Richard Seppala, popular wife of the popular Finnish ambassador, entertains her lady friends with sauna parties in which her guests are invited to lose weight in the embassy's own steam rooms. Mrs. Maurice Stans, wife of Eisenhower's director of the Bureau of the Budget, always gave a New Year's Eve party on June 30, the end of the government's fiscal year. Mrs. Floyd Akers invited hundreds for a grilled-steak dinner at their summer "Little" Hunting Creek Lodge in Catoctin Furnace, Maryland, fifty miles from the city. Some rent a cruise ship and take their guests down the river. Others add variety with an exotic menu prepared by the skillful chefs at 1925 F Street, where Eisenhower's cabinet had its last dinner together, or at the Metropolitan or Sulgrave clubs.

Washington's most frequently invited guests do their part, too, to make any gathering more than just another party. These repeaters bear their obligation for good conversation as importantly as their obligation for good table manners. They have the depth to uphold their end of a serious conversation and a wealth of stories to add leaven to the levity.

Among the many Washington husband and wife teams who are good at this art are Admiral Robert Carney, retired chief of naval operations, and his wife. During a lull in conversation one evening, vivacious Mrs. Carney broke up an overly serious group with a true story regarding her pet dog. She told us she and the admiral were once invited aboard a very luxurious yacht for a weekend cruise. As she put it, "It was one of those yachts so luxurious you couldn't get sick—there was no place to go." Knowing of her attachment to the dog, her hostess suggested she bring him too. Before she could think of taking him along she trained him to relieve himself on a potted house plant which she then took aboard the ship, setting it out on the deck so the dog could use it as a fireplug.

On the first night out the Carneys dressed for dinner and went into the master's dining room to find that his stewards had come

across the house plant, assumed it was a gift for the hostess, and had worked it into the table arrangement as a part of the centerpiece.

The first address in the social Green Book in Washington is followed by an asterisk. At the bottom of the page is this ultimate in class distinction: "All addresses," it says, "are Northwest unless otherwise indicated." Northwest is the section in which *the* Washingtonian lives. It includes historic Georgetown, one square mile of the original city which offers a suburban atmosphere only five minutes from the White House. Here the great, the near-great, and the ex-great in government and in journalism live in original federal period houses, in houses meticulously reconstructed along colonial lines, or in long, narrow row houses built like three-story single-lane bowling alleys. Real estate values have climbed to the point where a slave house built in 1800 with *outside* dimensions of 13×18 feet recently sold for nearly \$30,000.

Many Georgetown homes are large enough for sit-down dinners. The one owned by Senator John Sherman Cooper—where the new President and Mrs. Kennedy dined their first evening away from the White House—would be gracious by any standards; but among the doll houses of Georgetown it stands out like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. Large or small, however, every house in the area has a patio for the cocktail party that is uniquely Georgetown.

I once lived in a Georgetown house backed by a garden that sported a 9×10 foot swimming pool which accommodated only three or four friendly people at one time. The patio was laid out to the same diminutive scale. Yet, because it was Georgetown, it was an acceptable address into which twice the capacity of guests forgivably could be crowded. *Life* magazine covered one party there and caught in one picture ambassadors, senators, congressmen, members of the Supreme Court (including Chief Justice Warren), presidential assistants, Elizabeth Arden, Mary Lawrence, and John and Barbara Eisenhower.

Although rents are high and purchase prices are unreasonable, a Georgetown address is a socially correct one, however small or dilapidated the house to which it is affixed. To preserve the character of the old town, building or alteration plans must be approved by the Fine Arts Commission. Fake shutters for decorative purposes are

not permitted. In Georgetown shutters must be mounted on swinging hinges and they must be half the width of the windows so they could come together if they were ever closed.

The Washington building code requires that new construction plans provide for off-street parking. The incongruity of attaching a two-car garage to a house carefully rebuilt along authentic federal lines was sufficient to spur Georgetown builders to their most ingenious thinking. For a few years they "provided" for off-street parking in their plans. As soon as the plans were approved they converted the garage into a dining room or spare bedroom. Some left the garage door fixed to the blank wall outside, and only the presence of 100-year-old trees growing in the "driveway" gives away the subterfuge.

In recent years builders have hit upon an easier device. Since the law says off-street parking must be provided in *new* construction, they "rebuild" the old rather than build anew. They tear the old property down to the last few bricks and with this remnant of the old house as their base, they "remodel" the property.

Five of every six Georgetown houses have now been rebuilt or restored. One-hundred-thousand-dollar town houses stand between cottages that have received little more than paint since the days when George Washington rode these streets. Here Negroes and whites live side by side in the nation's most fully integrated high-rent area.

Georgetown abounds with writers, poets, artists, musicians, politicians, statesmen, students, readers, and thinkers—a community of well-traveled, well-educated people. Its residents are so solidly established they can spoof their own sophistication. The proprietress of a local restaurant, *Chez Odette*, Georgetowners address as "*Chez*," as if they think naïvely it is her first name.

Five members of the Eisenhower Cabinet lived in Georgetown. Eisenhower's Secretary of State Christian Herter lived two blocks from Truman's former Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, and not too far from the home of then Senator Kennedy.

Immediately after the 1960 election many Georgetown property owners flew back from Miami and the Bahamas to put their property on the market, knowing there would be a high-bidding scramble for space before the members of the old administration had been replaced by the members of the new. Mrs. Pat Chatham, a Democrat, gave

Republican Senator Kenneth Keating of New York his orders to move from the house she rented him. When she explained it was to make good on a campaign promise she had made, Senator Keating quipped: "The Democrats certainly have the courage of their evictions."

Today the percentage of top government job holders is higher than ever in this Greenwich Village-like section of the District of Columbia and so many of the President's relatives live there that a prominent Republican woman facetiously laments, "When the Lord said 'Love thy neighbor' I wonder if He realized I would be surrounded by Kennedys."

Part Eleven

XLII

Some of the most important issues in the world have been thrashed out and decided in the 23 × 38 foot portion of the West Wing of the White House known as the cabinet room. Here assemble that top group of executive appointees whose collective status has no constitutional or legislative basis, the President's Cabinet.

The room is nearly filled with an eight-sided sarcophagus-shaped table, the gift of Texan Jesse H. Jones in 1941. The long west wall is covered with reference books to be called into use as the meetings progress. A lot of them, Eisenhower once pointed out, "gathering dust because someone neglected to put all the information on one page."

Along the east wall are four sets of french windows. They bring in the morning sunshine and can be opened during the spring to temper stiff meetings with soft breezes from the rose garden outside. At the south end of the room is the door leading to the President's office. At the north is a fireplace centered between hidden panels concealing the rostrum, chart stands, and movie screens which are a part of the room's working paraphernalia. On the marble mantel a gold navy clock strikes every half hour.

American Presidents, pre- and post-Eisenhower, have not always utilized their Cabinets as fully as they might. George Washington made little use of his Cabinet in the early, experimental days of the new democracy. Before leaving the city, Washington gave John Adams permission to bring his associates together if a crisis developed during the President's absence. Within twenty-four hours after the Chief Executive had left the capital, Vice President Adams called the *first* meeting of a United States cabinet. It was 162 years before

another American Vice President—Richard Nixon—was empowered by his superior to hold regular meetings when the President was away.

President Polk frankly stated he preferred to conduct the affairs of the government without the Cabinet's aid. Still, he set an all-time record of four hundred meetings in four years.

Harold Ickes wrote about the Roosevelt Cabinet: "The cold fact is that on important matters we are seldom called upon for advice. We never discuss exhaustively any policy of government or question of political strategy. The President makes all of his own decisions and so far at least as the Cabinet is concerned, without taking counsel with a group of advisers . . . it is fair to say that the Cabinet is not a general council upon whose advice the President relies, or the opinions of which, on important matters, he calls for. Our Cabinet meetings are pleasant affairs, but we only skim the surface of routine affairs."

In administrations from Washington to Kennedy, U. S. cabinet meetings have taken on varying degrees of importance. All too often they have been haphazard, carelessly planned conclaves, meeting in an atmosphere of indecision, aimless discussion, and even recrimination, while the members hashed over trivia. In contrast, Eisenhower used his Cabinet, drew actively upon its advice, worked it hard, made it productive.

President Eisenhower's fuller use of the cabinet system may be attributed in part to his unique pre-presidential experience. As an observer of the British cabinet during World War II, as army chief of staff, as presiding officer of the joint chiefs of staff, and finally as chairman of the joint chiefs of staff and then as Supreme Allied Commander of SHAPE, he monitored many of the cabinet meetings both in Britain and during the administrations of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman. An acute observer of practical political science, "General" Eisenhower was surprised to see how little of the nation's important business was transacted at our cabinet table in contrast with the British system. Short meetings were held spasmodically, and a considerable part of the sessions was spent in good-natured bantering over items of no consequence. When the President would ask if

there was anything to come before the group, cabinet members would say they knew of nothing and the meeting would adjourn.

This is not meant as an implication that the important affairs of our government were not given attention. But they were not discussed at the cabinet table. After adjournment members would queue up outside the President's office to wait their individual turns to talk in private about the business of their departments.

A working Cabinet also fit naturally into the staff-type system in which Eisenhower had operated during his military career. On assuming his office he determined that the nation's growth, and the complexities which that growth had brought with it, no longer permitted an American President the luxury of an inoperative Cabinet. He determined to select the best men he could obtain for his Cabinet and to utilize to the fullest the talents of those he selected.

As he viewed the problems of government, there were few of real importance to one department that did not affect other departments as well. One of his best examples was the area of Civil Defense planning. Here general federal responsibility is focused in one agency but cuts across several others: the Atomic Energy Commission with its data on weapons, the Department of Defense, for basic military assumptions, the Department of Commerce concerning use of roads (and its Weather Bureau for information on upper air winds for fall-out calculation), the Interior Department concerning power and fuel resources, the Department of Labor concerning manpower, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare concerning medical supplies.

In President Wilson's time Secretary of War Garrison said to Secretary of the Navy Daniels, "I don't care a damn about the Navy and you don't care a damn about the Army. You run your machine and I'll run mine."

Eisenhower could not have worked under a system permitting such petty sovereignties. To him, modern government was one of programs—each, like the Civil Defense program, involved a group of departments working together, submerging their individualities in comprehensive program aims. To Eisenhower, tight co-ordination was no less important in the executive branch than he had considered it in the military when he wrote:

"The teams and staff through which the modern commander absorbs the information and exercises his authority must be a beautifully interlocked, smooth-working mechanism. Ideally, the whole should be practically a single mind."

Particularly with Eisenhower's determination to hold the lid on excessive government spending, proposals in one field were in competition with and had to be weighed against ambitions in another. This gave the head of each department an interest in the cabinet presentations of his colleagues, even if the proposals did not otherwise cut across the area of his responsibility.

Eisenhower used his Cabinet as a nonvoting board of directors before which developing executive problems and future plans were presented. He did more than welcome the collective advice of these, his top appointees; he pulled them into the discussion and drew out their questions and comments. When the Secretary of Interior made a proposal, the Secretary of Commerce might say, "Mr. President, this is how that proposal may affect the nation's economy." The Secretary of Agriculture might add, "If you consider that for Interior, Mr. President, this is what we may be pressed into for Agriculture." And the director of the Bureau of the Budget understandably could be counted on to add, "Mr. President, if you do that for either of them, this is how much it will cost."

The American President's relationship with his Cabinet underscores another of the differences between the job of our Chief Executive and similar positions in other countries. In Great Britain the job is divided between the Queen and the Prime Minister. The Queen handles ceremonial duties, overseas representations, and the reception of foreign heads of state. The Prime Minister handles executive functions, but even his responsibility in this area is not equal to that of our Chief Executive, for he is assisted with a Cabinet that not only gives counsel and advice—the sole cabinet responsibility of its counterpart in the United States—but its members vote along with the Prime Minister. Americans, grown used to a system that centers all executive power in one man, find it hard to believe that a British Prime Minister can actually be voted down in his own Cabinet.

The completeness of the President's power and responsibility as a majority of one was well illustrated at a meeting of Abraham Lin-

coln's Cabinet. The discussion was a heated one and tempers flared, for Lincoln found he alone was in favor of the proposal. Every other man at the table was opposed to it. Lincoln argued for, others against. Finally, the President whammed the table with his fist and said, "Gentlemen, the 'ayes' have it. Next item!"

Eisenhower expected the members of his Cabinet to leave their departmental prejudices outside the cabinet room and take their places at the table to advise him as a cross section of exceptionally competent senior citizens. As such, they represented a wide variety of America. In addition to former governors and senators, there were lawyers, philanthropists, newspaper editors, former military officers, a former head of the world's largest Chevrolet dealership, a former labor consultant, a stockbroker, a college president, the head of a large accounting firm, the presidents of a soap company, a furniture-manufacturing concern, an automotive and a steel corporation, a lay preacher, and a ranch manager.

When this group assembled, departmental boundaries became relatively insignificant. In the give-and-take of the discussion, with this variety of minds together in one room simultaneously considering a common problem, a cross-fertilization of viewpoints took place. I was constantly impressed with the sound and helpful advice which cropped up in cabinet meetings unexpectedly from cabinet members having no direct responsibility for the problem under discussion.

Cabinet members took their places around the table in the order of protocol determined by the age of the several departments. The President and Vice President faced each other from their positions in the center of the long table, and because it is shaped like a stretched diamond with blunt ends, no man sat more than four places from the Chief Executive.

A new legend in the Eisenhower terms ascribed "magic" powers to the President's cabinet chair. Black leather, the chair was distinguished from others in the room by a slightly higher back. When the room was empty, the President away, and a staff or cabinet member was showing lucky visitors the working wing of the White House, the President's chair was the main attraction. Those who were permitted to sit briefly in the chair would close their eyes and make a silent

wish. According to the legend, if the wish was not contrary to the best interests of the United States, it would come true.

A famous Italian leader called at the White House to visit a presidential aide. He scoffed at the legend of the President's chair but nevertheless asked permission to test it. "What I have wished for can never materialize," he said. "The situation involved is too difficult."

Six months later he called from overseas to exclaim, "The legend is true! Trieste is Italian!"

The Secretary of State, representing the senior cabinet department, sat at the President's right. The Secretary of Treasury, representing the next-ranking department, sat to the right of the Vice President. Next was the Secretary of Defense to the President's left, the Attorney General to the Vice President's left, and so on around the table. In the Eisenhower administration the line-up ended with the director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, the junior office allocated a place at the cabinet table.

While expanding the Cabinet's function in government, Eisenhower also expanded the number of those who regularly attended its meetings and had assigned places at the table. In addition to the ten department heads authorized by law, he included the United States ambassador to the United Nations, the director of the Bureau of the Budget, the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, the director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, the assistant to the President, and the secretary to the Cabinet.

Technically, cabinet status is a prerogative of the President and he can give it to whomever he wants. For protocol and rank purposes, Eisenhower gave this status to the other executives at the table. From a practical standpoint, however, it is not possible to set this mantle on a new position. History books and the public recognize only the ten department heads, and even the Congressional Directory and the Congress, in allocating seats for joint sessions, do not recognize the status of "others" the President seats at his cabinet table.

What eventually became known as "the Eisenhower cabinet system" was given formal approval in a full cabinet meeting. It was a system designed, at the President's request, by Carter L. Burgess, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense and long-time presidential friend, and Burgess' assistant, Bradley Patterson, Jr., who became a

part of the new system. "The Eisenhower Cabinet" combined some of the strong points from the army staff system, the National Security Council, and the British cabinet secretariat. A major contribution to American political science, it made possible the most effective use of the Cabinet since its inception in 1791.

For co-ordination of the affairs of his Cabinet, President Eisenhower created the position of cabinet secretary. As distinguished from other departmental officers who sat around the table and had their offices in the buildings which housed their departments, he located the cabinet secretariat quarters near his own in the executive wing of the White House.

To our office he assigned two principal functions. First, the preparation of the suggested agenda for weekly cabinet meetings. In working with the President, the Vice President, and members of the Cabinet we would discuss problems of government of greatest immediate concern to the President and to more than one department official.

Initiative to suggest an item for the agenda came from several sources. Perhaps half of the items originated with the cabinet officers and their subordinates. Some 25 per cent resulted by specific order of President Eisenhower. The remainder were generated by the cabinet secretariat through Bureau of the Budget and other White House staff suggestions, follow-up on a previous item, investigation of a report in the press, or the timely completion of a committee's work. Whatever the source of the suggestion, the final form of the agenda was determined by the President. On occasion his emphatic action ran counter to the plans a cabinet member or eager staff man had envisioned for his project.

In organizing the schedule of items, order was of considerable importance. Generally it was best to list the weightier items early on the agenda so they would be completed while minds were fresh and before time ran out or a sudden development took the President from the meeting. If the agenda contained only one very pre-eminent item among several of less significance, it was best to dispatch the chaff first. Otherwise, there was a tendency to hurry the discussion of the major issue in the belief the group should push on to what appeared to be a formidable amount of other business.

Cabinet officers, if the choice were theirs, generally would prefer

to present their recommendations to the President in private, without specialists in other fields looking over their shoulder. While each appreciated his opportunities to be informed about and contribute to the plans of others, it was only natural he would hesitate to put his brain child on the table for all to attack. One cabinet officer spoke for many when he once told me, "Putting a pet project on the cabinet agenda is a good way to get it nibbled to death by ducks." As a consequence, Eisenhower's desire to have major nonsecurity proposals masticated by the cabinet machinery would have fallen apart without a continuous assist from his firm hand.

Occasionally the President would stop a cabinet officer in the middle of a private presentation in his office to tell him he did not like to spend time twice on a subject which could be resolved in one meeting. He would point out that the item under discussion was the type of thing he wanted presented to him before his cabinet colleagues and would order it placed on the agenda. Word of the Chief Executive's determination spread from department head to department head, and admonitions were less necessary as the years of the Administration rolled by.

Nevertheless, there was considerable fat and froth on the agendas, for the system encouraged cabinet discussion of items that were not always worthy of cabinet time. Each cabinet officer was aware of the Administration's responsibility to the country as a whole. His particular interest, however, his specialty and the problems with which he dealt hour after hour and day after day, were peculiar to his department, and it was hard for some to see anything as important to the nation as their own concerns. Some of this was deliberately indulged by the President in order to let his principal advisers blow off steam.

There were also some unavoidable errors of omission. Although the President brought his council together with an almost-every-Friday regularity, it was not always possible to bring important items to a climax by the meeting day. Too, some problems became overripe if held until the stated session, required a presidential decision in the interim, and became "informational" items on the agenda.

Despite these drawbacks, the system worked with relatively smooth efficiency, helping the President keep the affairs of the "board of

directors" of the biggest and most important organization in the world on a businesslike basis.

For nearly every item on the agenda we worked with the departments to prepare what we called an Advance Position Paper. These papers offered comprehensive examinations of the subject, presenting both historical and current significance. They presented an objective review of all sides of the issue and contained pertinent legislation existent or proposed.

These background papers made for more fruitful discussions. They served each cabinet member as he discussed the problem within his own department and in advance of the meeting. At the table cabinet officers then could speak of their departments' reactions to the proposal. Their opinions could carry the weight of "My *department* believes," not "I think."

Further, the position papers provided all cabinet members with a common level of background on every subject under discussion. No cabinet time was wasted in bringing up to an acceptable norm the knowledge of others in the room who were less familiar with the area of the project proposed. The presenter would move immediately into a discussion of the problem and his recommended solution. The President expected his cabinet members to do their homework and follow the example he set in careful analysis of these papers.

Considering the comparative formality of the Eisenhower cabinet meetings, it has been a surprise to many to learn that there were no complete transcripts or minutes kept. The President decided early in his term that there would be too much temptation for a cabinet member to talk to the record or, equally bad, to refrain from saying something *because* of the record. The President reasoned it was better to have full and frank discussions on every side of the issues presented than to record some golden words for posterity.

While a member's comments were never recorded verbatim, the President's every word was taken down in shorthand by Brad Patterson, career civil servant and 1960 Flemming Award winner, who served as assistant cabinet secretary with both Max Rabb, the first cabinet secretary, and with me, as Rabb's successor. Brad attended all of the meetings and, from his place at the side of the room, carefully noted the chief's comments and reactions to the proposals

that were made. This record was an invaluable assist to us in performing our second principal service to the President—follow-through.

After the meeting we would screen those utterances and prepare a Record of Action which contained a terse sentence or two about each item on the agenda, indicating the disposition that had been decided upon by President Eisenhower. Since action at a cabinet meeting can come only from the President, a record of the comments of others at the table—historically interesting as those comments might be in showing the arguments and men who contributed to a presidential decision—was not necessary for our action guidance.

I would generally check our condensation of the President's comments and conclusions with the cabinet officer who had made the presentation at the meeting. The final determination as to whether we accurately had caught Eisenhower's intentions, however, came from him. I would send the Record of Action in to the President or, if his recommendations for action did not seem perfectly clear, take it in personally. He would study the record carefully, check off the paragraphs with his pen as he read, make changes where he thought they were required, and initial the document. Once he had done so, we had both a timetable and a club of authority for seeing to the implementation of his decisions.

The President underscored the importance he attached to this side of his cabinet secretary's duties in one of the first instructions he gave to Rabb when the job was created. "During my military career," he said, "and especially in times of battle, I worried, of course, that I might make a wrong decision. However, I also worried that a right decision, once made, might not be carried out."

Mimeographed copies of the Record of Action were sent around to each of the cabinet participants. Additionally, we were assisted in following up presidential action by the special assistants for cabinet co-ordination. The cabinet secretariat in the White House never grew in numbers from its original size—the secretary and his assistant—something of a record in government. In part this is a tribute to the aid we were given by the special assistants. "The Eisenhower system" wisely added this protection against the possibility that cabinet officers at the conclusion of a meeting might leave the city for out-of-town speeches or overseas business. If they remained in the capital

they might go from the meeting to Capitol Hill to testify before a congressional committee. And even those who returned immediately to their departments might find awaiting them a crisis that erased the urgency of the business just concluded in the cabinet room.

Following each cabinet meeting the assistants came in, took their boss's places at the table, and a rerun of the agenda was held for their benefit. When it was possible to do so we had the presentation repeated by the man who had given it originally. When this could not be worked out we would reconstruct the presentation, using the charts or slides that had been shown at the earlier meeting.

We relayed to the assistants the President's reactions and conclusions, and, when appropriate, we told an individual member of the group the comments or pledges of action made at the earlier meeting by the man he represented.

The cabinet assistants then had the responsibility of seeing that the under and assistant secretaries in their departments were apprised of developments that concerned their areas of authority.

"The Eisenhower System" assured follow-up with one final device. Periodically the President would schedule the secretary to the Cabinet on the agenda for presentation of the Action Status Report. This document contained not only those action items assigned since the last status report, and on which our daily round of surveillances had kept us current, but covered every presidential decision made in cabinet meetings during the Eisenhower administration on which there had not been complete implementation.

Before its presentation to the Cabinet I would divide the list into departmental headings and send each cabinet officer the list of items charged to him which would go before the President and his colleagues at the table. These reminders that their delinquent business was about to be re-exposed caused the members of the Cabinet to re-examine the legitimacy of the delay and to bring the matter to a conclusion if possible. By the time it received the President's attention in cabinet meeting, the report already had served its major purpose.

Many items, particularly those presented by an officer of sub-cabinet rank, were given a dry run before they were presented at the official meeting. In these practice sessions we would help the speaker tell his story in sharper detail, advise him when an idea was a repetition of

one brought out in a previous meeting, point out if his charts contained letters or figures that were too small to be read down the length of the long table, help him aim his conclusions so he could reasonably expect a definite decision from the President, and, consistently, we would counsel that the presentation was too long.

Generally, we were novices advising experts in the subjects to be presented. By the time we began the dry run, however, we would have read more about the area than some of the cabinet members who would eventually hear the presentation, and our lack of greater depth gave us the advantage of judging whether a technical statement made sense to a layman's ear.

Among the military attributes the President carried with him to the White House was an insistence upon punctuality. One of the first mornings after I became cabinet secretary a department head was late and I waited until he arrived before going in after the President. Eisenhower told me sharply that he wanted to start his meetings on time and, in the future, if he had not come out of his office on the appointed hour, I was to come in and get him. On future meeting days I regularly went in to give him the signal that his associates were gathered and the time was at hand.

If I found the President in the middle of important business he could not put aside I stepped outside his office to wait for him. Once I had left the cabinet room to get him, I could not go back in alone without embarrassment. For the Vice President and members of the Cabinet, expecting the President, would stand as soon as the door opened.

It was not unusual for as many as thirty men to be in the room during cabinet meetings. Under and assistant secretaries and agency technicians and other White House staff members took chairs along the sides of the room behind their superiors. The President wanted the number in attendance kept at a minimum and did not feel comfortable when there were faces he did not recognize in the room. As a general rule we limited attendance to those who, alone, might have the answer to a question in a specific field. Specialists were invited for the discussion of a single item only. When it was concluded they left the room.

However large the group in the cabinet room, we advised our

speakers to direct themselves to one man—Eisenhower. For those who were appearing before the Cabinet for the first time, this was an awkward procedure. To the nervous speaker it would appear that every man in the room was listening attentively, *except* the President. While all other eyes were on the speaker, Eisenhower's eyes, fixed on his black leather cabinet book, gave the impression he was absorbed with elaborate doodles and drawings. Only when the speaker made a point that was not clear to the President, or when the time came for questions, was it apparent that Eisenhower had heard and retained every word.

Following a presentation by Archibald J. Carey, chairman of the President's Committee on Government Employment Policy, Eisenhower, who seemingly had been idly scribbling, apparently oblivious of the speaker, said: "First, Dr. Carey, are your remarks this morning available to us? Second, you have suggested that we do more; what are your committeemen doing to spread this word? And third, I want you to know that I have never heard a more succinct report."

At the conclusion of remarks by Edward Stone, architect for the National Fine Arts Building, Eisenhower looked up from the sketch on which he had been working and shot out questions just as fast as they could be answered:

"How long will it take to complete?"

"By then won't visitors want provision to arrive by helicopter?"

"Who is in charge of raising the money?"

"Will contributions be deductible on a tax-free basis?"

"What are the problems of supporting that roof?"

"Have you provided for sufficient kitchens to serve state banquets?"

Even in his doodles the President was a perfectionist. He would complete a small drawing, then take the cap off the gold pencil at his place, rub the drawing out, and start over again. In an attempt to preserve these keepsakes, which would be in his cabinet book when he returned it to me at the end of the meeting, I once put a pencil without an eraser beside his position at the table. Before the speaker had finished his tenth sentence, however, the President was erasing another of his art works—with an eraser he had borrowed from Neil McElroy, who was beside him. And, having made a point of borrowing the eraser, he seemed to feel obliged to use it all the more.

For the cabinet secretariat the most frustrating hours of each week were often those when this meeting—of the loftiest council in the executive branch—was in session. With the rare exception of comment or note taking, ours was a silent, still role, all the more difficult to play as we watched a point, carefully developed in the preparations, wither under presidential questioning. Then the discussion could take an unexpected turn, run into virgin ground, and leave us tormenting ourselves for failure to anticipate and prepare for it.

Following the meeting we would scarcely have time to lament our shortcomings and gather up the debris before starting the process all over again with preparations that would gain ever-increasing momentum until the next session. Several weeks of preparation went into some agenda items, which added to the number of balls in the air at one time.

Eisenhower also assigned the office of the cabinet secretary some interesting collateral duties. Following sweeping Democratic victories in the 1958 congressional elections there was talk around the cabinet table that the political opposition, claiming a new mandate from the people, would return to Washington in January bent on "Hooverizing" the President in his last two years. Eisenhower nipped this fear with one of his strongest, most effective thrusts into domestic affairs. Through our office he directed a massive appeal for public support, centered around his budget, opposed to spendthrift legislation, and hitting hard at inflation, which, charged one White House wag, had made a wooden nickel worth seven cents.

We called luncheon meetings for the heads of the largest national associations and organizations. Our banner was the fight against inflation, our goal was to hold the line on spending and protect the budgeted surplus of \$70 million, and our only criteria in enlisting national groups was "Is their mailing list long enough to be worth while?"

While we would have welcomed their help, we did not draw any labor organizations into the ranks because we were informed that for some reason they considered "an amount" of continued inflation to be in the best interests of the workingman.

The efforts of sundry aroused national groups were heart-warming to Eisenhower. Some, such as the Institute of Life Insurance and the

National Association of Life Underwriters, set up impressive budgets of their own to help fight for a balanced national one.

The National Taxpayers Association, with its efforts directed by Steve Stahl in Oklahoma City, managed to have the President's budget message distributed, under the letterheads of thirty-seven state organizations, to 304,000 taxpayers.

The American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Retail Merchants' Association, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Kiwanis International, and nearly a hundred others—including some of small size, like the Peanut Butter Manufacturers Association—joined in the cry.

Spearheaded by James Selva, the Sound Dollar Committee began to slug away. In the large city newspapers the committee set off a coupon which it urged the reader to send in to his congressional representative, registering his vote against government spending. According to one report, Senator Dirksen of Illinois received 27,000 coupons following publication of the "Sound Dollar" advertisement in the Chicago newspapers.

President Eisenhower added a high-octane fuel to the fire by writing hundreds of his friends and frankly asking them to do the same. He asked the men of his Cabinet to join in this chain-letter-with-a-purpose and, as a jog to their action, twice asked us to compile for him a report of the contacts each had made to that date.

Our tabulation of the mailing lists that were used showed the message had been carried by first-class mail to 848,958 citizens. Additionally, contacts made through advertising as well as through letters inspired by letters potentially added many millions more.

At one point the postal and telegraph services on Capitol Hill were inundated with the home support for Eisenhower's cause. And liberal congressmen who had come back to Washington in January roaring like lions for new programs and new spending tried to outdo each other as conservatism's champion. This zealously advanced presidential program contributed toward making Eisenhower the only President in history who had his most successful legislative year in the last congressional session of his term in office.

It would be impossible to measure accurately the full impact of this campaign; it is possible there was nothing more than coincidence

between it and the new mood in Congress. Certainly the mood did not last, but, then, neither did the grass-roots letters keep coming. If they had, if the drive of an informed and aroused electorate ever managed to sustain its momentum, what changes we would see today in Washington.

Meanwhile, we can console ourselves that 848,958 first-class letters did something to help reduce the postal deficit.

Brad Patterson gave some of his boundless energies to another collateral duty, a program we called Committee Management. This is the program that was announced as an innovation in the early months of the Kennedy administration. In fact, it was begun under President Eisenhower in 1955.

With the assistance of an extensive cross file Patterson checked for duplication of functions of the various committees of government. He turned up inactive committees by the score. With glinting support of the President, the Eisenhower Committee Management program disbanded 305 separate committees that had been perpetuated over the years, embalmed in bureaucracy.

XLIII

President Eisenhower's watch had four tiny photographs set in its dial, pictures of the four grandchildren, David, Barbara, Susan, and Mary Jean. The President often told friends he tended to think of his nation in terms of his grandchildren's problems. He considered a peace "with justice," a government kept close to the people, and a sound dollar as the essentials for America's future. By the wise use of both the veto and the threat of veto, he stopped many ill-considered bills that would have ballooned bureaucracy in Washington and weakened the dollar at home and shaken faith in it abroad. In all, during his term, his vetoes of major spending bills alone saved the American taxpayers nearly four billion dollars. The mere threat of his veto saved countless millions more.

Eisenhower was termed a "modern Republican" and thought of

himself as a middle-of-the-road Republican. In my opinion, he was a fiscal conservative. In this role he was somewhat subdued in his first administration; in his final years he was militant in it. He put his signature to some liberal legislation, but it was usually with major misgivings that he did so. His conservatism was a consistent thread that wove through every cabinet meeting I attended.

He once started a meeting by saying he was pleased the attendance was a perfect one because those around the table were going to catch it about money.

"The key to both the short- and long-run financial success of an administration is to show that it knows how to handle money and is willing to do something about government spending," Eisenhower said.

The President believed that we never recovered from the intoxication of the World War II budget. He often reminded us of the days when getting a few dollars from Congress was a matter of celebration, when the military would receive a long letter from Congress on the subject of saving paper clips and reminders to make no more carbons than necessary.

He would recall, proudly, that his administration had inherited a budget of \$73 billion from President Truman. Within sixty days the Eisenhower team had reduced it by \$10 billion—proof, he reasoned, that it could be done again.

"I am going to ask Mr. Stans to delay his report a week and let you think with your consciences a bit," he said one morning. "I want each of you to pare your estimates. The important thing is what is good for the country, never mind the opposition. And I promise you that if you get yourselves pushed by pressure groups you are still going to have to come in here and look me in the eye and say you cannot possibly get along with less."

Late in his second term Eisenhower announced to the Cabinet that he had wearied of pushing for a balanced budget and wanted to start talking about reducing the national debt. He asked each man around the table to make a review of the activities that had arisen in his department in the last twenty years, to search for activities that could be dropped *in toto*, not just curtailed. He never forgot or allowed his colleagues to forget that when the Republicans came into

office in 1953, they uncovered a \$20,000-a-year man and two secretaries who were engaged in developing spruce lumber for use in construction of World War I aircraft.

In his quest for reduced expenditures Mr. Eisenhower was determined that, because of his military background, defense not be considered a sacred area. The search for opportunities to cut spending applied to defense as well as to civilian agencies.

He once suggested to the Secretary of Defense that he tell the general of any military installation if he could effect a 10 per cent reduction in spending and employees there would be another star in it for him. "And then stand back from the gate," he said, "because a lot of unneeded people are going to be coming through there fast."

The President felt so strongly about the spending subject that he used several pads from which to launch his frequent statements on it. At the start of the meeting on August 7, 1959, he opened with the announcement he had just received that Queen Elizabeth was expecting. All the world loves a baby, he reasoned, and the pleasant news would put the members of the Cabinet in the right frame of mind to hear more on the unpleasant subject of excessive spending.

Eisenhower did not believe that political virtue rests on giving without asking. In his last fourteen months in office he made the subject of government economy his most frequent topic and a return to fiscal sanity his goal.

He told the members around the cabinet table that he considered them a collection of the wisest heads in the country. He believed conservative policies were the ones that led to real progress, the Cabinet was the only group that could do anything to advance them, and conservative Republicanism had its last stand in the cabinet room.

Many authors have written about the loneliness of the United States presidency. Abraham Lincoln once said he had been often driven to his knees in the overwhelming conviction he had no place else to go. Dwight Eisenhower likened the job to that of the battle commander who must make the major decisions himself with only his conscience and his God as guide. Early in his term Eisenhower gave the members of his staff this threefold admonition:

"Wear a smile on your face. Take your work seriously, but never yourself." And, finally, "Don't be afraid to pray."

Eisenhower's faith was repeatedly evident in cabinet sessions. He began every meeting, except one, with a moment of silent prayer. The single exception occurred one morning when he entered the cabinet room and was immediately drawn into a long, confidential huddle with Secretary Dulles. When they concluded the President called for the first item and the presentation began. Before taking up the second item he said, "This morning, with Mr. Khrushchev on my mind, I forgot our moment of prayer. This is a tradition that is very important to me. So we will have it today as a benediction."

As he began the cabinet meeting of May 27, 1960, the President commented, "Wouldn't it be something if I could have got Khrushchev to join in a moment of prayer? Have I said that he told me he won prizes in the Orthodox religion for activities as a youth? Apparently he was not in it for the long pull."

The best indication of Eisenhower's sense of obligation to serve his Maker was his willingness to serve his fellow man. After a lifetime in the military defense of his country, four years in the presidency, and a heart-attack warning that he was pushing his body dangerously hard, his decision to run again stemmed in part from his philosophy of service. "If," he once said, "I can ever in my lifetime repay any of the wonderful gifts God and this country have given to me and to my family, then I shall be eternally grateful."

Perhaps the best endorsement of the machinery which assisted Dwight Eisenhower to produce results in volume from his Cabinet came not from the President, who inaugurated the system, or from those of us whose part in it made us fully prejudiced. This endorsement was a part of a speech given by a member of the Cabinet, by one of that group of men who critics predicted would try to render the system inoperative. He said:

"There have been a series of changes instituted, changes so simple and logical when one considers them that he wonders why they were never tried before. Businessmen and other administrators who have heard of these cabinet innovations are writing to the White House for details so they can study these methods for possible application to the affairs of their own organizations. Hardly a week passes without

briefings on the new cabinet techniques being given to students of political science or to key government administrators coming from foreign countries.

"In a nutshell, the changes President Eisenhower has initiated are these:

"For the first time in American history, a secretary of the Cabinet has been appointed to assist the President in managing the affairs of that body.

"For the first time a written agenda specifying the items to be considered is circulated to the members in advance.

"No more do the cabinet members arrive at meetings without any idea as to what will be discussed. No more do the decisions made by the President in cabinet meeting evaporate into thin air for lack of follow-through.

"Trial runs of cabinet presentations are held in advance to sharpen up the issues proposed for cabinet consideration and a cabinet secretary now works with individual departments identifying and analyzing problems which are of cabinet importance and helping to prepare them for cabinet discussion.

"For the first time Position Papers, carefully prepared, giving the pros and cons of proposed recommendations, are circulated well in advance of the meeting, along with necessary background material.

"For the first time there is a procedure that ensures implementation of policy decisions. Following each cabinet meeting a record of the action which took place is prepared and presented to the President for his signature.

"For the first time a cabinet secretary prepares a periodic report listing the outstanding assignments the President has made in previous cabinet meetings and indicating which of these assignments have not been completed.

"Today when the President asks the Cabinet to discuss a policy proposal he can feel confident that his staff machinery will ensure the proposal has been sifted and made precise and that each of us at the cabinet table has studied it in advance so that only informed and cogent advice is brought to the meeting.

"Thanks to these procedures, the President can feel equally confident that the decision he makes will be followed through.

"As I look around the cabinet table I am always impressed with the caliber of dedicated public servants who sit there. I am equally impressed with the demands upon their time and the pressures which their individual responsibilities incur.

"This makes me all the more aware of the importance of keeping the regular cabinet meeting on a businesslike basis, wasting as little time as possible. Speaking of wasted time, the President is saved the hundreds of hours he would spend discussing each cabinet subject with each of the department heads concerned.

"At the same time, I would like to answer those critics of the system who charge that the machinery is so inflexible that it limits the discussion to items chosen in advance by the staff. I—and I am sure none of my colleagues—have never been discouraged from bringing any item to the cabinet table without previous clearance from the cabinet secretary. And anyone who has anything to add to any discussion receives all the cue he needs when the President ends each meeting with the question, 'Gentlemen, anything else?'"

No department head in the Eisenhower administration, whether affected directly or indirectly, was denied his chance to be heard in major decisions. No one could claim "I was not consulted." Each member had a chance to make an honest dissent, to hear the arguments given on each side of each subject. Each heard the comments and questions and reasoning which went into the decision of his chief. When the presidential conclusion came, whether or not he agreed with it, he knew what had gone into it and understood it. And because he understood it and had participated in it, each secretary was more firm in his support of the President's position.

Subject of course to the restraints of the Constitution, every Chief Executive is free to organize himself and his work however he wishes. Had Vice President Nixon's campaign been a successful one, he undoubtedly would have continued the "working cabinet" system of which he had been an important part. Thirty-day intervals have passed between the meetings of President Kennedy and his Cabinet; more power is given to non-cabinet advisers. In the first six months of his administration the White House staff he had planned "to keep very small" outgrew Eisenhower's.

Eisenhower found his cabinet "system" an invaluable aid in in-

creasing executive efficiency. He used his Cabinet, made it important as a body.

The formal cabinet meetings which President Kennedy has referred to as "a waste of time" were one key of co-ordination in President Eisenhower's administration. They were the forum for an interchange of departmental ideas, problems, and solutions, a forum of such value the Kennedy Cabinet continues to hold regular meetings even though they infrequently are attended by the Chief Executive.

Part Twelve

XLIV

Richard Nixon's national political star went into sustained orbit with a 1952 television speech in which he tearfully laid bare his lack of financial assets. It was a corny, all-stops-pulled performance including a reference to man's best friend, or Checkers, as he was known in the Nixon household. But it drew him compassion and support from hundreds of thousands and made him a political drawing card second only to the political paragon at the head of his ticket. The loud sneers of the Democrats gave the true measure of its effectiveness.

Eight years later the same media that powered his political star to its zenith provided the fiery tracer by which to plot its fall. The interim years, filled with the job of being both Vice President and presidential aspirant, were marked by dramatic courage in Caracas, by clashes over communism with Khrushchev overseas, by quiet competence in the steel-strike settlement at home and by the countless other activities that made him the hardest-working Vice President in his nation's history.

When he held the nation's second highest office under George Washington, John Adams was referred to as "His Superfluous Excellency." In each succeeding administration the Vice President has been the target of jesters.

Thomas R. Marshall referred to himself as Woodrow Wilson's only vice. Marshall described the Vice President of the United States as "a man in a cataleptic state: he cannot speak; he cannot move; he suffers no pain, and yet he is perfectly conscious of everything that is going on about him."

Many, if not most, of America's vice presidents have been selected

because their geographical origin, stated philosophy, or age added something to their party's ticket, not because their attributes could be useful following the campaign. Still, they have not been the unused extra thumbs by choice.

The Constitution provides that the Vice President shall preside over the Senate. In practice, with the few exceptions of fiery sessions or tie-breaking votes, this task is mechanical, supremely fatiguing, and relegated to the most junior members of the Senate. In the absence of other assigned duties, vice presidents, however much ambition or will to serve in their make-up, must stand by in limbo for that act of God that could elevate them from one of Washington's traditionally least influential positions to the power package of them all. Any opportunity to deviate from this stand-by status must come from the Chief Executive.

During the campaign of 1952, Eisenhower promised that, if elected, he would make an operating office of the vice presidency and would school his running mate in the complexities of the presidency. When he followed through on this political promise, eager-teacher Eisenhower found he had an apt and equally eager pupil.

It was Nixon's good fortune to serve under a President who believed in exercising his right hand, and he performed each assigned task with a poise and skill that invited more of the same. By presidential order he attended all cabinet, national-security, and legislative meetings. There were no executive secrets between Eisenhower and Nixon. One of the President's first actions upon returning from an overseas trip was to send for the Vice President, brief him fully on the problems he had run into, and give him an evaluation of the foreign leaders he had met.

To represent the President abroad, Vice President Nixon visited fifty-four nations, covering more than 160,000 miles outside the United States. He had extended discussions with thirty-five presidents, nine prime ministers, five kings, and two emperors. At home, he represented the American public at the bargaining table as the third party to the negotiations for settlement of the steel strike.

In the second term of Eisenhower's administration there was a marked trend toward elevating subordinates into the jobs of their departing superiors. This reflected Eisenhower's service background

and the military's belief that every officer shares in the responsibility to train his replacement. In most instances the President reasoned if the number-two man was not trained and qualified to replace his superior, then he was not the right man for the number-two spot. This reasoning perhaps contributed greatly to Eisenhower's backing of Richard Nixon. He had supervised the Vice President's experience and training and considered him ready for command.

Nixon became the popular President's chief political spokesman. As he carried the Eisenhower standard over the nation, he built a grass-roots organization that by 1960 precluded any other selection for the Republican nomination save his own. He handled himself with admirable restraint during three presidential illnesses, presiding not from the presidential chair but from his own at cabinet meetings. When he needed to see a cabinet official he would not call him in but would go to the official's office.

As he began his last campaign, the comparatively young Nixon had spent nearly 20 per cent of his life as Vice President of the United States. In five political campaigns for higher office he had a record of five wins, no defeats.

I came to Washington not liking Richard Nixon. Even then I was red-faced to admit a fact which now gives me embarrassment. I had no reason for not liking him. I had simply joined that large group of my fellow citizens who were swept up in a cliché of the day. It was a cliché that had succeeded where smear attempts had failed—"I don't like Dick Nixon but don't know why."

My first White House assignment gave me many contacts with State Department officials. For several months I heard these men of eloquence attempt in vain to portray the Vice President's full impact during trips overseas and while representing the President in diplomatic activities at home. In political discussions I saw seasoned pros stand in awe of his judgment. I listened while sage congressional leaders described his legislative accomplishments. I heard members of the press break their traditional silence to interrupt a press conference with applause in testimony of his ability to provide with skill, without rancor, and with great intelligence answers to complicated and malevolent questions.

I sat down one night to draw up a list of "the pros and cons of Nixon."

On the plus side of the balance sheet I recorded a long list of his many contributions to his government. On the debit side of the list I tried to set down the things I disliked—not rumors I had heard but personal dislikes. At the end of an hour I had a three-page list of plusses for Nixon. The only thing I had set down against him was that his face, like Bob Hope's, ended in a ski-slope nose. From that night on I could say with conviction, "I *do* like Dick Nixon and I *do* know why."

In the following years I came to know Nixon personally. I had increasing opportunities to view him in action, and my list grew long with reasons for supporting him as Eisenhower's successor.

My place at the cabinet table was three places from the President's left. Since the Vice President sat across the table from the President, I had a good vantage point for watching Nixon's alert reactions to the variety of problems laid before the Chief Executive. I had a good opportunity to note the respect with which the members of the Cabinet—all but one of them older than he—listened to his counsel and advice. And I observed the immediate hush that came over the room when, in the middle of a heated discussion among his colleagues, the Vice President moved in to clarify a point, or ask just the right question, or interpret congressional action. I watched with interest while, as chairman of cabinet committees on inflation and economic growth, on government employment policies, and on government contracts, he drew out the full facts from his colleagues yet kept their discussions headed to a purposeful end. He displayed this same capacity when chairing meetings in the President's stead. During his eight years as Vice President, Richard Nixon presided at better than 11 per cent of the meetings of the Cabinet.

One of the Nixon traits I most admired was his apparent indefatigability. It was common to see him at the White House for a 7:30 A.M. meeting after seeing him at a necessary protocol or diplomatic function the night before. He seemed always to have the energy, and somehow found the time, to make the speeches, see the people and write the letters required, and to get to meetings on time. His attendance record was near-perfect at cabinet committee

meetings, and he did not let even his campaign schedules mar a record of cabinet attendance bettered by few of the department heads.

In 1959, Vice President Nixon landed at the Washington National Airport on his return from a long trip to Russia and Poland. Among the hundreds on hand for the airport welcoming ceremonies were two members of the Washington Senators baseball team. The Vice President had been such a loyal fan of the local club that the club members became fans of his. Nixon spotted the representatives of the Senators and, referring to a long string of losses, shouted to them: "I didn't like the news I received overseas. What's the matter with you guys?" The ball players replied they had missed the Vice President's support in the stands. "Well, I'll be out there tonight," he said, "and I want to see you win."

Considering the difference in time, it had been thirty hours since Nixon had been to bed. Nevertheless, he went out to the ball park that night to give the team his moral support as it broke the losing streak. He stayed through a double-header—that's some measure both of his love for the game and of the depth of the well of energy that served him.

Cabinet meetings under the Vice President were not as productive as those when the Chief Executive was in charge. There were two logical reasons for this, neither of them reflecting on Nixon. Since only the President can make final decisions under executive authority, items of major importance could be discussed but could not be acted upon when Eisenhower was away. Consequently when we knew the President would be absent the agenda was filled with more "informational" than "meaty" subjects. Nevertheless, under the Vice President's hand considerable headway in eliminating certain approaches and exhaustively detailing others made possible speedy action on the "Boss's" return.

Cabinet meetings under the Vice President were noticeably lighter in nature as well as agenda. While Nixon let the group waste little time, both he and his colleagues were less inhibited from injecting an occasional lighthearted quip in the absence of the President.

On the morning of March 4, 1960, the President was out of the country. He had asked the Vice President to hold the scheduled meeting in his absence. Mr. Nixon began the meeting in the Eisen-

hower tradition of a moment of silent prayer. Just as we bowed our heads to pray, the room's lone telephone began to ring. Along with a leather-bound blotter and silver water carafe, the telephone was located at the President's empty place at the table. Except for messages to and from my office in advance of the meeting, it was little used. It had never before rung during a cabinet meeting, and the thought went through my mind that the always-efficient operators did not realize we were in session without Eisenhower. Its ring was insistent and continued until Mr. Nixon signaled the end of the prayer and Defense Secretary Tom Gates picked up the instrument. There was a moment of silence, then Gates said, "It's for Bryce Harlow."

As the bright, little assistant to the President came from the side of the room the whole Cabinet of the United States sat watching him, and Nixon quipped, "Would you like us to step outside, Bryce, while you take your call?"

While the Cabinet enjoyed his embarrassment Bryce listened to the operator and then reported in explanation to the group, "It's the President calling." Nixon made his reply softly so as not to disturb the telephone conversation, and we could not hear it on our side of the table. One of his nearer listeners reported to us after the meeting that he had said, "Coming when it did I was sure the caller was either the President—or God."

Around the cabinet table sat several seasoned political pros—three former United States senators, former state governors, as well as a past and the current chairman of the Republican National Committee. Still, when the Cabinet discussed political matters Nixon's judgment generally prevailed. He was the best evaluator of prevailing congressional sentiment and the strategy that might be successful in changing it. And he could give the most plausible explanations of why a senator voted contrary to White House expectations. "A recent poll shows him running behind his opposition," he might say or, "It never hurts you to vote against a bill that passes."

"Of course, this issue only affects 5 per cent of the voters," he once agreed with a cabinet officer, "but," he added prophetically, "that's an election."

"Remember," Nixon interjected into a discussion, "that we are outnumbered two to one in Congress. That gives our opposition twice as many public spokesmen. The top guy will always run ahead

of his party, but he can't carry it off alone if he isn't supported by party strength. We will need all of you to carry the issues home. For example, we have worn thin the phrase 'the President knows best' regarding national defense. People have great confidence in the President, and the defense argument was passed off as service rivalry until the opposition put out the canard that the President was uninformed or not given the facts. Each of you must help carry the word that he spends twelve months a year, not one meeting a week, on this important part of his job."

After each meeting two or three of his cabinet colleagues would corner Nixon for further discussions. As the meetings progressed others at the table would slide notes to him to share their thinking on a point that had been raised.

It was at a meeting of the Cabinet that Vice President Nixon gave the best definition of Republicanism I ever heard. He said, "Both parties want more and more, better and better things for America and Americans. But we Republicans recognize that only a socialistic form of government attempts to provide these services from a federal bureaucracy. In a democracy, free-spirited citizens have traditionally proved their ability to supply these improvements better and far less expensively for themselves."

It never detracted from the seriousness with which he took his duties and the subject under discussion, but Nixon was often the first one to find the humor in a cabinet problem. He shared Eisenhower's ability to laugh at himself.

One morning before a cabinet meeting he delighted in telling a group of us of an experience he had had the evening before, a story that demonstrates both his humility and his warmth. He had left his office at seven-thirty, cutting it very close for the state dinner he was to attend. As he went down in the elevator one of the law students who runs the lifts on Capitol Hill said jauntily, "Well, Mr. Vice President, what kind of a day did you have today?" Nixon told us it had been a particularly rough day, he was feeling a little sorry for himself, and he unloaded his troubles on the young elevator operator. He told him all he had been through; the appointments, mail, and people he had seen; the speeches he had written. He concluded by saying, "And now I have to run home and get into a white tie and tails to go to a state dinner." Nixon reported the elevator operator

looked at him and said quietly, "Mr. Vice President, I wish I had your troubles."

Those who knew Nixon throughout his political career marveled at his mental growth and at the increasing depth of his knowledge on the wide gamut of national problems. This came through best to the public when he appeared on David Susskind's television show, "Open End." In Nixon's case the program lasted only a few minutes less than four hours. During that time he was continuously on camera, answering every question that came into his interrogator's mind. Consistent with his record as Vice President, he never once fell back on the old political dodge of "no comment."

Nearly every reporter can cite an instance to prove Nixon was one of the most obliging men in national news. I once saw him, patiently repeat the questions and answers missed by a reporter who was late for a press conference.

Nixon worked hard to change some of the deep-dyed prejudices harbored against him by many members of the fourth estate. In the process he learned a lot about a professional newsman's problems. He learned how important it was to get something newsworthy in each speech, to give reporters new leads for the Nixon stories. He learned which men worked for morning and which for evening newspapers. And, as he chatted with newsmen who followed him about the country in a press plane, he would suggest different angles for the various editions. In a private signal to television and newsreel cameramen he would raise his hand toward his tie as an indication that the point about to be made was one they wouldn't want to miss and should start their cameras rolling.

On the return from his fatiguing trip to Russia and Poland in 1959, he resisted the temptation to relax on his own airplane during the trip home. Instead, he boarded the press plane at Warsaw and answered reporters' questions all the way to Keflavik, Iceland. By giving reporters these extra items he increased his press coverage and his rating with the press corps.

When he returned from an overseas trip or finished a political campaign the Vice President would entertain the reporters who had accompanied him at a downtown club or at his home. Each time he concocted a new offbeat organization and made each of the reporters

a charter member. Those who were with him in 1952, when Eisenhower had answered charges regarding the Nixon campaign fund with the declaration that the Republican ticket must be clean as a hound's tooth, were made members of the "Order of the Hound's Tooth" by Nixon. After the 1954 campaign the "Veterans of the Battle of the Butte Blizzard" was established. That year Nixon signed membership cards as the "Chief Snowman." In 1958 he initiated into the "Rock and Roll Club of South America" members of the press who accompanied him on the visit during which he had to duck the rocks thrown by student communists. To "insure nonpartisanship" that year, membership cards were signed by Pat Nixon, as head of the club, with Richard Nixon as vice president.

Overseas, Dick Nixon's reputation was one of masterful skill with equal parts of fairness, patience, and firmness. He also had a reputation for keeping his wits about him and for shrewd thinking on his feet.

During his sparring match with Nikita Khrushchev in Russia, the Premier proposed in Russian a toast to the elimination of bases in Europe and the withdrawal of American troops. Khrushchev raised his glass to drink to his toast, but Nixon waited until he had heard the translation, declined to join in the one proposed, and offered, instead, a toast to peace.

The Vice President was in Russia as a stand-in for President Eisenhower at the opening of the American National Exhibition in Moscow. His schedule, carefully arranged through the highest diplomatic channels, called for the first Nixon-Khrushchev encounter to be a friendly formality with Nixon delivering a cordial letter from President Eisenhower and exchanging the pleasantries of protocol. Khrushchev pocketed the letter without a glance and for two hours the Communist boss and the man he considered the symbol of anti-communism in America exchanged candid, hardly complimentary views about each other's government.

From the Kremlin, Nixon and Khrushchev went to Sokolniki Park to preview the exhibition which was to open later in the month. Of the many officials who accompanied them, only a half dozen were aware that the celebrated debates that followed in the television studio and model kitchen were a milder extension of the earlier exchange in Khrushchev's office.

The Premier and the Vice President were to record brief words of welcome and good wishes to be replayed in the exhibition building during the following weeks. Khrushchev's appearance in the studio, flanked by his government's highest echelon, brought vigorous applause from the hundred or so workmen who had gathered around. Khrushchev nodded to these constituents and substituted for the scheduled greeting a harangue about Russia. Encouraged by the applause, he was soon hurling challenges of one kind or another at Nixon.

The Vice President first suggested that substantive matters and delicate differences between the two countries be discussed in private and not publicly, but Khrushchev was too wound up to quit and Nixon proceeded to give as he took.

Finally, facing the whole Soviet hierarchy, the Vice President pointed his finger at Khrushchev and said, sternly, "Mr. Khrushchev, you don't know everything." The Russian audience gasped, the Khrushchev entourage glared, the Premier stopped talking for a second or two and then smiled. Later, as they were leaving the exhibition grounds, a Russian editor told a member of the Vice President's party, "Your Mr. Nixon is tough. He knows how to talk to Khrushchev."

Among the mass of messages Nixon received on his return from his Russian trip was one in longhand scribbled on green White House paper:

Dear Dick:

In view of the intimacy of our friendship, this letter may seem to you a bit on the formal side. It is not meant to be. I am simply trying to make of record an expression of my grateful thanks.

Proud as I am of the record you and Pat established on your recent visit, yet I must say that I am glad to have you home. We, by which I mean all the principal figures of the Administration, have missed your wise counsel, your enthusiastic support, and your exemplary dedication to the service of the country.

The letter was signed by Eisenhower.

Nixon's national popularity was never higher than immediately following his return from Poland, where a quarter of a million citizens had sent him on his way in a shower of flowers. The President was on hand at Washington National Airport to welcome him home, and Nixon accompanied his chief back to the White House to make a firsthand report. A large crowd of capital natives and tourists waited outside the White House to catch a glimpse, when he came out, of the man they could have seen quite easily a dozen days before.

XLV

Both from his extensive congressional activities and through further exposure to the menace in frequent trips overseas, Nixon's stubborn stance as communism's foe continued during his vice presidency. He missed few opportunities to write or speak about it.

In the June 8, 1959, issue of *Life* magazine he wrote a guest editorial eulogizing John Foster Dulles. His editorial concluded:

"But it is in a third area in which Mr. Dulles leaves to the free world perhaps his most lasting and valuable legacy. Some of his critics have scoffed at his advocacy of peaceful liberation of the Communist-dominated peoples and at his often reiterated faith in the eventual collapse of Communism.

"Yet, what other tenable position can self-respecting free peoples take? The Communists have no hesitancy in proclaiming their faith in the eventual domination of the world by dictators. Can we be less determined in our dedication to the cause of freedom from tyranny for all people?

"If we want a foreign policy and a national attitude that bends before every Communist breeze, if we have come to the point where liberty is not worth our lives, if we are becoming convinced that the future is in the hands of dictators rather than in those of free men, then we no longer need the Dulleses or their legacy. But while American greatness and American hope endure, John Foster Dulles

will be remembered as one of their most effective and eloquent champions."

His Vice President also substituted for President Eisenhower at the official receptions of Washington's embassies. With his beautiful and equally tireless wife Mr. Nixon once attended formal social functions eighteen nights in a row. Here again it was evident that Nixon did his homework. He arrived one evening at a reception held by the Jordanian ambassador for visiting King Hussein. Several others of us who had come in at the same moment naturally waited for the Vice President to go through the receiving line. By a somewhat unusual arrangement the wife of the ambassador was placed first in the line. Beside her was the King. The ambassador stood last.

Photographers, realizing this was their picture for the next morning's editions, were popping their flashbulbs in an almost continuous flash of light as the Vice President went down the line.

One of the ambassador's children was attracted by the commotion, and by the time Mr. Nixon came to the boy's father, he found him trying desperately to detach his young son's grasp on his coattail with one hand while extending the other in greeting to the Vice President.

"Well, Mr. Ambassador," said the Vice President, "this is your seven-year-old, isn't he? He is a very good diplomat."

The ambassador was one of eighty-seven of his rank representing a foreign country in the capital at the time. Obviously, Nixon had taken the trouble to brief himself on the ambassador's family before he came. Nevertheless, the proud father basked in the glow of that recognition for many months, and the single act possibly did more for our country's good will than a good many of our dollars spent for foreign aid.

Richard Nixon wrote the majority of the speeches he delivered as Vice President and as presidential candidate, including perhaps the best he ever gave, his acceptance speech at the 1960 Republican convention. He seldom had time to write his remarks out fully and on the campaign trail would begin a speech with a single page of notes for a guide.

In the spring of 1960 he was invited to give the major address at the Nebraska Founders' Day banquet in Lincoln. Charles Thone, Nebraska's state Republican chairman, had asked me to come along

to introduce Fred Seaton, who, in turn, would introduce the Vice President. The trip was obviously political, not governmental, so we made the trip in the Vice President's campaign plane, a DC-3.

As we were approaching our destination Mr. Nixon handed me an advance of his remarks for comments. They numbered thirty sentences at most.

That evening, as the speech was delivered before a standing-room-only crowd in the University Coliseum, I was fascinated to hear Nixon start out with a sentence from his prepared text, ad-lib for a minute or two, then weave smoothly into a sentence from his notes, expand it, and then pick up the next point without interruption.

At 10:30 P.M. the Nixons boarded their airplane for the six-hour trip back to Washington. I had a speech the next day in Minneapolis so I had declined the Vice President's offer of a return trip to the capital.

When I arrived back at my office the next evening, I sent Mr. Nixon a note of thanks for the lift, and followed through with a plan he had thwarted on the ride to Nebraska. Since he was not yet the party's candidate, I knew he could receive no support from the national committee and his heavy expenses had to be borne personally and by friends. I told him I wanted to pay my way, but he had refused on the grounds that I would soon be asked to give to the national organization.

Now, as I wrote my thank-you note, I decided to include a check, which I made out for exactly the price of a one-way airplane fare to Lincoln so there would be no question about its purpose. I failed to notice, when the check cleared, that Nixon had endorsed it over to the Nixon Volunteers. In fact, I thought no more about it until I received a telephone call one day, months later, from Elton Hailey, public information officer at General Services Administration. He read me a story that had just come over the news ticker and which eventually appeared in most of the nation's dailies. It was an abstraction from the accounting required by law of the moneys received by the volunteers. It dealt with the contributions Nixon had received from his cabinet associates. One member of the Cabinet, the story said, had contributed \$3000, two had given \$1500, several others had donated \$1000 each. And, the story concluded, the secretary to the

Cabinet had given \$62.27. Most of my friends thought I had turned over some gambling winnings, and it seemed easier to let that stand as the explanation.

Nixon shouldered the heavy burden of campaign responsibilities in the 1956 campaign. Even so, to remain on the ticket for the second Eisenhower term, he had to overlook the not too subtle hint in the cabinet post he was offered and to rise above Harold Stassen's dump-Nixon move which, though it never got far off the ground would never have been airborne at all if the President had not considered it improper to interject himself earlier in expressing a preference for a running mate.

With less fanfare Mr. Stassen repeated his move in 1960 in a memorandum to the members of the Pennsylvania delegation. He wrote to them that there were at least four others—Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Secretaries Robert Anderson and Frederick Seaton—who he believed would make a better President of the United States. In the same memorandum he indicated that the primaries "held thus far [May 23, 1960] appear to indicate that with Vice President Nixon as nominee, our Republican Party will only carry the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Indiana and Arizona."

Before the 1960 campaign arrived, however, the President, wiser in the ways of politics, determined not to humor maverick politicians, and eager to do everything he could to assure continuance of responsible government, was ready with his endorsement. In a cabinet meeting on November 27, 1959, eight months before he was the party's nominee and thirty days before Nelson Rockefeller withdrew from the race, Dwight Eisenhower spoke out to his associates on the increasing need for economy in government. Finally, looking across at his Vice President, he said, "Dick, I hope next year to be turning this chair over to you, so you should have more reason than anyone else to beat down these spending proposals and hold the line. If we don't do it, then when you are sitting here you are going to be the most unhappy man in America."

We were later asked to admonish cabinet officers to treat this unexpected early endorsement with confidence until after the national convention had made its selection. But it was a measure of the

president's full expectation that Nixon would succeed him and of his support for that succession.

In 1960, as he had in 1956, candidate Nixon carried the major weight of his party's banner. Apparently to avoid the impression of a small boy being taken to school by the hand, he deferred too long the help Eisenhower could have given him and was so eager to give.

Determined to set the record straight regarding the Vice President's contribution to the affairs of government during his administration, the President said in a television speech, "During these years, Dick Nixon has participated with me and high officials of your government in hundreds of important deliberative proceedings of the Cabinet, the National Security Council, and other agencies. In these proceedings he has proved himself time and again to be a man with a comprehensive understanding of both the problems of our age and the demands upon government . . . His counsel," said the President, "has been invaluable to me." So saying, he introduced Richard Nixon as the next President of the United States.

Most other members of the Cabinet shared Eisenhower's determination to make their No. 2 boss the next President. In a quip that was a measure of their desperation, one of Mr. Nixon's cabinet associates spoke to him as he entered the cabinet room the morning after the press announced that Senator Kennedy's wife would give birth to a baby soon after the election.

"What are you doing here, Dick?" he demanded. "For Pete's sake go home and make love."

A fast reader, Nixon waded through stacks of papers each day and estimated that for every hour he spent in executive meetings he spent at least two hours preparing for the session or executing decisions following it. He began his day each morning reading extensive intelligence reports covering world affairs.

In one of the most dramatic recitations at a cabinet meeting the Vice President reported on the Christmas-week settlement of the 1959 steel strike. The meetings had been held at his home and attended by the top representatives of steel labor and steel management. Not until the sixth meeting was the press aware that they were taking place. The facts in Nixon's report to the Cabinet were also news to the majority of the members.

He told how McDonald had brought to the negotiations the contract he had signed with the aluminum industry for a fifty-cent-an-hour increase. "Why," he had asked, "should we settle with steel, after a long tiresome strike, for less than we have settled with the aluminum industry without a strike?"

During the negotiations the Vice President, assisted by Labor Secretary Mitchell, managed to get the settlement down to thirty-seven cents with only two weapons—the prestige of the President and the threat that he would take his case to the Congress and to the people if he could not get a settlement with a minimum of inflation built into it.

The figure Nixon negotiated was one half the trend in settlements of 1952 and 1956. Still, it gave to labor an increase in hourly wage nearly equal to the total hourly wage received by steelworkers in Japan.

On Mr. Kennedy's inaugural day the *Washington Post* headlined a section "Best Prepared President in History Takes Oath Today." Without challenging the basis for that claim, we can agree it is unlikely Mr. Nixon would have felt compelled to issue the statement made by the new President a few months later when he said he had not realized as a candidate what he had come to realize since—"how heavy and constant" are the burdens of the presidency.

We will never know what kind of president Richard Nixon would have made during the period 1961-65, but there can be no question about the richness of experience with which he was prepared for that post.

Part Thirteen

XLVI

In the height of a political campaign any mode of transportation that keeps you on schedule is acceptable. A speaker gets so caught up in the urgency of the cause he lets himself in for absurdly inconvenient departures in the dead of night and wild rides between stops at the hands of drivers he wouldn't trust under ordinary circumstances to take his dog to the veterinary.

In 1958, I made a connection between Minneapolis and a scheduled stop at Carleton College in nearby Northfield by helicopter. We circled the campus once and then set down on the football field. Carleton's president, Larry Gould, greeted me as I stepped out like Santa Claus come to Bloomingdale's.

In order to keep an engagement in the West, I once boarded a private plane to fly with a young pilot who was such a novice at the operation of his craft he flew with an open instruction booklet in his lap. He would carry on a folksy conversation and then, suddenly looking first at the booklet and then at the instrument panel, he would ask a disconcerting question such as, "You don't happen to see a switch marked 'auxiliary,' do you?" Experiences like this, when they could be viewed retrospectively, added to the adventure of campaigning.

In a commercial plane I usually was too absorbed in getting the speech assembled for the next stop even to notice whether or not we had taken off. I did have one experience that was recorded in the press and syndicated by Drew Pearson.

The story had grown by the time Pearson heard and reported it, but even as it took place it will never be forgotten by me or any other passenger aboard the airplane. It happened only a few days after investigators of a Florida plane crash theorized the plane had been

blown up by a bomb secreted aboard in a brief case. Every paper had featured the story, passenger traffic had fallen off, and those who were flying were uneasy about doing so.

I had spoken the night before in Birmingham, Alabama, and returned to my hotel to find a message from the airline telling me my flight to Oklahoma City the next morning had been canceled because of the weather. A quick check of the schedules showed me I could take a bus to Memphis and catch an airplane there for the remainder of the trip.

After a night of sleeping in my clothes aboard the bus, I was pretty disheveled, but I did catch my plane in Tennessee for the next leg of the trip. Unfortunately, it was one of those flights plagued with several stops on a tight schedule in bad weather. I was booked for a TV appearance and a speech before the Oklahoma Taxpayers' Association at noon, and, as we fell farther and farther behind time, I realized if I was going to change at all, I would have to do it aboard the plane.

In an attaché case, along with the speech, some personal résumés, and publicity pictures, I kept a clean shirt, a toothbrush, and a wind-up razor I had picked up on a trip to Switzerland. Since it operated off a heavy spring, the razor could be used anywhere, eliminating the search for an electrical outlet and concern over whether it supplied the correct current.

When we were still some thirty minutes out of Oklahoma City, I picked up the attaché case and went down the aisle to the washroom in the rear of the plane. It was occupied, as were the seats near it. I stood beside the last seat and rested my case on the armrest. As I did, the click switch of the razor apparently touched the side of the case, for from within came a very suspicious buzzing. In rapid succession the woman sitting beside the case let out a long, blood-chilling scream, and as every passenger in the plane turned a white, frantic face toward me, her seatmate took up the cry, "It's a bomb! It's a bomb!"

At this point it was too noisy in the cabin to reason with anyone, so I fumbled to open the case and show what was making the damnable racket. In my haste I opened the case upside down, and my paraphernalia cascaded along the aisle and under the seats.

As the plane pulled to a stop at the Oklahoma City ramp, I was still trying to put the speech back together and—all thoughts of cleaning up now forgotten—was pleading plaintively, "Has anyone seen page 4?" The cabin door was opened, the hostess helped me get my things together, and as I left I noted that not another passenger was moving from his seat. They all sat there, too weakened by their experience—or too busy giving thanks to their Maker to move.

When Drew Pearson printed the story it was captioned "Cabinet Secretary Turns 'Mad Bomber'" and had the stewardess and plane captain roughing me up as if I were a criminal. While this version was more dramatic than factual, I can imagine it may have been given to the columnist as the firsthand account of one of my fellow passengers that day. Those in the rear of the plane saw the razor and heard the full explanation. Still they were the first to sound the alarm and had been put in a foolish position. At least a third of the passengers thought I had intended to do them all in but mercifully had been intercepted in the nick of time. The balance thought they had been the victims of a very unfunny practical joker.

As I recall their faces during the incident, and I can recall them vividly, I read in them the common hope that the door be opened and the brief case, preferably with its owner, be dumped outside.

That attaché case also caused me grief before the largest audience I addressed during the days I was speaking from the White House. At an international Kiwanis meeting in Dallas in 1959, 14,000 Kiwanians filled the hall. I had worked hard on the speech to assemble some appropriate nonpartisan remarks which could be applied to the Canadians as well as the Americans present. It hadn't occurred to me that maintaining dignity would be a problem. As it turned out, it should have been my first concern.

I ascended to the stage along with several members of the Kiwanis top brass and waited several minutes before it was my turn to speak. A speaker never satisfied with my material, I thought of some last-minute changes I could make and, as unobtrusively as possible, opened the attaché case at my feet to find a pencil. I closed the case, made my changes, and, following my introduction, stood up and started to the speaker's stand. Only then did I realize I had closed

my trouser leg in the case and my trek to the rostrum was made with all the dignity of a prisoner dragging his own ball and chain.

The most wearing thing about making several political speeches the same day is that you are confronted at every stop with a new, eager, and fresh committee. By the time they have put you through the paces of a television appearance, a speech, and a few meetings all in the space of two or three hours, the local committee is generally ready for a rest and the members are relishing the thought that the next day they will be able to sleep late. They limply put you aboard a plane feeling as used and crumpled as an old Dixie cup and send you off to the spot thirty minutes away where a new, eager, and fresh committee awaits your services.

Sometimes this means having three lunches in one day, and sometimes it means having none at all. Occasionally some member of the committee with a mother complex will send you on your way with a box lunch, as one did to me following a speech in Missouri. My next stop was best available by a train connection, and after I had boarded the train I started to work on some remarks for the next meeting and fell asleep.

I wakened as the train was just leaving a station. When the conductor came along I asked him how much longer it would be to my destination. He spluttered that we had just left it behind and that the train's next scheduled stop was St. Louis. As an alternative he proposed he could stop the train and I could walk back the few miles that were now rapidly passing. I took this option, and the train stopped long enough for him to put me and my bag off the end.

The town had disappeared from sight in one direction. I sat down on my suitcase in the middle of the track and watched the train pull away in the other. Soon it became a small spot in the distance, and I could not see a living or moving thing in any direction. I have never been in a more hilarious situation and would be laughing there, still, if I had had anyone to share it with. I pulled out the box lunch I had been given, peeled an orange, polished off a candy bar, and then started back toward town. The single railroad track ran alongside the Mississippi. The river was frozen in spots, but the sun was out bright and the air was crisp and clear. As it turned out, I was about four miles from the town, but, except that my grip on the suitcase

became weak whenever the humor of my plight struck me, the walk was not a hard one.

Naturally, none of the members of the reception committee was still in the station when I arrived. There were two empty taxicabs whose drivers watched me with interest as I walked down the last quarter mile of track. When I gave the first one the name of my hotel and started into the cab, he said, "I'm busy," and then turning to his friend, he asked, "Do you want him, Joe?" to which the other driver replied dubiously, "I might take him—if he paid in advance."

My experience with custodians of public buildings and meeting halls would indicate they are all cold-blooded. I never have spoken in a room that was less than ten degrees too hot. The chairman for patriotism leads the oath of allegiance, the chairman for the invocation gives the blessing, the membership chairman welcomes "one and all," the music chairman sings "The Star-Spangled Banner" and leads the group through political lyrics set to favorites like "Old MacDonald Had a Farm." By the time the chairman of the speakers' committee—who often could make a hurricane sound uninteresting—has made an introduction longer than the speech, the listeners have slid down limply in their chairs and folded their programs into hand fans which they flap furiously, making the audience look like it is about to take off—and doubtless wishing it could.

An interesting technique used to spread speakers thin in the 1960 campaign was the "telephone speech." The local telephone company would arrange a hookup with amplifiers at the meeting place and the speaker would call long distance at the time agreed on and make his remarks into the telephone. With this method he might not have to leave his own office to travel hundreds of miles for a single occasion. Or he could slip out of a meeting in some other part of the country for twenty minutes and, while sitting in a phone booth, fulfill the request of a second group.

As a novelty and if not overused, the telephone address is a good way to save a speaker the effort and time required by travel. And an audience, which is seldom aware of transportation expenses that are involved in a personal appearance, is more impressed with the fact that this twenty- or thirty-minute-talk is long distance and—by their own experience—that costs money!

The disadvantage to the speaker is in not being able to see his listeners and time his speech to audience reaction. On June 16, 1960, I had this experience during a "live" speech.

I addressed the Susan B. Anthony Republican Club garden party at the home of Mrs. F. Ritter Shumway in Rochester, New York. Amplifiers were set up in the trees and through the gardens of Mrs. Shumway's vast estate. Over a thousand guests *and* a downpour arrived simultaneously. The amplifiers were quickly moved indoors to the various rooms of the house and I began.

I spoke before 75 or 100 in the living room, but the majority of the audience was unseen. If I made a point or a jest that was well received, we could hear laughter or applause coming from the garage, or the upstairs sitting room, or some other removed part of the house. Trying to match the timing of the same speech being delivered to several different audiences presented some problems. And I couldn't always be sure the distant laughter I heard did not come from a room where the amplifier had been unplugged and the ladies were having their own private party. Not that I would have blamed them.

My suspicious nature also questioned, at times, whether my audience was putting up with me during speeches to the United Nations representatives in Geneva, Switzerland. Our meetings of the UN's subcommittees on relief and rehabilitation, as well as the meetings of the Intergovernmental Committee on European Migration, were held in the old League of Nations quarters. Both members of the audience and the delegates were equipped with headsets and a switch which permitted the listener to tune in to the language translation of his choice.

It was flattering to consider you were being heard in several tongues, perfectly spoken. But it was disconcerting to contemplate the possibility the contented smile on the foreign delegate across from you did not necessarily mean he was swept away with the beauty of your thoughts. Wasn't it possible, you had to wonder, that he purposely had his switch turned to a language he did not understand?

The biggest personal disappointment of my White House career came from my inability to put forth a plan I proposed at one of these ICEM meetings in November 1959. At the time I spoke the United States' total contributions to various refugee movements had

just totaled over one *billion* dollars. In addition to these funds from federal sources, it was estimated private church groups and charities have at least equaled and possibly exceeded our governmental contributions. To this record of our financial willingness to help can be added the fact that our people have provided a sanctuary since the turn of the century alone for over 22.5 million immigrants and refugees.

Despite our own financial problems, the United States has a reputation among the family of nations as a country of unlimited wealth. In foreign minds, the money we send overseas comes from a bottomless well of plenty and requires no sacrifices on the part of our citizens. This would not be conducive to good international relations if it were true. Since it is not, it carries the added stigma of poor business. Much of the good will we Americans try to buy with our money overseas is lost because we do not permit the recipient to retain both our gift *and* his pride. In working with the refugee problems I was certain there was some way in which we could arrange for the refugee to help himself . . . some way in which he could be permitted to contribute to the solution of his own problem. I was convinced he would respect us more if we let him do so and encouraged, rather than supplanted, that independence of spirit which has traditionally marked our own people.

Among other things I suggested the council search for plans to provide for greater participation in the costs of their transportation by the refugees themselves.

The United States is a wealthy country, yet in some of our major institutions of higher learning between 30 per cent and 70 per cent of tuition costs are not paid by the student or his family at the time he is a student, but are loaned to him. For the first three years following his graduation, the student pays nothing on his loan, in the fourth and fifth years he pays 20 per cent and 30 per cent, and in the sixth year the balance comes due and the money borrowed is once again available for loan to another student. At the time the loan is made no question is raised as to the ability of the student's family to pay his obligation for him, nor the willingness of someone else to do so in his behalf. It is a business loan and carries the current rate of interest. More important, since it helps students face independently a personal

obligation for the future, it carries with it an enormous measure of self-respect.

I recommended to the ICEM group that we adopt such a plan as this with respect to refugees. I did *not* suggest, of course, that we saddle refugees with such burdens of indebtedness as to cause them to despair of their future. Their *partial* participation in the costs of giving them a new life, however, would, I reasoned, indicate self-confidence on the part of the refugee, give him an additional determination to succeed in his new land, make it possible for him to help other future refugees as his share of the fund is repaid, and, as important as any of these, give him the self-respect that comes with self-help and helping others.

Such a plan would recognize it is important that new citizens, though they arrive at their new homes with little else in the world, should not arrive without pride.

As a side benefit to this proposal, I suggested the plan would be an added inducement on the part of all nations to give to the refugee movement, inspired by this further demonstrated determination of the refugee to help himself.

Although the plan was given some discussion the Dutch government representatives balked and the idea was not adopted.

XLVII

The hardest audience to reach is found at the father-and-son banquet. Sons bring their sons and fathers bring their fathers and the age range goes from eight months to eighty years. If you talk to the youngsters, the fathers are staring at the ceiling in boredom or working hard at staying awake. When you talk to the oldsters, the young fry get under the tables or run around the room seeking entertainment more suited to their years.

When you get off a train, wearing last Thursday's shirt and yesterday's beard, the reception committee takes charge. In a cloud of dust and a shower of small stones, they hustle you to a hotel where they

have reserved an excellent suite for your comfort. Before your luggage is delivered, however, the full committee arrives with refreshments, your suite becomes the convention headquarters, and you end up changing clothes in the bathroom.

Occasionally a reception committee will meticulously arrange all details but forget to make a hotel reservation for the speaker. Harassed hotel men usually can come through with some accommodation in such a pinch.

One of my friends on the speech circuit had a gimmick which he said was infallibly successful. If he was informed there were no hotel rooms he would tell the proprietor he worked at the White House and ask if there were any messages for him.

Another man claimed he would say to the clerk, "Do you mean to tell me if the President of the United States were to come in here tonight you couldn't find a room for him?" "Well, sure," the clerk would usually reply, "we would find a room for him one way or another." "Well," my friend would say, "I can assure you he's not coming tonight. Let me have *his* room."

Many were not at all impressed with a White House affiliation. I approached a cashier in a hotel in Oregon and asked to cash a check. She asked for identification and I brought out my White House pass, signed by Chief V. E. Baughman, head of the Secret Service, and bearing a colored identification photograph and fingerprint. The cashier looked it over carefully, handed it back to me, and asked, "Don't you have a driver's license?"

A speaker today must expect to compete with favorite television programs and the wide gamut of alternative ways his audience may spend an evening. I have never had more built-in competition, however, than on August 4, 1958, at the Chautauqua Institution, which supplied speakers and performers to Americans before the advent of television, radio, and movie houses. Set on the lake amid several hundred acres of tall pines are several halls where various types of entertainment run concurrently each evening during the summer.

During the time I was speaking, the Miskakoff String Quartet was performing in the music hall, Dr. Karl Menninger of the famous Topeka clinic was speaking on "Communication and Mental Health," and the opera *Samson and Delilah* was being performed. As if these

were not handicaps enough, I missed completely on the selection of my topic. I spoke in an open-air amphitheater from a podium that extended halfway out into the audience. The first hundred or so around me were seated at places equipped with electric hearing devices. The average age of others in my audience would have been in the late seventies. Deciding to speak on the rigors of the job, I had chosen as my subject "Are You Sure You Want to Be President?"

The President never forgot a bad experience he had with a TV TelePrompter during his first campaign in 1952. The "prompter," in steady use today and much improved, flashes groups of words in large type along the top of the podium or beside the television cameras, enabling the speaker to look toward his audience and appear to speak without notes. The script is printed on long rolls of paper, and the speed with which these move is regulated by the TelePrompter operator sitting off camera.

General Eisenhower was speaking from behind a massive speaker's stand that had been built up into the air to make it easier for those in the audience to see him and to permit the concealment of the "prompter" operator within the stand. Eisenhower knew that the operator was down under this large framework somewhere, out of sight to him and to the audience. He began to speak, and for the first few sentences everything went along well. Then the tape began to speed up. The President-to-be picked up his tempo and the tape shifted into an even higher speed. Finally, Ike stepped back half a step from the rostrum, leaned down under it, and said to the boards at his feet, "Hey, slow that thing down!"

After that he preferred not to use a TelePrompter but had his speeches printed on an oversize typewriter with letters a half inch tall. The sheets were then clipped into a ring-binder notebook that kept them in proper order and permitted easy turning.

Some of us on the staff who spoke a good deal borrowed the President's speech typewriter so that our material could be set in the oversize type. With an occasional glance the contents of nearly a whole page could be taken in and the speaker appeared to be relatively independent of the notes before him. The disadvantage was that even a short speech, set in type the size of that in a child's primer,

required thirty to forty pages. Walking up to the speaker's stand with what would pass for a junior-size edition of the Sears Roebuck catalogue would take the glow off the most enthusiastic of introductions and the warmest of audiences.

There were two alternatives, neither of them entirely satisfactory. One was to have the papers placed on the podium before the meeting began. Whenever I did this, the speaker before me invariably gathered up my papers along with his when he finished and, on leaving the stage, disappeared from the hall in search of the men's room.

The second choice was not much better. It was to give the speech to the man who was to make the introduction. If he forgot to leave the speech on the stand, however, he could be found at one or the other far ends of the table and the speech would be passed up to you, hand over hand, with all the subtlety of a brass band.

There are two things an arrangements committee wants from a speaker: an acceptance to its invitation and a title for the speaker's remarks. It is often easier to accept the invitation than it is—three months ahead of the occasion—to pick the subject you will want to speak on when the time comes. The trick is to pick a title interesting enough to draw an audience yet with sufficient latitude so it can be bent to cover whatever area you decide on later.

A North Carolina committee asked Governor Howard Pyle one October to speak at an annual dinner the following February. He suggested they defer the selection of the topic until closer to the date and gave them the name of a secretary who would be in touch with them. The following week they placed the first of many telephone calls to his secretary and she, in turn, began to nag him for a title whenever she had nothing better to do.

After many fruitless attempts she caught Governor Pyle on a busy day with her perpetual question, "What are you going to talk about in North Carolina?" He answered facetiously, "I'm going to tell them how the cow ate the cabbage," and made a mental note that he *should* give serious consideration to the question before the week was out. His next thought of the approaching speech was many days later when he received an advance copy of the dinner program listing as his title, "How the Cow Ate the Cabbage." The deputy assistant to the President later told me that in his years as a White House

speaker he was never harder pressed to make any speech material fit the title than on that occasion. His audience was 540 women who waited all evening for an answer to the question, "How *did* the cow eat the cabbage?"

On other occasions committees will accept the title given them and then announce one to fit their plans. I flew out to Ann Arbor, Michigan, on May 12, 1960, to speak at an "informal round table" at the law school on the subject "The Mechanics of the Modern Presidency." As I was escorted into the hall, we passed a half dozen billboards announcing that I would speak on "The Validity of Russia's U-2 Spy Charges," a subject on which Eisenhower himself was not making ad-lib comments in his press conferences.

I had intended to stay off the subject of politics that night, but the area was relatively so much safer than international espionage I let my young questioners have a field day in it. One of them wanted me to name the possible candidates for the Republican vice presidential nomination, and I listed ten of the top runners. I reasoned that although there were news people present I was not making any news and could not get myself into trouble with the shotgun approach.

The next morning found me in Grand Rapids, Michigan, sharing a platform at the meeting of the Women's Division of the Republican State Central Committee with Postmaster General Summerfield. We had a news conference after the meeting, and we both noted that, like most of those attending the conference, every reporter in the room had on a big badge which read "Jerry Ford for V.P." Finally, the questions got around to the possible Nixon running mate, and one of the reporters said to me, "Mr. Secretary," a salutation that always puffed me up to twice my normal size and made me easier to shoot down, "would you say that Jerry Ford should be included on any list of possibilities for Vice President?" "Well, of course," I replied, "on such a list you have to include young, aggressive, intelligent men like your excellent congressman, Jerry Ford." "Well," countered the reporter, pulling a sheet from the news ticker out of his pocket for reference, "why didn't you do so last night when you gave your list at Ann Arbor?"

One unforgivable but apparently unavoidable waste of time at

speech functions is the laborious introduction of all the head-table guests. At one Washington banquet at the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel a group of us thought we could spare the assembled this ordeal. We circulated a petition down the full length of the long head table and presented it to the master of ceremonies. The petition to which we all signed our names urged him to dispense with introductions of all of us at the head table.

The master of ceremonies graciously acknowledged the receipt of the petition and announced he was going to accede to our wishes. "Instead," he said, "I am going to read the names of those who have signed the petition and ask each to stand while I tell you a little about him."

On May 11, 1960, I fulfilled one of the most heart-warming White House speech assignments I was given. I represented the President at the arrival ceremonies honoring the "millionth migrant" to be transported from Europe to a new home overseas.

Number one million was a ten-year-old Latvian refugee boy named Andrejs Suritis, enroute to Kalamazoo, Michigan, but stopping for his official welcome at Idlewild International Airport in New York.

This was quite a day in Andrejs' life. He was greeted by Senator Keating of New York, Congressman Johansen of Michigan, and many other officials from church groups and government. He also received a letter from the President and a four-year, full-tuition scholarship from Hastings College.

From the start of the ceremonies, however, Andrejs was the star. An interpreter informed the television cameramen that Andrejs, although he had not yet learned the language, had memorized in English a short welcoming speech which he had been instructed to give when the announcer spoke his name as a cue.

The airplane came in on schedule and the television cameras went on the air to show a small boy's run down the steps of the ramp. A television announcer caught him by the hand and began, "We are delighted to have you here and understand that you have memorized a little greeting that you would like to extend to us. Folks, I give you Andrejs Suritis."

At the mention of his name Andrejs began in a monotone: "My

body: I have teeth and they are white. I have two hands. I have feet to walk with. Thank you and good-by."

"Well . . . ah . . . fine. Thank you very much. Ladies and gentlemen, we had thought he had prepared a little speech of greetings. Anyway, that was young Andrejs Suritis, who has—" Whereupon Andrejs began the second English sentences he had memorized. "I am happy to be in the United States where I am going to live in Kalamazooloo, Michigan, with my mothers and fathers and play football. Thank you and good-by."

This time the announcer was delighted and said, "Thank you very much. Folks that was little Andrejs Suritis . . ." and Andrejs started off again, "My body: I have teeth and they are white . . ."

XLVIII

It takes only one truly enthusiastic person in the audience to spread a contagion of support for a speaker. In February 1960, I spoke to a Lincoln Day meeting of Republicans in St. Louis, Missouri. With mixed emotions of pleasure and dismay I learned that Dewey Short, Assistant Secretary of the Army and many-term congressman, would be present—pleasure because he is one of the grandest senior politicians in the country, dismay because he excels at long extemporaneous speeches, an art that has nearly faded.

In the old days, when Congressman Short campaigned through his district, he would go to a county seat, stand on the front steps of the courthouse, and begin to speak. With little more advance warning than that, a crowd of his constituents would gather.

When the congressman asked the Speaker of the House for recognition to address his colleagues on Capitol Hill, word would spread through the offices and halls of Congress, "Dewey's speaking," and the galleries would fill with fans who wanted to hear his fireworks.

In St. Louis I told Dewey I would rather quote homemade poetry to Shakespeare than give a public speech when he was within 100 miles, and I asked him to substitute for me. He not only refused, but refused a place at the head table too. He said he thought he could be

of more use in the audience. And he was right! As I went through the major points in my speech he would half rise out of his chair and turn toward the audience to say loudly, "He's tellin' you the truth, now." As I warmed to my subject Dewey warmed to his self-imposed assignment of audience baiter. "That's nailin' the hide to the wall, boy!" he would shout, or, "That's puttin' the fodder down where the calves can reach it." By the time I finished he was not my prop—I was his.

Contrary to public notion, during Eisenhower's presidency no one at the White House cleared the speeches of subordinates. "If you believe it's the truth, say it. If you don't, don't," was the only advice I could get from my colleagues at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue before timidly starting out on my first speech as a representative of the executive branch.

Considering the lack of coaching from the side lines, it marks me as a lucky man to report that out of more than three hundred speeches I got in trouble with the public or the press only three times. The first occurred at the annual meeting of the Poor Richard's Club in Philadelphia celebrating the birthday anniversary of Benjamin Franklin. The celebrations took a good part of the day and included a visit to Independence Hall and to Franklin's grave where I laid the President's wreath and made my remarks. I kept them brief and addressed them to Franklin, rather than to the audience.

These prepared remarks caused me no trouble, but at the next stop, a luncheon honoring Richard Rodgers and the late Oscar Hammerstein, Philadelphia's Mayor Richardson Dilworth did not arrive and I was asked to substitute for him. Mayor Dilworth only days before had defeated Harold Stassen in the mayor's race at the polls, and I couldn't resist quipping, "In taking over Mayor Dilworth's spot, I want it noted for the record that Gray succeeded where Harold Stassen failed."

If there is a Stassen supporter in Philadelphia who has not written me a blasting letter for those remarks, this recording of the incident gives him his last chance to do so.

The second time I drew outraged mail followed a speech at the National Advertising Club's testimonial for John Kluge, President of Metropolitan Broadcasting Company.

"Although it has nothing to do with his politics, the well-thatched Senator Kennedy could hardly expect Republican John Kluge to support him. I wonder if the senator recognizes the disadvantage all that hair gives him. The balding American male comprises one of the greatest untapped political forces in America today. Speaking for John Kluge and that vast army of us who are bravely fighting the retreat of our hairlines, I must tell you we simply cannot go for such a profusion of plumage, no matter how it's combed. Those of us with a thinking-man's hairline believe the advantage of Joe Kennedy's millions is nothing compared to the boost which could be effected in the popularity of his hair-apparent with the simple purchase of a pair of forty-nine-cent thinning scissors."

That section of my remarks was reprinted in *Variety*, and we received fighting letters from three manufacturers and five salesmen of men's hair pieces.

The biggest flak I ever received, however, was at a meeting of the National Association of Parents and Teachers. Three of us appeared on a panel. Dr. Shane McCarthy spoke on physical fitness. Postmaster General Summerfield was assigned the topic "Pornography and the United States Mail." I was asked to speak on "The Dangers of Inflation."

I talked about monetary inflation and then suggested there were many other kinds of inflation, too, that should concern Americans. Just as too many dollars after too few goods bring inflation to the dollar, I claimed, too many students crowding into too few educational facilities could bring a serious devaluation of education standards. If I had stopped there our office mail would not have reached the proportions it blossomed to because I added, "Those who want to do something on the federal level to help education would do well to work not for federal aid to education but for federal economy in all other areas into which the national bureaucracy has injected itself. Every demand we eliminate adds to our chances for tax reductions which will make more funds available at the local level to meet local school needs."

After a speech to a political gathering, a number of the audience would come forward with messages to be delivered to Mr. Eisen-

hower. "Tell the President you met Jess Talbert's brother," one would say. "He'll remember sitting on the platform with Jess when he was in Toledo for a meeting in 1952."

In addition to messages, written and oral, more than once I returned to Washington with a jar of piccalilli or a homemade pot holder for Mrs. Eisenhower and a renewed appreciation of the family status in which the President and First Lady were held in the homes of America.

Many after-speech greeters came forward to give evidence of their Republicanism. "I didn't even vote for Franklin Roosevelt," a few would report. Once, when I had finished a speech in Montana, a county chairman introduced me to a young man named Dewey McKinley Hoover. He added, unnecessarily, "His mother was a Republican."

Most political gatherings not only want as their speaker, but feel entitled to, the President of the United States. If they fail at this attempt they go in turn first to the Vice President and then to the members of the Cabinet, not in order of their rank but in the order of their popularity. These men could not fulfill all the speech requests made upon them if they did nothing else, and local committees, more often than not, have to satisfy themselves with a relatively unknown speaker who may be their twenty-fifth choice.

Both the White House address and the novelty of my title made it possible for the Republican National Committee to book me for speeches which required over 100,000 miles' travel during both the 1956 and 1960 campaigns.

As Senator Thruston Morton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, explained it to a group at the White House in November 1960, "Since Bob's title was a new one and few people knew exactly what it stood for, we could book him as a White House assistant, presidential aide, or associate of the Cabinet depending on what was requested."

Although I tired of the travel and the preparations, the ham in me encouraged me to yield to a speech request wherever I could make the date by traveling after business hours. At one point I was on the road so frequently it prompted Sherman Adams to ask Meade Alcorn,

then Republican chairman, "What are you trying to do, make a political Billy Sunday out of him?"

By the end of a campaign political speakers are short of patience and long of wind; they are dog-tired of all-night travel and squealing microphones and creamed-chicken dinners. But given a few weeks' rest and a change of issues, they are ready to charge off again.

For, tiring as it may be, there is no more stimulating experience for an ivory-towered Washingtonian than to journey into the grass-roots country and exchange ideas with his fellow citizens there. And in the process he meets the men and the women who give the democracy its vitality, who plan the meetings and give the time, who keep informed on national problems, who take an interest in politics and shoulder the expenses of their party—the men and women who, despite their obligations to their homes and to their businesses, donate that extra measure of interest in their government that gives them a right to pride in their America.

Part Fourteen

XLIX

Election Day, 1960, in the White House was one of the quietest days in all the eight years Eisenhower lived there.

The President, most of the Cabinet, and top members of the White House staff had all been personally involved in a campaign that built to an overpowering intensity in the last ten days. Now they were resting or quietly at work at their desks catching up on business previously put aside. Very few called on their staffs for any service, and as a result a benumbing stillness settled over the usually busy working wings of the mansion.

Most White House staffers had not been anxious to see Election Day come—not because they feared the defeat unanimously predicted by pollsters in the final weeks but because the election marked the beginning of the end of their tenure, whatever the outcome. Through the months preceding November 8, that day was a target of such magnitude it blotted out the days of the exodus which followed it on the calendar. There had been neither time nor desire to think of the period after the election or to make firm decisions regarding it. Subconsciously all had known they would have to face the “post” period eventually, but to rank it equally with the preparations for Election Day or to steal time and energy from the campaign to plan for it would have been self-serving.

Finally the realization was upon them. The President and the members of his administration had done all that could be done to influence the voters who were even then marking their ballots. When the polls closed, so, too, would close a chapter in each of their lives. Now it was over. And the time for cleaning out, sweeping up, and moving on was at hand.

The White House had been closed to tourists since November 4 and would remain so for the balance of the month while painters gave the place its quadrennial going over—its traditional preparation for new tenants. Having grown accustomed to working against the noisy hum of camera-laden tourists, I found their absence this quiet day unaccountably annoying, like being awakened by the stopping of a noisy clock. The only sounds outside came from the painters as they rigged their scaffoldings and laid out the tarpaulins. It all added to the feeling of “waiting for the movers.”

The President had voted early in the morning. He took his helicopter to Gettysburg before dawn and arrived at the Barlow Township Fire Hall in Adams County at six fifty-five. To make certain his ballot was legal, he waited five minutes for the official 7 A.M. poll opening. Three minutes later he started back once again to the White House, having set an example in citizenship which would be followed by a record-breaking 67 million Americans before the final vote was cast halfway around the globe in Hawaii, fifteen hours later.

By lunchtime everyone was trying to top his colleagues with optimistic statements. The lack of high humor that should have accompanied such certainty betrayed the fact that few believed their predictions.

In the staff mess I joined a table with Dr. Raymond Saulnier, the President's economic adviser, Captain E. P. Aurand, the Chief Executive's naval aide, and Colonel John Eisenhower. While he was at the table John received a telephone call from Barbara Eisenhower at their farm home in Gettysburg. She had made a canvass of the carpenters who were working there and of the villagers she had met when she voted that morning, and reported with delight that *everyone* was voting for Nixon. When John relayed these glad tidings to the group we agreed that, were we Gettysburg residents supporting Jack Kennedy, one of the last persons we would tell about it would be President Eisenhower's daughter-in-law. Her refreshing political naïveté was no greater than that of her father-in-law, who, at the cabinet meeting the next morning, would tell his associates, “I don't think the Catholic issue figured too strongly. No Catholic I know ever told me he was going to vote for Kennedy.”

Early enough in the afternoon so that it made the late papers on the East Coast and the early editions on the West where voting had barely got underway, Jim Hagerty announced the meeting of the Cabinet for the next day. The President had asked us three days earlier to set it up for eleven-thirty Wednesday morning (late enough, he reasoned, to be certain of the election outcome).

Although it was not customary to reveal to the press the subjects to be discussed at cabinet meetings in the future or those gone over in the past, Hagerty announced that the major purpose of this meeting would be to complete a program for dealing with the period between election and the inauguration. The President, he had reported, wanted to ensure a smooth change-over in direction of the federal government, whether Vice President Nixon or Senator Kennedy was the winner.

Two members of the Cabinet called as soon as the papers hit the stands with this front-page-center announcement. We had discussed transition at previous cabinet meetings and all had agreed with the President that if a Democrat was elected, everything should be done to make the change-over as frictionless as possible. At the same time, all had agreed with Vice President Nixon that to announce this intent before the election would have the effect of negating a strong Republican point—the guarantee of *continuity* of the Eisenhower regime under the Nixon he had trained.

Around 3 P.M. the President sent word to invite the members of the Cabinet to join him that evening at the Sheraton-Park Hotel. Vice President Nixon was staying in California, and the President suggested the cabinet group gather to watch the early returns with him in Ambassador Lodge's suite, number 720B. I personally called all the members who were in the city and received a quick "yes" from each of them except Ezra Benson. He had just returned from his South American trip, he explained, was leaving in a few days for the Far East, thought he would not be missed at the victory party, and declined. I told him he would be most welcome, that the President had asked me to call, and before the evening was out he joined his colleagues in the Lodge suite.

As I made the calls that day it was obvious that cabinet members held higher hopes than expectations for the election results. Post-

master General Summerfield lamented that he had not been asked to join the Nixon train until two days before it was to make its trek through his home state of Michigan. By this time he had committed himself too fully for speeches elsewhere to accept. He felt we had blown a chance to capture Michigan by routing the Vice President through small cities in the north and leaving Detroit, with its million citizens, abandoned to the labor unions. This soldier of conservatism had worked like a Trojan to elect Eisenhower eight years before. No member of the Eisenhower Cabinet was more continuously aware of the political ramifications of every administration action. Many had wanted him as Nixon's running mate. I had great faith in his judgment and political predictions, and I was better prepared to accept the defeat after this telephone conversation in which Summerfield said, "We're going to lose this one, Bob. It's going to be unbelievably close, but we're not going to be able to pull it off."

Secretary of Labor James Mitchell shared the general lack of confidence. One of the assistant secretaries of Labor was George Lodge, thirty-three-year-old son of the former UN ambassador. During election afternoon Lodge had gone in to see the Labor Secretary and had facetiously asked his stenographer to tell her boss "the son of the next Vice President would like to see him." When she gave Mitchell this information on the intercom, he replied, "I didn't know Lyndon Johnson had a son."

As the festivities got underway at the Sheraton-Park on election night, early returns were good. About 9:30 P.M. President Eisenhower came down from the Lodge suite to thank the 2500 gathered in the ballroom for their efforts in behalf of the campaign and to tell a nationwide TV audience there was still time to vote in most of the country. After the President left for the White House, returns from many areas began to go sour. The celebrants, their eyes glued to the massive tote board, discounted the bad signs as products of returns too fragmentary to be relied upon. Favorable news they viewed as indications of a trend.

L

That evening as pessimism mounted, the talk turned naturally to what might have been. If only there had been more time! For the calendar cheated Richard Nixon of the presidency. Had the election been held even forty-eight hours later, he probably could have pulled it off—he was coming up that fast in the stretch.

Monday-morning quarterbacking is as infallible in politics as in football, and in making my judgments from hindsight I give full compassion now as I gave support then, at the time of political crisis, to those who made the decisions. I have no desire to salve my disappointment over the election's outcome by looking for a fall guy on whom to pin all blame. There is no supporter of the Republican candidate who could not work harder, more effectively, and more wisely if he had it to do over again. And of this I have no doubt—if Richard Nixon could have run his campaign in 1960 on the retrospective wisdom of 1961, he would be President today.

The Vice President had correctly analyzed that Senator Kennedy would pass his peak too soon and planned his own campaign to reach a climax thirty seconds before the polls opened. Still, this did not retrieve for Nixon an election lost through three Republican campaign errors. The first of these was the now-famous debates.

Early in the campaign of 1960, Congress passed a bill requiring the television networks to give equal time for opposing political candidates. The bill passed without a Republican voice being raised against it and was presented for signature to Republican President Eisenhower. No protest was made within Congress, by GOP leaders, or presidential political advisers. Even at this late stage the President could have withheld signature had he been encouraged to do so. There would have been a short furor which would have been quickly diluted with the many other facets of the campaign.

Once the special bill was passed without an objection by his Republican colleagues and signed into law by the chief of his own administration, Richard Nixon had little turn-around room and hardly

could have stepped aside from the debate challenge. Certainly, acting behind the scenes, the Vice President could have discouraged Republican-administration support of this bill. It is important to note, however, that in his failure to take this action—which in retrospect appears so obvious—he was no less foresighted than the whole of the Republican party and the political sages of the Administration.

The debates were a mistake for many reasons, including these: If he was to campaign as the co-architect, as indeed he was, of many of the accomplishments of the Eisenhower administration, the Vice President was doomed from the start to be on the defensive. Kennedy had only to criticize the Administration's mistakes—and after eight years there were bound to have been some—without telling how he would have performed differently or how he would propose to avoid mistakes in the future.

The debates were further predoomed from Mr. Nixon's standpoint by his vaunted reputation as an ad-lib speaker. His superiority over Kennedy was so widely acclaimed that the very worst the public would be saying the next morning would be, "Well, Kennedy came off a lot better than I thought he would."

We Republicans did little to dissuade our workers from spreading the word that Nixon would verbally annihilate the Massachusetts senator. In my days as a debater we used a technique which could have been employed effectively. If we drew the affirmative side of a question, and with it the chance to speak first, we would spend the last minute of our time telling the judge how eagerly we looked forward to hearing our opponent, the next speaker. We would tell the official how well established was our opponent's reputation, how well known his ability to turn a phrase, and how easily he was able to persuade even when the facts were against him. In short, we gave our opponent such a build-up that his presentation was an anticlimax. This psychology could have been used in advance of the debates, to strengthen the Nixon cause. Instead, we let it be used most effectively by our opposition.

In view of the national exposure the TV debates would give to the comparatively unknown Kennedy, accepting the debate challenge was not in keeping with Vice President Nixon's generally superb

political judgment. Nixon could have given the debate challenge a light brush-off like this: "The American people know me, know the things for which I stand. I intend to present my case to the people in the traditional method by full discussions in depth all across the land. And I remind my eager opponent that the stakes in the campaign in which he has entered himself are the presidency of the United States and leadership of the free world, not first prize in a college forensic contest."

Precedence was on the side of refusal, not acceptance, of the debates. Had the Vice President refused the challenge there would have been, at the most, a one-day rhubarb in the press, but nothing more. This was all the attention that had been paid similar action some twenty years before when Wendell Willkie challenged Franklin D. Roosevelt to debate. When a reporter asked F.D.R. if he was going to accept the challenge, he answered the question with one of his own: "Who's Willkie?" And, for that matter, the press little noted the comment of Attorney General Robert Kennedy when he was asked if his brother would debate his opponent in 1964. The presidential campaign manager replied, "Don't be crazy."

Many of the old chieftains in both parties guard so carefully against giving their opponent exposure that they never mention him in a speech.

At the height of a campaign, when your candidate's name seems to be on every tongue and on every bumper sticker, it is easy to overestimate the total voting public's awareness of things political. As an excellent illustration, White House operators today continue to receive, fifteen years after his death and three presidents later, long-distance calls for Franklin D. Roosevelt. (It has always made it easier for me to understand why the Republicans have had a struggle, when I note that there are men and women in this country who missed the record of the Truman years altogether.) A poll run just three weeks before Election Day, 1956, in two southern states, revealed that 13 per cent of those questioned could not name the two presidential candidates. This after four years of Eisenhower in the headlines and the near completion of Adlai Stevenson's *second* national campaign.

The debates helped Kennedy build first an acquaintanceship and

then a following with the voters. They gave exposure to the Vice President as well, but after two campaigns and eight years in the headlines he needed it less. Kennedy appeared youthful and fresh, more articulate than expected, and without the horns some had feared. It was only natural that each debate left him standing higher in the polls, for each appearance introduced him to more Americans who had not matched his face and name before.

The second major error in judgment, in my opinion, was a reluctance to capitalize on our conservatism. While I hope I do not fit the old-fashioned image of a mossback in string tie, I am a conservative. At the same moment, I consider myself progressive for I believe the conservative philosophy is actually more progressive than the liberal because it looks beyond tomorrow to see the consequences of governmental interferences today.

Our appeal as the party of fiscal responsibility could have been heightened particularly after Kennedy began running as a reincarnation of F.D.R. The arguments which found the warmest response with the audiences before which I spoke during the 1960 campaign went like this: The national debt in the United States now exceeds by \$47 billion the indebtedness of all the rest of the world combined. Ninety-six per cent of that debt was incurred during Democratic spending administrations just like the one Mr. Kennedy proposes. The cost of interest on that debt is this year greater than the whole debt itself in 1940. It costs us \$26 million a day—\$18,000 a minute—and takes 10 cents of every tax dollar we pay. . . . On such a theme, particularly during a time of high prosperity, I believe a successful campaign could have been waged. And I have little worry about a party's ability to come back after defeat if its foundations are fixed in a firm philosophy.

Third, I believe we blew our chance to follow Dwight Eisenhower with another Republican President because of our failure to hold onto the offensive. Time and again we let ourselves be trapped by the diversionary tactics of the Kennedy forces. As a U. S. senator, Kennedy had one of the worst attendance records in that body's history. During the 7½-year period when Richard Nixon was getting his experience as his country's hardest-working Vice President, and not counting absence for reasons of illness, Kennedy missed 331 roll-call

votes of 1189 taken—nearly 30 per cent. He had spent so much of his time in pursuit of the nomination he prompted his fellow Democratic senator, Joe Clark, to say wistfully in the spring, "I think the Senate will pass a minimum-wage increase if we can just get Sonny Boy back from the cricks and hollows long enough to report it out of his committee."

Partly because of his absenteeism, Senator Kennedy in fourteen years in Congress had never introduced a single piece of major legislation which was later passed into law. Certainly Kennedy was vulnerable on this point. But when we began to nip at his heels with it, he made the pledge that he would be a full-time President and we went off barking in defense of President Eisenhower's love of golf. We should have kept hitting the bigger issue of Kennedy's inattention to duty during his stewardship of the office to which he had already been elected.

When Mr. Kennedy charged that America had lost international prestige we defended our prestige ratings instead of pointing out that we were as interested in being right as in being loved. After all, did Lincoln have prestige in his day? Did Christ? The one was assassinated, the other crucified. This nation has always responded to tough leadership, and a tough statement regarding our goals and their long-term, if not immediate, popularity would have fallen on receptive ears. Had the Eisenhower-Nixon years been untrue to America's traditions or the high ideals of her people? When the Eisenhower-Nixon administration, in the belief that we cannot have one set of standards for our enemies and another for our friends, blocked Britain and France in their move on Suez, our popularity in those nations temporarily declined. Would you, Senator Kennedy, not have taken that action because it was unpopular? Is the measure of the integrity of a political party or the value of a leader or the importance of our nation measured by our momentary ratings in an international popularity contest? Are you suggesting, Senator, that you would prefer us to be popular rather than right? These are the types of questions which could have turned the offensive back to the Democratic candidate, where it belonged.

When the senator called our nation second-rate, we answered in shocked tones that this kind of statement, picked up and played up

on the front pages of every major newspaper overseas and gleefully reported in *Pravda* and the Communist press, would certainly not enhance our national reputation around the globe. We should instead have called Mr. Kennedy to account. Second-rate in what area, Mr. Kennedy? In military might? No, you yourself admit we are the strongest nation in the world today.

In missiles, perhaps? In the years following World War II, when the Russians were getting their head start in the missile field, the Democratic administration, until its last year in office, never spent so much as a million dollars for research and production in this area. Seven years ago, this nation did not have a single long-range ballistic missile and no real effort to produce such ballistic missiles was underway.

Second-rate in satellites and space probes? In the last ten years man has entered space and the poor old earth has been hit, circled, and pictured by some thirty-five satellites and space probes, eight sent up by the Russians and twenty-seven carrying the proud symbol of the Stars and Stripes.

In material wealth? Why, Senator, if we wanted simply to match the economy of the U.S.S.R., we would have to begin by making drastic reductions. We would have to reduce by three fifths our steel-making capacity. We would have to give up two thirds of our hydroelectric power, a third of our petroleum products, a third of the amount of our electricity, and 90 per cent of our natural gas. Our aluminum production would have to be cut to a half of its present size; we would have to cut our copper production by two thirds, and make similar reductions in almost every other sector of our economy. To make our transportation network comparable to what the Soviets have today, we would have to tear up fourteen out of every fifteen miles of paved highway. To be equal to the Russians we would have to tear up two out of every three miles of railroad track, reduce our civil aviation to a fraction of its present size, sink eight out of every nine of our own ships and then deny ourselves the use of the free world's great fleet. To get on a par with the Russians we would also have to get rid of nineteen out of every twenty cars and trucks in use today. A 1957 Pontiac still stops traffic on the streets of Moscow!

If not second-rate in material wealth, then in moral strength? Hardly, Senator, for this is a God-fearing nation with the world's best record of integrity, fair play, honest dealings, and trust. Is it then men you mean, Senator? Surely you do not consider the average Russian peasant to be the match of the average American in the level of education he has attained, the standard of living he enjoys, or the freedoms that are his under his form of government? No, Senator, by whatever standard you employ—military might, missile strength, moral fiber, material wealth, or man power—this is still the greatest, most powerful, most God-blessed nation on the face of the earth, and the American people will not award their highest elective office to a man who does not recognize that fact and state it proudly.

Such questions and answers would have put Kennedy on the defensive where he belonged and forced him to admit the error of his statements or a defection of his patriotism.

Had the financial backgrounds of the two candidates been reversed, the Democrats would have made mincemeat of Nixon as representative of the party of the rich. So groundlessly defensive are Republicans about this old illusion that we failed to turn the allegation on the Democrats where it rightly belonged. Nixon started his campaign with less than \$2000 in the bank and a \$45,000 mortgage on his home. The Kennedy family fortune is estimated at somewhere between \$400 and \$500 million—greater than either the Ford or Rockefeller fortunes.

While Jack Kennedy was berating the Republican party with charges that it does not care for the little people, we rested our sole case on the Nixon debate statement—"I know what it is to be poor."

During the Eisenhower administration Congress forced one man appointed as an Assistant Secretary of the Air Force to sell stock holdings in a company in which he was one of 525,000 stockholders and in which his percentage of ownership was fractional to eleven decimal points. But Republicans failed to make hay on this point by raising a question about the enormity of the potential conflict of interest of a President whose family has immense holdings in companies which are the government's major customers.

Many doctors urged the Vice President to interject the health issue into the campaign. A group from Philadelphia claimed Senator Kennedy had an adrenal deficiency which necessitated the implantation of massive doses of cortisone under the skin in a back operation that needed to be repeated every six months. The medics submitted a statement which they proposed Nixon would use:

In the past seven and one half years I have had opportunities, firsthand, to witness the physical demands upon a United States President. The pressures and the problems which await Dwight Eisenhower's successor may require the maximum of human endurance. Only if I am assured that the state of my health is as excellent as I believe it to be, can I, in good conscience, ask the American people for their support. Consequently, I have asked the President of the American Medical Association to appoint a nonpartisan panel of doctors to conduct a thorough examination of me and to make their findings public.

The doctors reasoned that Mr. Kennedy then would have two alternatives: take similar action, and disclose the extent of his rumored illness; refuse, and lose voter confidence.

Still smarting from the charges that he had campaigned ungallantly against Helen Gahagan Douglas, Mr. Nixon turned the suggestion down as a punch below the belt.

By midnight of November 8 the more dogged members of the Cabinet gathered for a buffet supper with thirty or so others in the hotel apartment of the Postmaster General. There, with television sets going in three different rooms and a news ticker set up in a bathroom off the den, their excitement was enhanced by the presence of some members of the diplomatic corps who along with their wives had dropped their expected nonpartisanship and were openly pulling for Mr. Nixon. Turning on the group which had done everything in its power to prevent what appeared to be taking place, one diplomat cried, "You can't let this happen. America has a responsibility to us all." The wife of another said quietly, "Heaven help the free world. The boy apologist is being elected President of the United States."

There was no lack of material at the Sheraton-Park that night as Republicans added to the list of oversights that would remove them from power.

As the hours wore on the discussions turned more and more pessimistic. Chairman Morton had promised that the celebrating would go on "until the dawn kills the moon," but by 1:30 A.M. many of those gathered went home. Some were up early the next morning to take up their vigil, but few of Richard Nixon's top supporters in Washington kept the watch during those mid-morning hours before dawn when briefly it appeared the switch had come that could make their standard-bearer the thirty-fifth President of the United States.

LI

Win or lose, the day after election is not a happy one for most of those who have labored at frantic pace for the candidates of their choice.

When the polls close, so closes an exciting, challenging period in which they have been a part of the number-one news of the day. For most, it will be four years before they again do hard work for their party or take such serious interest in their government. And, like graduating seniors on commencement day, they know it is unlikely they will cross the paths again of many with whom they have been associated so closely. All but the most hardened and wearied of the old pros hate to see it end, even successfully.

By ten o'clock Wednesday morning, November 9, 1960, the crushing nausea of defeat had settled over the White House. Nixon had not yet issued a formal concession, although he had done so tentatively during the night in the hope that he and his anxious supporters could get some sleep. He always had confessed definite fatalism about the events that had brought him to the position of contender for the country's highest office and, in many ways, believed that events, and not the man, control his destiny.

Still, no one had worked harder, not only during the sleep-robbing, energy-draining campaign period but during the preceding eight years in which he had been a candidate twice for the office he held and perpetually for the office he had sought. He eagerly had taken every

disagreeable assignment which the President could give and handled these assigned chores in good spirit and to perfection. He had represented his nation and his boss in travels to half a hundred countries overseas, at half a thousand diplomatic receptions, councils, speeches, and meetings at home. No fatalist ever labored more unceasingly to shape the events of his destiny.

As they gathered around the room before the cabinet meeting members met in small groups and continued their post-mortem on the campaign concluded in the preceding day's election. Postmaster General Summerfield cited the registration and get-out-the-vote drives of COPE (Committee on Political Education)—political arm of the AFL-CIO—and lamented Nixon's trip to Alaska. He felt the three electoral votes were not worth the effort and that the time could have been spent more effectively elsewhere.

Secretary Anderson thought Republicans "were mousetrapped on the religious issue." Texas Baptists had advised their members to vote their conscience, he said, when the thought erroneously gained ground that their help was not wanted and the end result of their efforts to help Nixon would be to label themselves bigots. The Treasury Secretary further deplored the "unfortunate" statement by Ambassador Lodge about a Negro on the Cabinet. (Although the record shows that the UN ambassador was not accurately quoted, I can attest to the statement's impact on the campaign. At the time, I was in the South for several speeches. At one stop I was met by twenty-one members of the press who wanted to talk about nothing but the alleged Lodge statement.)

One of the cabinet members advanced a theory that would later be propounded by the members of the National Federation of Republican Women, charging the defeat to the Vice President's decision to urge voters to disregard party labels and vote for the man. Another attributed the defeat to the "new Nixon" image. "One thing about the old Nixon," he said, "he always won. I think those who argued hardest for a change in the Nixon image were the Democrats. They finally convinced us and we threw away a winning formula and substituted a smiling, eager-to-agree, mild-spoken candidate running on the mistaken idea that people fall in love with the door mat. And I tell you the effect on Democrats and Independents was no

worse than the effects of a smiling, too nice, too conciliatory Nixon on Republicans who were having political fights over the back-yard fence with their lifelong friends and neighbors."

"Politically," another observed, "this election has a real historical significance. It proves that a Catholic can be elected President even if a man with a mustache can't."

Said a third, "I think that we ought to learn to fight with the gloves off whether or not that is our nature. I understand the RNC [Republican National Committee] spent \$7,000 putting together some film clips of Truman, Stevenson, Johnson, Symington, and Eleanor Roosevelt speaking out against Kennedy before he was nominated, but decided it was too rough to use once the campaign was underway."

"I'm not so sure," came a reply. "Remember that Republicans are in about the same spot as the minister whose congregation objects to the smoking and drinking they indulge in themselves. We simply have to accept the double standard—the public expects Republicans to be better and to campaign cleaner than the Democrats."

One cabinet man, alluding to the Democratic promises in the campaign, paraphrased H. L. Mencken: "If a politician had cannibals among his constituents, he would promise them missionaries for their Sunday dinner."

Another secretary felt West Coast voting had been unduly influenced by the early reporting of East Coast returns. He had brought with him a pocketful of cigars which he wryly offered to his colleagues. They were a more appropriate commentary on the election results, he said, than on the birth of the new grandchild which had occasioned their purchase. On the cellophane wrapper of each cigar were printed the tidings, "It's a boy."

Defense Secretary Gates told his colleagues, "Well, it was certainly no mandate from the people," while Ezra Benson, long the target of politicians in both parties because they believed that making him the target was popular with the farmer, enjoyed crowing, "If it hadn't been for the farm states, I just don't know where we'd be this morning."

I knew how he felt. I was consoling myself that my fellow Nebraskans had given Nixon his greatest plurality in the nation.

General Persons contributed his theory that Republicans had lost the South because of Lyndon Johnson. He offered one solution to the riddle of "what did Johnson tell Democratic leaders in the South?" At each stop reluctant party kingpins were invited aboard the Johnson campaign train. Ten minutes later they alighted, full converts. What had they been told? Persons' theory: Johnson had told them if they dragged their feet and Kennedy was elected they would lose their congressional committee chairmanships. If Nixon was elected, Johnson would still be Majority Leader and he would still see that they lost their chairmanships.

Each man around the cabinet table that morning identified his reason for the Republican defeat. And, of course, each was right since the margin was so slight that any one of them could have made the difference.

Some of the members of the Eisenhower staff contributed to the discussion too. Referring to the decisions to debate, to compromise with Governor Rockefeller on the platform, and to the soft-glove campaign, one staffer said, "Dick was never one to take any advice. When a lawyer tries his own case he has a fool for a client. A man is bound to make some mistakes. A candidate for President is bound to make a few more. He can be forgiven for making mistakes but not for making them alone. We ran one man against an organization."

One staff man argued that both Eisenhower and Nixon should be urged to make an early speech aimed at those who supported the Republican ticket. "Nixon isn't the only one who lost, you know. Everyone who voted for us, at least 32 million people, got beat too. They feel just as we feel this morning but they're not close enough to see the congressional gains and other assets. They deserve every bit of leadership we can give them. They need to be more than just 'thanked.' They need to be told that their banner is still up, their principles are gaining strength in preparation for another year, that there is a rallying point."

Politically savvy Bryce Harlow summed up many of the reasons in a letter he wrote to the late Victor Emmanuel, president of AVCO. Bryce's letter, which was later made public by columnist Drew Pearson, was written facetiously, but its words carried such gems of truth they bear repeating:

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Dear Victor:

. . . I am still far from recovering. When asked what happened, my stock reply is that the bigots were maldistributed. In retrospect:

- (1) If Dick had started flailing massively one week sooner;
- (2) If my boss had done simultaneously likewise;
- (3) If Cabot hadn't got his hand caught in the Cabinet;
- (4) If Bruce Alger hadn't mauled Lady Bird;
- (5) If Negroes, Jews and Catholics hadn't committed political incest;
- (6) If Reuther's hate sheet had been, in retaliation, hatefully used;
- (7) If Dick had been willing to arouse a religious war;
- (8) If Republicans weren't too virtuous to make promises they can't keep;
- (9) If all ballots had been honestly counted;
- (10) If there had been no debates;
- (11) If RN had emanated prurience instead of principle;
- (12) If Nelson had tried earlier—and tried;
- (13) If we had more chairmen like Bliss;
- (14) If the South really believed what it bleats;
- (15) If conservatives would make like COPE;
- (16) If Republicans proliferated and registered as rapidly as Democrats, and,
- (17) If Dick Nixon had had as good speech writers as Kennedy—we MIGHT have won.

At least, looking back we can say that Dick proved that America is half sane. Looking ahead, we can say that Kennedy starts out with half the votes, and in four years will have less. Less than one half isn't enough for '64. . . .

Warmly,
S/ Bryce

Bryce N. Harlow
Deputy Assistant to the
President

As chairman of the Republican National Committee, Senator Thruston Morton was a regular invitee to Eisenhower cabinet meetings. He placed a part of the blame on the loss of the Negro vote. "Eighty per cent of this group went to Senator Kennedy," his colleague from Kentucky claimed, "despite our Republican record of achievements in the field of civil rights. Nevertheless, even in defeat

we are commanded to speak for half of the electorate and the fact is that, for a party which lost a major election, we are in remarkably good shape."

The elections of 1960 had set back on their heels the prophets of GOP doom. Republicans picked up two additional senators, twenty-two members of the House of Representatives, and twenty-seven of fifty states. Mississippi voted for free electors and Senator Kennedy won in the remaining twenty-two states. Nixon carried many more congressional districts than Kennedy, who ran behind nearly 300 Democratic congressmen.

Against the mighty machine of organized labor and the unified activities of many minority groups, Mr. Nixon brought his total to within one-half vote in every polling precinct—a margin likened to the mathematical improbability of tossing a coin 100 times and having it come up tails 99.

The sheriff in Dallas County, Texas, won by a larger margin than did Kennedy over Nixon. A total shift of only 11,000 votes in four states would have put Eisenhower's Vice President in the White House. In such a close contest I believe the election could have been turned on wide publicity given to four pictures, two of each candidate. The first was used. It is the famous shot of Dick Nixon punching his forefinger at the Khrushchev chest and saying, "Mr. Khrushchev, you don't know everything." The second was a shot of the Vice President with his two daughters at the baseball game. Each has a hot dog clutched tightly in one hand while the other is clenched in a fist which, in the American tradition, is being shaken in outrage at the umpire.

The third picture was taken at a Kennedy rally in Detroit. Behind the candidate is a banner in which he is not given top billing. It reads: "Welcome Walter Reuther *and* Jack Kennedy." The fourth photograph was taken of Mr. Kennedy at his Harvard reunion. It is a head-and-shoulders shot and in it he is wearing a top hat. This one could have been captioned facetiously "Senator Kennedy ponders the farm problem."

After the cabinet members had taken their places on this post-election Wednesday, I walked through Ann Whitman's office and into the President's. His desk was clear of papers, and he had swiveled

his chair around so that his back was toward the door. His head was bent downward as if he were reading something in his lap, but as I neared his desk I could see he was deep in thought. I said quietly, "Mr. President, we are ready whenever you are." He looked up briefly, then back at his hands. Finally he took a deep breath, sighed audibly, and said, "All right, Bob." With obvious effort he pushed himself to his feet and said, "I have never felt as old as I feel today."

As we walked into the cabinet room it was apparent how heavily and how personally he had taken the news of the night. He had put the full weight of his prestige into the final days of the campaign, and it was on his record of accomplishments that Vice President Nixon had campaigned. But more than this, more than a feeling of personal hurt and disappointment, was his conviction that the outcome would mean new erosions of the dollar and a return to fiscal irresponsibility which the President, grown more conservative every year he was in office, was proud to have exorcised from the federal government.

After the moment of silent prayer the President began by saying he wanted, although the outcome was still in some doubt, to talk about the turnover from his administration to the next. As he continued, two things were clear. He did not consider the outcome in doubt, only delayed. Further, it was evident the relish with which he had discussed the transition in depth prior to Tuesday's election had disappeared.

"First of all," he said, "I want to call this turnover, not transition. Transition implies a gradual infiltration and," emphasizing each word, "I'm not going to share executive responsibility—this administration is going to maintain absolute control until January twentieth. We will want to be careful, correct, and courteous, thinking first of all of our country. It may be that the President-elect will want to see me, but I do not want a whole horde in here with a lot of confusion going through the departments."

He advised the cabinet members that General Persons would be their liaison. But he added, "If in doubt, give me a call. As always, I'm right on the other end of your phone at all times."

Then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "I'm really feeling

the years today. At the moment we are only 300,000 [votes] behind—makes you wonder what were our mistakes of omission or commission. Thank God, my district voted O.K. I'm going up there as a retired politician and active farmer and I'm going to work to really organize Adams County, Pennsylvania. I haven't sent a telegram of congratulations, yet. I'm waiting for a concession by one side or the other. But I can tell you this, I intend to stay around today until I can do so."

Then the President, defeated the day before by proxy, turned his mind's clock back eight years to the time when he was the President-elect and the transition period lay before him. "You know," said the President, "the White House is an interesting place during the transition period. Everyone goes here, except for Bill Hopkins, the executive clerk, and the ushers over in the house, although even they can be let out, and the centrals [telephone operators]. Everything else goes, even the papers—and they can take those today, too, if they want to . . .

"And one thing further. As you know, we submit the 1962 budget before we leave, and I tell you right now that I am *not* going to submit an unbalanced budget at a time when the faith of foreign governments is shaken in our ability to pay our debts. I want a balanced budget to show how serious this business is. If we go into another round of deficit spending, we can expect an inflation just like Germany had after World War I, and a Depression. Whatever we do, of course, is subject to changes by the new Administration, but I am not going to submit an unbalanced budget if I have to cut everybody's submission 10 per cent myself."

Then, realizing that he had raised his voice, the President told his cabinet members he did not mean to be picking on any one of them in particular but that they could see how strongly he felt about the matter.

This post-election cabinet meeting, historic in many ways, was one of the shortest held in 1960. Nevertheless, because the President had scheduled the meeting to begin at eleven-thirty—two and one half hours later than usual—it was after one o'clock when he pulled himself to his feet and said, "Well, thank you, gentlemen." As Dwight David Eisenhower walked from the room Health, Education and

Welfare Secretary Flemming wished him a good vacation. "Yes," answered the President, "and I'm not coming back until they send a warrant for me."

The President adjourned the meeting not knowing that his Vice President had issued a formal concession of defeat an hour earlier from California. When he returned to his office and received this word, he dispatched four telegrams. One, somewhat cold, to the victorious Mr. Kennedy; one slightly warmer to Mr. Johnson, an old friend despite their political differences; in a third, he praised Mr. Lodge for a "magnificent campaign." In the fourth telegram he made it plain that just as he had thrown his whole prestige into Mr. Nixon's effort, he now shared with him the pain of defeat. The telegram read:

"Your hard-fought, courageous campaign to carry forward the principles of sound government will have my lasting respect. It has been a matter of deep personal satisfaction to have served closely with you these past eight years, and I shall always cherish your friendship. Best wishes to Pat and a salute to you both for your spirited and sustained work for the cause of good government."

I had called our meeting of the cabinet assistants for one o'clock, and they were waiting in the hall outside the cabinet room when the meeting of their bosses broke up. As they were taking their places one of them noticed that the President, having dispatched his telegrams, was walking across the lawn toward the car which would take him to his airplane and a brief vacation in Augusta, Georgia. His usually erect carriage was noticeably stooped, and his walk was so slow it was almost a drag. One of the cabinet assistants asked of three others, who had joined him at the french doors to watch the Chief Executive's departure, "How old is the President, now?" "Only seventy," said another. "Could you believe it?"

LII

Many of the senior staff men had long been formulating plans for return to private industry or to their former law firms. These men, going through the emotional wrench of an occupational change of life, found their separations demanded changing homes, jobs, and friends all at the same time.

In a majority of cases, plans had been made on a win-or-lose basis by men who had spent as many years in government service as they felt their pocketbooks or business futures could afford. Plans on which they had procrastinated now of necessity had to be firmed. They had been hopeful their return to private life could be made under a Republican administration, but in some ways it was easier for them to make their move after the Kennedy victory. Further, it was easier to make the nostalgic break with their White House offices knowing their colleagues would not remain behind.

During the balance of election week a certain morbidity prevailed among the members of Eisenhower's top staff. In part this mood resulted from friends of those most closely associated with the defeat treating them as survivors of the deceased! Members of the Cabinet and White House aides who had social engagements during the days immediately after the results became known were greeted by friends with comments of "I am surprised to see you out in public so soon." Some demanded sternly of them, "Why do you look so happy?" Many, however, treating them like the bereaved, squeezed their hands in silence, and looked at them with sad eyes that said, "I understand."

From the victorious Democrats there were some servings of crow. The President received a letter from a Lyndon Johnson backer in Texas so vicious it made partisans of some of the career secretaries in the correspondence section. Now that a member of her party was coming into the White House, one of them wrote, she could dare to set down her complaints without fear of reprisals. Although she did not indicate what sort of purge she had feared under the Republicans, she wrote as if she had expected to be dragged from her home in the middle of any one of the long nights of Eisenhower's eight years.

From a New Yorker the President received a letter which suggested that he should do more than eat crow—he should eat elephant! This ingenious correspondent had researched his suggestion fully and included the complete directions on “How to Cook an Elephant,” taken from Sir Samuel White Baker’s *Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, published by Macmillan in 1867. Although it is unlikely that any reader will have a fresh-killed elephant on his premises, he may be as fascinated with the recipe as were the many who read it when in the following form it was received at the White House:

“Although the flesh of the elephant is extremely coarse, the foot and trunk are excellent, if properly cooked. A hole should be dug in the earth, about four feet deep and two feet six inches in diameter, the sides should be perpendicular; in this a large fire should be lighted and kept burning for four or five hours with a continual supply of wood so that the walls become red hot. At the expiration of the blaze, the foot should be laid upon the glowing embers and the hole should be covered closely with thick pieces of green wood laid parallel together to form a ceiling; this should be covered with wet grass and the hole should be plastered with mud, and stamped lightly down to retain the heat. Upon the mud a quantity of earth should be heaped, and the cover should not be opened for thirty hours or more. At the expiration of that time, the foot will be perfectly baked and the sole will separate like a shoe and expose a delicate substance that with a little oil and vinegar, pepper and salt, is a delicious dinner that will serve about fifty men.”

The letter to the President had this consoling postscript: “Remember, according to Brillat-Savarin, ‘The discovery of a new dish does more for the human happiness than the discovery of a new star.’”

Two junior members of the White House staff had hedged against complete disappointment by betting considerable sums of money with their Democrat friends (and with a few Republicans, as well) that if Kennedy was elected the banks would be closed and there would be soldiers marching in the streets within three days. They would have considered it compensation enough had Mr. Nixon been elected, in which case they would have had no bet. As it was, they could dry their tears of political disappointment with the dollar bills

they raked in three days later when the arrival of the national holiday—Veterans' Day—made good their prediction.

The transition between incumbent and successor had to be prepared for at the Chief Executive's level, in every cabinet and White House office, and many layers down through the departments and agencies. At the top level it was smooth and efficient because each side was determined to make it so.

A few days before his first post-election meeting with Senator Kennedy, Eisenhower addressed a group of the presidential appointees in his administration. "Don't ever let me feel," he told them, "that you have let down in this fight for a better America, for peace, for strength, for private enterprise, and for individual effort. Always go on fighting." He also confided to them, "Including my military career, I never have suffered a greater hurt or defeat."

In spite of his disappointment in the Nixon loss, however, the President had put aside his misgivings about his successor and set the tone of cordial co-operation for his subordinates. In preparation for the December 6 Eisenhower-Kennedy meeting, Clark Clifford, designated as liaison man by Senator Kennedy and General Persons, representing President Eisenhower, had traded agenda suggestions. By the time the meetings took place each participant had been briefed by his staff and could enter immediately into a discussion of the points he wanted raised.

During his first meeting with his successor Eisenhower was impressed. He particularly liked the President-elect's interest in balancing the budget and his assurance that he would not resort to deficit spending except in emergency. As subsequent months were to prove, Eisenhower was too quickly reassured. While there was a meeting of minds on the expression "balanced budget," Kennedy defined far more loosely the emergency that would justify an unbalanced one.

For Senator Kennedy, Eisenhower ordered a White House welcome with military honors. When the three-hour meeting was over he vetoed the suggestion that he walk out with the President-elect, allowing his successor to stand alone in the spotlight. While Mr. Kennedy stood blinking at the flashbulbs Mr. Eisenhower, momentarily forgotten, turned back to the relentless routine of the oval office.

The equable transition between the two principals camouflaged, from the press and the public, the fact that there was no transition in depth. The preparation for change-over in the Post Office Department was an example. Postmaster General Summerfield was paid a seven-minute visit by his successor, who promised to return before January 20 but never did. During the brief meeting Summerfield asked the Kennedy appointee how long he wanted how many Post Office executives to stay on to help break in the new crew.

"We won't want any to stay on," said his replacement.

"Well, of course, you'll not be keeping our top appointees on permanently. I simply meant, for how many days would you like them to agree to be available for consultation?"

"We don't want anyone to stay after noon on January 20," replied the next Postmaster General.

One man entered the office of Rohe Walter, special assistant to Summerfield, and announced that he was his replacement as head of the Philatelic Department. He told Walter he had one or two questions he wanted to ask. Among them: "What is the meaning of this word 'philatelic'?"

The shallowness of the turnover was a concern to the President. After eight years in the Executive Mansion he knew the explosiveness of his job and those of his high-level employees. He knew a wrong decision at several subordinate levels, however well intentioned, could cause some agonizing repercussions and challenge the nation's survival. As a military man he knew the danger in one green recruit on a gun emplacement. The prospects of a whole green crew, inexperienced and apparently unaware of the potential magnitude of their errors, seemed cause for alarm. To him it was as inconceivable that members of the new Administration would consider themselves able to take command without instruction as for a new crew to take over the operation of a field artillery piece without first studying the manual. He could envision some raw member of the new administrative crew falling inadvertently on the trigger and blasting a hole right through the Ship of State.

LIII

Dick Nixon was a winner in defeat. His term as Vice President still had seventy-two days to run when the election results of November 8 became certain. That seventy-two-day period was one of good-bys, testimonials, and continued limelight that denied him the comfort of obscurity in which to lick his wounds.

No man ever worked harder or campaigned more relentlessly to become President of the United States. Yet no man ever received his loss with better grace. Richard Nixon was a political fatalist, yet he had made every effort to grasp destiny's hand. Even Democrats, with a generosity they could then well afford, applauded Nixon's refusal to press for recounts to claim the election had been stolen from him, to play the bad loser or pout in poor spirits.

For seventeen days after the start of the new congressional session Nixon continued as presiding officer of the Senate, and in this capacity it was his responsibility to declare official the election of his political adversary. On January 6, Congress met in joint session for the tradition-laden culmination of the functions of the archaic electoral system.

Exuding charm and wit, he was never so easy to like as when he presided over the congressional vote-counting ceremony and personally proclaimed his opponent the winner of the prize he sought.

Nixon's behavior was the epitome of good sportsmanship. He opened the session by congratulating House Speaker Sam Rayburn on his seventy-fifth birthday. He next ruled in favor of Kennedy to settle a question that had parliamentarians puzzled.

"Without intending to establish a precedent and in order not to delay the proceedings, I am instructing the tellers to accept the results of the recount." His gracious act drew applause from members on both sides of the aisle.

This ended a slim Republican hope to which dogged partisans held with diminishing firmness in the days following November 8. (They had watched one investigation after another fizzle out for lack of evidence. In Texas they had learned that the Republican levers of

many voting machines had not recorded, that over 40 per cent of the residents in some areas had voted by absentee ballot. And their inability to prove anything more than massive coincidence or mechanical failure had added to their frustrations. In Illinois, where Nixon had lost twenty-seven electoral votes by less than 9000 ballots, a court-appointed Democratic investigator reported massive voting irregularities involving 677 election judges in 133 precincts. He reported that some precincts had miscounted paper ballots and others had admitted unqualified voters to the polls. He honestly laid his findings before the Democratic judge of Cook County court who dismissed the charges and declared, "It was the cleanest election Chicago ever had.")

In apparent good humor he then asked for the first envelope to be opened. When it showed the electors had given only five votes to the Kennedy-Johnson ticket and six to Virginia's famed Senator Harry Byrd, Nixon announced: "The parliamentarian has informed the chair that the senator from Virginia is now in the lead for President."

When the tally was completed Mr. Nixon said he wanted to impose on his colleagues long enough to make a short speech.

"I promise to be brief. I shall be guided by the one-minute rule of the House rather than the unlimited-time rule that prevails in the Senate.

"This is the first time in one hundred years that a candidate for the presidency has announced the result of an election in which he was defeated and announced the victory of his opponent. I do not think we could have a more striking and eloquent example of the stability of our constitutional system and of the proud tradition of the American people of developing, respecting, and honoring institutions of self-government.

"In our campaigns, no matter how hard-fought they may be, no matter how close the election may turn out to be, those who lose accept the verdict, and support those who win. And I would like to add that, having served now in government for fourteen years, a period which began in the House just fourteen years ago, almost to the day, which continued with two years in the Senate and eight years as Vice President, as I complete that fourteen-year period it is indeed a very great honor to me to extend to my colleagues in the House and Senate on both sides of the aisle who have been elected,

to extend to John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, who have been elected President and Vice President of the United States, my heartfelt best wishes, as all of you work in a cause that is bigger than any man's ambition, greater than any party. It is the cause of freedom, of justice, and peace for all mankind.

"It is in that spirit that I now declare that John F. Kennedy has been elected President of the United States, and Lyndon B. Johnson Vice President of the United States."

As they had during past Christmas weeks, the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon had a reception for members of the administration. Many of those who attended this last one had also attended the first the Nixons gave after they had purchased the English-style home on Forest Lane. It was the grandest home the Nixons had ever owned, and that first year the Vice President had proudly shown us cupboards and closets and furnace room like any new owner.

For their last Christmas in it, Mrs. Nixon and the girls had electric candles in every window. There were big wreaths over the fireplaces and a great evergreen, decorated with every ounce of decoration it could bear, turning slowly on its stand in the entranceway.

The Vice President opened the door himself. "Come on in, Bob," he said, "and make yourself at home. You can say anything you want, tonight. There's nobody but friends here."

As I started through the doorway a black and white cat strolled to the opening and started inside. "What about my friend," I asked, "does he belong inside?"

"Probably so," said the Vice President, "we have four of them. Anyway he didn't vote against us, so he's welcome."

LIV

Early in January top administration officials received invitations to the Kennedy inauguration. Like the invitation addressed to President and Mrs. Eisenhower, each bore this notation in the corner: "Please remit \$25.00 if you wish to attend the inaugural ball." And like other

government mail through the month of January, these invitations bore a post-office cancellation which seemed to strike personally at the about-to-be-dethroned czars of the democracy. Blazoned across each envelope was this warning: "Notice! All aliens must register during January."

As inauguration approached, there was confusion among the Eisenhower Cabinet because the inaugural committee's instructions referred to "cabinet members" when giving directions intended for cabinet members-elect. The Eisenhower Cabinet members were assigned to seats in the second section, contrary to the front-row treatment given the Truman Cabinet in 1952.

As diplomatically as we could, we pointed out to the committee that until Senators Kennedy and Johnson were sworn in the members of the Eisenhower Cabinet outranked them both. After the new President and Vice President were sworn in—and until confirmation and oath taking of the new Cabinet—Eisenhower's cabinet team remained the top-ranking protocol board in the country and, in fact, at that moment would outrank both Eisenhower and Nixon.

Arthur Summerfield served longest of all the Eisenhower appointees. The President directed each member of the Cabinet to arrange for a policy-making official to serve as acting head of his department until the members of the Kennedy Cabinet could be sworn in. This could not take place until after each was confirmed by the Senate, and that action was not appropriate until Senator Kennedy had taken the oath of office. So there was a necessary time lag during which, were it not for the Eisenhower action, the departments would technically have been without heads.

Mr. Summerfield decided to stay on himself as chief of the Post Office Department. In doing so, the former chairman of the Republican party actually served as Postmaster General for the first day of the Kennedy administration.

At noon on January 20 men whose short service in the office would not be recorded in the official histories headed the other cabinet departments. Dr. Herbert York, director of research and engineering, became acting Secretary of Defense. Livingston Merchant, deputy undersecretary for political affairs and soon to be nominated by the new Administration as ambassador to Canada, became acting Sec-

retary of State. Gilmore Flues became acting Secretary of the Treasury; Otis Beasley succeeded Fred Seaton in the Department of the Interior; Bradley Fisk became acting Secretary of Commerce, and George Lodge, son of the Republican vice presidential nominee (and asked to remain on in the new Administration) became acting Secretary of Labor. Nebraska's Lee Rankin became acting Attorney General; Rufus Miles, Jr., became acting Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and David Hamil, administrator of the Rural Electrification Administration, served a twenty-four-hour term between Ezra Benson and Orville Freeman as acting Secretary of Agriculture.

On January 13, 1961, only one week before the Kennedy inauguration, Eisenhower called his Cabinet together for its closing session. It was the second time in eight years that all members were able to be present. Now their combined world-wide activities and responsibilities were finished and each took his place in the big black leather chair with the bronze name plate that bore his title and date of confirmation.

For sentimental and historical reasons the President had agreed to scheduling a final photograph on the agenda. We had found by past practice that it saved the President's time to get picture taking out of the way at the start of the meeting. This way the photographers could have their lights arranged, their cameras adjusted, and the group posed. When the President entered the room and slipped into his place shutters could begin clicking immediately.

While waiting for the President, the other men with places at the table took their instructions from the photographers and bantered affectionately with each other. General Persons jokingly asked Fred Seaton if he was going to get a fishing-industries job for him. Persons explained that the one he had in mind would pay at least \$15,000 a year, be located off the Florida Keys, and have, as its sole responsibility, locating spots where the fish are running for the benefit of the tourist trade. When Seaton said he would work on it, Persons jokingly reminded him that there remained only one week and three hours to get it arranged.

Bill Rogers asked if others had heard that Senator Kennedy, commenting on the closeness of the election in a speech before the

National Press Club, had quipped, "Daddy told me he would buy me the presidency, but he wasn't going to pay for any landslide."

Atomic Energy Commission Chairman John McCone, referring to the American cameraman's perpetual request for "just one more," told the group he was once photographed with his counterparts in Scotland. The photographer took one picture and said that would be all. "You only take one?" I asked. "Yes," said the photographer, "only one." "Most positive assurance I've ever had that the Scottish reputation for thrift is deserved."

Before he began the agenda, the President turned to me and asked how many cabinet meetings we had had in his administration. When I answered that this meeting was number 227, he mused, "Well, Dick [Nixon], Arthur [Summerfield], Ezra [Benson], and I have sat here for eight years. Interestingly enough, Ezra, one of the most frequent of the recommendations made to me during those eight years was that I fire you. Now that the farm states are the ones we carried I should think you can consider yourself exonerated."

After the agenda of items had been discussed the President said: "I want to make a speech and it is this. Let us remember we are going to be out of office, but we are not going to be out of influence. Every man at this table can get a national forum whenever he wants one. Each of us is going to have to keep very active. From my standpoint I can tell you I am going to keep a good deal more active than I thought I was going to be because, as you know, I thought Dick was going to win. I am going to be writing so much that people will wonder where the ink is coming from."

Then, referring to some notes he had made during the meeting, he said that he was going to push for several constitutional amendments including a four-year term for members of the House of Representatives; a change in the timing of the presidential inaugural; and the item veto, which would enable a President to pick off the rubbish tagged onto substantive legislation he *must* sign. "Dick," the President then said, "do you have any pearly words?"

"Or a valedictory?" asked the Vice President. "I would like to enlarge on a point you have raised. It is a great temptation after you have been through a hard campaign, particularly if it has been a losing campaign, to abandon your political responsibilities. It is so

tempting to say, 'I've done my part. Let someone else carry the burden for a while.'

"When I meet with Los Angeles opinion leaders over breakfast or lunch, I will be able to give them something of value because of the experience I have had here in learning to analyze developments. This is true for each of us. I can continue to do this only as long as I continue to keep up. If I stop reading or following the developments of the day, I will soon find myself talking about the problems of the Eisenhower administration and not those of the date at hand.

"Each of us has been given opportunities and enlightening experiences which represent a heavy investment of responsibility from our government and our people. Each of us has incurred an obligation which carries a high price and that price is now due. Some of you at the table will be asked to run for public office. Others will be asked to serve in other ways.

"This country is at the pinnacle of its power. Despite the day's cry for youth, our land will need maturity in the years ahead more than it ever has before. Maturity in experience, if not in years.

"Regarding youth, it is significant to note that we won most of the high school polls. We won most of the major college polls. We even won Harvard! There is a yeast fermenting in the minds of youth—a reaction to the right to counteract the professors' pull to the left.

"Part of the obligation that we take with us here is to continue to be spokesmen for our party and for our philosophy, to continue to be leaders in our communities and states, to continue not only to make speeches but to instigate requests for them.

"We have had a rare and rich experience. We now have a responsibility to share it and to use it to maintain the positions of leadership that are naturally ours. Around this table is a great force to mold the public opinion of this country along the lines we have established here in the past eight years."

The Attorney General was the next to comment. "Mr. President," he said, "just in case it has slipped our minds, I'd like to remind the group that one of the issues in the 1952 campaign was corruption. We forget how bad it was because we haven't had it. You have

raised us to the point where we take integrity in government for granted."

Turning to the Secretary of Interior the President asked, "Fred, do you want to talk about any dams, either as adjectives or as nouns?"

And, in turn, he gave each man in the room his chance to be heard.

"I must say, Mr. President," contributed Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Flemming, "that I am quite happy with my replacement. I don't think his policies in many ways will be a great deal different from mine."

Other cabinet members winced. They had followed, with more than a citizen's interest, the appearances of their successors before the Senate committees considering their nominations.

When Robert Kennedy was declared too young for the post of Attorney General by a Republican member of the judiciary committee, a Democrat had said assuringly, "Well, he can remedy that."

"They can even set the clock ahead, these new frontiersmen," said a member of the Eisenhower Cabinet.

Another at the cabinet table pointed out to Ezra Benson that Orville Freeman, who was to follow him as Agriculture Secretary, had admitted to members of the Agriculture committee that he didn't know too much about citrus fruits "since the only citrus fruit grown in Minnesota is the apple."

Dr. Saulnier, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers was the last man to be heard from. "I read in the papers," he said, "that the council will be reactivated." Eisenhower replied, "Don't worry. According to the papers, so will the presidency."

Turning to the Secretary of Labor, the President said, "Jim, when are you going to announce your candidacy?"

Secretary Mitchell replied, "To tell you the truth, as I listened to Dick, I thought, 'Who does he mean? Me?' Perhaps this would be a good time to tell you and my associates here that I am announcing on Sunday my candidacy for the governorship of New Jersey."

At this, the President rose out of his chair, took a \$100 bill from his wallet, tossed it down the table to Mitchell, and said, "I hope you know how much enthusiasm for your campaign accompanies this."

After congratulations had been extended to Mitchell, the President came to his feet. This was always the signal for everyone else in the room to stand, but, contrary to his usual action, he did not immediately leave his place. He stood for a moment, apparently trying to form some words to tell his colleagues good-by. After a short pause he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am just not going to say good-by, that's all there is to it. I can tell you that I never in my life expect to be in a room with a finer group of more dedicated men. We have accomplished some great things together. You know that it says in the Book, 'When two or three are gathered together,' and while we may never meet again as a group, I hope whenever two or three of you meet you will do what you can to advance the common purposes for which we have worked so hard. My best to you, each of you."

With that, the President left the room, and the cabinet members began an applause that rang out after him some seconds after he had gone.

The final meeting of the Eisenhower White House staff was held on the morning of the President's last press conference. Jim Hagerty presided, and his buoyant mood matched the bouncy spirits of the staff, who by now were so drained by two months of last acts and sad good-bys they were eager to be done with it.

Someone mentioned to Hagerty that the President would probably be asked whether or not his financial gift to Secretary Mitchell, on the announcement of his candidacy for the New Jersey governorship, was an indication that he intended to be active in primary fights. Bob Merriam (once candidate for mayor of Chicago) said facetiously, "I would be more interested in knowing whether or not this means that any of his White House associates who run for office can expect a contribution." Hagerty jokingly replied, "No, only those with a chance of winning."

One staff member suggested that a pressman might ask the President to comment on the virtues of the Kennedy cabinet appointments. Another said if he were asked that question he should reply, "If you give me a week, I may think of something."

It was announced that no visitors should be invited to the mess on Thursday, probably because the President was coming down to eat

with the staff. "Perhaps," said Hagerty, "because they would not want the public to see us cry."

Jack Anderson suggested that we serve champagne. Pete Aurand, in General Persons' absence, deferred the question to Jerry Morgan. Jerry said, "I think the record of high morality in this staff should not be sullied at the end. I think we have an obligation to go out with our moral record unspotted and with our flag of honor flying high." The staff groaned, and Hagerty said, "What a saintly attitude."

As the meeting closed staff members were given a two-page memorandum of instructions for disposition of passes, parking permits, and air-travel cards. The memorandum was subject titled, "Things Eschatological." Prepared by Jim Lambie, the assistant staff secretary, its final paragraph told the staff members how to apply for refund of retirement deductions that had been made from their salary checks. "Only 282 more shopping days before Christmas," it concluded. "Use your own judgment as to when the dollar will be worth most."

As the meeting ended, one member asked if the staff was to submit letters of resignation to the President. "No," he was informed, "don't bother to resign, but don't bother to show up here on January 21, either."

White House patronage, which had many bosses in the Eisenhower years, understandably fell apart during the post-election period. Staff members who had the inclination and time to do so interested themselves in what few appointments were still to be made. In general their interests were funneled through the President's counsel, David Kendall, and his assistant in patronage, Robert Hampton.

During the last month patronage opportunities were abandoned completely. Even the January selections for the Annual Assay Commission, which could legitimately have been used to reward some of the party stalwarts, were left vacant for the incoming Democrats. Hampton later had some opportunities to fill these slots since he stayed on at the White House until six months after the Kennedy term began, when the Democrat President appointed him to be one of three members of the Civil Service Commission.

In their waning White House days staff members found themselves buried under a slide of mail and telephone messages as their fellow Republicans raced through pleas and petitions on which they had

procrastinated earlier in the terms. Despite themselves, they were also drawn into some of the activities which were the prerogative of their replacements. I received a telephone call from a Republican in California who recommended a man for Federal Aviation Administrator.

"Pete Quesada is going to stay to the end of the President's term," I said.

"Yes, I know," said my caller, "but I want you to recommend this man for his successor in the new Administration."

"You do realize we lost the election. The new Administration is Democratic. Obviously they'll not be taking recommendations from us. I advise you to get one of your Democrat friends to endorse him."

"Oh, I understand that, and Frank Sinatra has already called Jack, but I was trying to get us some credit too."

Up to January 19, at least, the government was probably in better order than it would have been had the Republicans won a third successive hold on the administration. Then there would have been a period of coasting between November 8 and January 20 while waiting for the new President to take command. As it was, every top office in government cleaned out its sticky problems that had defied solutions and had been put back, over and over again, on the far corner of the desk. Now there were no alternatives but to get caught up or let the Democrat replacements find unfinished work.

And of course every office was fertile ground for the running rumors about the new regime. Since some wild rumors became fact, it was not easy to know what to discount and what to believe. I was walking between the East and West Wings of the mansion one morning with another staff man. The painters were not in evidence on their scaffoldings and my colleague wondered where they were. "They've been ordered to hold up," I joked, "until Jackie Kennedy decides whether she wants to have it painted some color other than white." As proof that you could believe almost anything, my friend exclaimed, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Salt in the Republican wounds was the post-election announcement of the design for the new Franklin Delano Roosevelt memorial. The model selected consisted of an odd assortment of large, concrete fingers pointing to the sky and resembling nothing more than

a giant tank trap. Republicans consoled themselves with the humor they found in the anticipated plight of archaeologists 2000 years hence when they dig the thing up and start looking for the roof and the missing parts.

Still, a good sense of humor remained with those members of an Administration so soon to be "out." After noticing the crews of carpenters building the wooden bleachers and inaugural stands in front of his home, President Eisenhower said he felt like a condemned man watching the construction of his gallows.

So that I could make at least a token acknowledgment of the debt I owed each of the cabinet assistants, the President let me invite them and their wives for an evening on the yacht, *Sequoia*. Although for many of them future plans were not firm, it was a good-natured, almost lighthearted group that came aboard.

As we cruised down the Potomac toward Mount Vernon, George Becker, cabinet assistant for Commerce, and Lorne Kennedy, who had represented the Interior Department, debated the comparative merits of absconding with the *Sequoia* as against scuttling her so she could not fall into "enemy" hands.

Emil Reutzel, Nebraska newspaper editor on leave and cabinet representative of OCDM's Governor Hoegh, doubted that even shanghaiing the *Sequoia* would give the Republicans publicity in the Democrat press.

Oliver Gale, who had represented both Defense Secretaries McElroy and Gates at the cabinet debriefing sessions, suggested that all truly loyal Republicans would jump overboard once we were out in the channel.

Dick Schwartz, Labor Department representative, listed his address in the log as "on the street" but confided he was not worried about the future. "After all," he said, "Jack Kennedy has promised full employment."

The representative for Attorney General Rogers, John Cushman, told us his young son had asked his mother at breakfast that morning, "Does Pop know he's been canned?"

One of the wives said her youngsters were most disappointed in the election because they had anticipated the renaming of Camp

David. They were sure, after a Republican victory, the President's retreat would be called, "The Nixon Lodge."

Another wife said it was easier for her to leave Washington knowing that the four years to which the Kennedy team was looking forward would pass so quickly. "They look forward to four long years," she said, "but they'll soon look back on four very short ones."

Still another wife reported her son did not want to go back to school the morning after the election because "all the other kids will tease me." That night the boy's father tried to console him by telling him about his new job. "Oh, that's all right, Dad," said the boy. "Julie Nixon's in my class and her dad's lost his job, too."

During the final days, Dwight Eisenhower said personal good-bys to hundreds of government executives and their families who came to shake his hand for the last time. He searched for different words to express his gratitude in accepting hundreds of resignations. In his last week he held his last—193rd—presidential press conference, signed his last—106th—treaty, and held the final—227th—meeting of his Cabinet.

As the last days ticked by the White House lost the personal touches that identified it as the Eisenhower home. Mementos and souvenirs and gifts, along with 2000 file drawers and private papers by the van load, were moved to the Eisenhower museum at Abilene, Kansas, or to the farm home at Gettysburg. The hi-fi set and the electric organ which the First Lady had played—the only two large pieces of furniture the Eisenhowers owned at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—were moved out of the second-floor presidential quarters. Eventually all that remained of their personal possessions was their clothes.

In eight years in office Dwight Eisenhower had not worn out his welcome. Only one other Republican President before him had served two complete terms. Coincidentally, he shared this distinction with the party's only other West Point president, U. S. Grant. No one could have defeated him if he had been eligible to be a candidate in 1960. As he prepared to give up his august office he retained a powerful hold on the hearts of an overwhelming majority of his countrymen. Some claimed the affection for him had seasoned to veneration. During the campaign of 1960 many of the "I Like Ike" signs that had greeted him in past demonstrations were replaced with the

slogan "Bless You, Ike." As Walter Lippmann later complained, "Eisenhower was accorded a divinity that belongs to Kings."

There was some measure of the President's one-of-the-family status in a story my younger sister, Jean Miller, told me following the Democratic National Convention. She said that her six-year-old-daughter, Robin, was watching the proceedings, and she had tried to instruct her youngster in what was going on. "The Democrats are meeting, now," she explained, "and they will select a man to run for President. Then, next month, the Republicans will meet and they will select a man to run for President. These two men will run against each other and one of them will be the next President of the United States." She thought she had explained it simply enough for Robin to grasp, but the child's face clouded over with anxiety as she asked, "Well, does Mr. Eisenhower know what they are doing?"

Dwight Eisenhower had earned his country's respect and affection prior to his presidency by skillfully bringing together the often temperamental leaders of the combined armies under his command, armies numbering nearly four million men. He had demonstrated his passion for peace, and a people hungry for it wanted this symbol of military strength for its leader.

The people's devotion to Eisenhower continued during his presidency for many reasons, none more universally given, however, than that he dealt with them honorably and honestly. The people admired the gallantry with which he accepted the misfortune of his successive illnesses. These illnesses won him sympathy, too, but more important, they reassured the citizenry of Eisenhower's firm resolve to be honest with them and with himself. It never occurred to him to deny the public the facts about his health to decide whether he was able to continue to perform the duties of the presidency.

At the time of the U-2 incident Khrushchev gave him an "out" by telling the world he was sure the American President had not known of the flights. But Eisenhower would have no part in this convenient evasion of the truth. With candor he told what the U-2 was and why it had been necessary to fly it over Russian soil. After the Eisenhower statement and the summit breakup, one of the President's political opponents begrudgingly admitted, "If Diogenes is still searching for the honest man, I refer him to Dwight Eisenhower."

He had given a half century of public service and for twenty of those years had carried an awesome burden in the knowledge that a mistake in any decision could imperil a civilization, a nation, or an army.

While his last days at the White House were filled with many "last acts" for Dwight Eisenhower, the early days of his retirement would be filled with many firsts. For the first time in eight years he would shave himself in the morning; he would pick out his own tie; when he walked toward a door someone would not be waiting to open it for him; he would drive his own car. And in exchange for his escape from the pressures of his present post he would trade the convenience of immediate access to jet planes, helicopters, navy ships and a fleet of government cars for the vehicles he owned at Gettysburg—a 1956 Chrysler limousine, a station wagon, and two jeeps.

Even in the final days of his second term Mr. Eisenhower was thinking in terms of the future of the presidency. In his last press conference, as he had in his last cabinet meeting, he spoke out in favor of advancing the months for both presidential elections and presidential inaugurations. He had reached the opinion, he said, that it was both inefficient and ineffective to conclude the President's term after the convening of the new Congress. He felt a new President should have time to adjust to his new office, draft his messages on the "state of the Union" and the budget, and present his legislative program before the members of the new Congress assembled, generally on the third or fourth day of the new year. He expressed concern over the useless waste of effort in an outgoing President's submitting to Congress budgetary and legislative proposals that would be superseded some two weeks later when his successor addressed himself to the same subjects.

(As a conservative Republican I have wished the national election could be held on April 15. Even though the mood, lamentably, does not last, most citizens are fiscal conservatives on income-tax day.)

On his last full day in the White House, Dwight Eisenhower was at work by 7:15 A.M. He spent most of the morning with the President-elect, giving him a final briefing devoted to foreign affairs and security matters. The meeting was held in the cabinet room, and when it was concluded the President moved down to the side of the

room next to the door to his secretary's office and used the end of the long cabinet table as a desk. Working in his own office and at his own desk was out of the question. He had ordered the office painted for the benefit of its new occupant, not realizing Mr. Kennedy would have it done again with a change of color within the week.

The President spent his last afternoon in the White House signing tall stacks of letters, for the most part expressing gratitude to members of his administration. He had several callers, including a Treasury Department courier delivering the President's final salary and expense checks. These covered the nineteen and a half days in January; the salary check was for \$5416.69, the expense check for \$2708.31.

LV

During Eisenhower's terms, and through no fault of the President, the face of the Federal City had undergone some changes, few of them pleasing to traditionalists.

By congressional order the sleek streetcars were replaced by buses, and for the first time in its history the city without factories had to worry about smog count.

Impressive labor-union buildings continued to go up on every unoccupied lot. Most sought-after spaces were those on or near Capitol Hill where, quipped political punsters, union bosses could look out their windows each morning for reassurances the NAM had not carried off the Capitol during the night.

The Washington monument received a new \$100,000 lighting system which washed it white as a clean sheet against the night sky.

"To relieve traffic congestion" became an accepted substitute for reason; trees came toppling down at a staggering rate; parks were cut into, the water-front area was rased, boulevards widened, and the car became king. Every conceivable effort was bent toward funneling more and more automobiles into the city, further deferring the day

when the only realistic solution, a truly rapid-transit public system, could be economically feasible.

For a two-block length, Sixteenth Street was widened a half car width on each side, and fifty-four trees fell before the advance of automotive progress. The operation took five months, proving once more that there is no slower construction pace in all America than in the City of Pressures, where torn-up streets and the yawning holes of new buildings are a challenge to the patience of the populace.

Plans were completed for four additional bridges to slice across the beautiful Potomac, whose waters reached their highest level of pollution. In a jest not far from truth, it was said that a man, after he had fallen into the brown waters, should be given antitetanus shots first and artificial respiration second.

For the first time in history large neon signs were permitted along the city's accessways.

And, for nearly a year, the Capitol dome was painted various shades of protective paint as a part of the building's east-front renovations.

White House-tour salesmen in grubby white caps continued to sell visits to the mansion one-half block from the free public entrance. At the base of the Capitol vendors did a flourishing business on Confederate flags and felt hats sporting red, orange, and blue ostrich plumes.

But despite it all, despite every move to make it just one more metropolis, America's county seat remained the cleanest, brightest, most interesting and spectacularly beautiful city in the entire world. No spot anywhere is more photographed and, as the tourists who spend a quarter billion dollars a year to see it will reaffirm, for good reason.

From the rolling miles of clipped blue grass that connect it to Alexandria and Arlington, to the Marine Review and the Water Gate concerts, to its litter-free parks, to its marble monuments and its Mellon Gallery masterpieces, to the *Spirit of St. Louis* and the inaugural gowns at the Smithsonian, to the Bureau of Engraving's money factory, to the wide halls of the White House, to Capitol Hill—it's the greatest in the world and any American not proud to have her as his nation's capital doesn't deserve his citizenship.

American patriotism runs at a moisty-eyed high among tourists and residents alike. A Washington cab driver once ordered three portly matrons from his car after they had identified themselves as Daughters of the American Revolution. As he explained it, "I don't want any revolutionists in *my* cab."

LVI

Washington seldom has snow as heavy as that which fell on the night before the Kennedy inauguration. It came down gently and without wind but soon had the city immobilized. Few of those who stayed in their offices past five o'clock arrived home before midnight. Traffic crawled at a snail's pace. Secretary of State Herter started home in his official limousine; two and a half hours later he was only ten blocks from the State Department.

In order to attend the preinaugural festivities held in his behalf, Senator Kennedy had to exercise a presidential prerogative prematurely and order transportation dispatched from the White House garage.

Fourteen secretaries stayed too late fulfilling the last instructions of their departing bosses and had to sleep in the White House bomb shelter overnight.

Nevertheless, inauguration morning dawned bright and clear. It was Eisenhower weather to the end. At both his first and second inaugurations, although the days had begun cloudy, a shaft of sun had come through like a divine blessing the moment Eisenhower had raised his hand to take the oath.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy joined the Eisenhowers, the Nixons, and the Johnsons for nearly thirty minutes in the White House before they started for the ceremonies. When the party came out, they stopped for a moment on the north portico for pictures. There were so many spots for newsmen to cover at the Capitol and along the parade route that only a small group were assembled on the portico.

The President appeared ill at ease in his top hat and doffed it as

soon as he could inside his car. He followed Senator Kennedy into the bubble-top limousine. Behind them, in three cars, rode Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson; Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Kennedy; Mrs. Nixon and Mrs. Johnson. As each black car moved out from under the portico, it kicked up a swirl of snow over those that followed it. The caravan moved off at the slow pace of a funeral cortege, inconsistent with the band music which blared over the loud-speakers in the streets, and headed up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Building. There the oldest President in his country's history would transfer to her youngest tasks and burdens greater than any he had known before.

LVII

Except for the night lights in the hall, the mansion was dark. Mrs. Eisenhower had slept only a few hours when, as she later told it to friends, the problems that were weighing on her mind when she had gone to bed prodded her back to full wakefulness. In the quiet of the dark house she took up where she had left off on preparations for a White House party of special significance to her and to the President.

They had decided to have a final dinner for the Vice President and the sitting members of the Cabinet, and they had sent out invitations as well to the former members of the top echelon. They had invited Eisenhower's first Defense Secretary and Mrs. "Charlie" Wilson; they had asked former Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Marion Folsom and his predecessor, Oveta Culp Hobby, who had sent her acceptance up from Texas; they had included the widow of John Foster Dulles, and from Oregon the wife of the former Interior Secretary Douglas McKay, and they had included old friends like the David Sarnoffs of New York and General "Bobbie" Cutler of Boston. They had invited the publisher of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and Mrs. Walter Annenberg and their fellow Pennsylvanians, the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* and Mrs. Ben Hibbs. From New York they had included the president of Doubleday and Company and Mrs.

Douglas Black, chairman of United States Steel Corporation and Mrs. Roger M. Blough, and the Robert Montgomerys. From around the country they would be coming for this last big party—this last gathering of the clan.

Like the President, Mrs. Eisenhower was close to only a few of her relatives. And, like him, she felt almost a kinship with many of the members of the President's official "family." Deciding this should be a family party was easy. Holding the guest list down to an intimate size, however, was a problem so difficult it was finally decided to slice it in two, hold identical parties on two successive nights, divide the top guest list equally, and ask Vice President and Mrs. Nixon to appear at both parties so neither would outrank the other.

The details of the evenings, once she had decided on the menus and the color scheme, were not a great concern to the First Lady. Protocol would determine the seating order for most guests, and the President would pass on the placement of others. The White House floral shop would capably handle arrangements for the table and would automatically place large bouquets of white flowers in the Red Room, yellow in the Green Room, and lavender in the Blue Room where Mrs. Eisenhower and the President would stand to greet their guests on arrival. Other details would be supervised by the head usher, the head housekeeper, and Mrs. Eisenhower's personal secretary. Nor were the servants a problem for the First Lady. Unlike other hostesses in mid-twentieth-century America, she had almost no turn-over in her staff except in cases of retirement or ill-health. Further, the staff she had inherited was fully trained in the correct way to do the job to be done and long ago had learned the Eisenhower preferences where correctness permitted alternatives.

No, none of these details was robbing Mrs. Eisenhower of her sleep. It was the bigger problem of how to blend such a mixture of old friends, nostalgic memories, and final togetherness without dissolving the whole assemblage in tears. Rather than the customary musicale following dinner, she decided it would be nice if they danced. This idea appealed to her because it broke with the traditional; light, gay music would be in order, and the more sentimental would be kept occupied with other than their own thoughts.

There was always the chance, of course, that no one would feel like

dancing, and the band would play on to an empty floor. But dance music, whether danced to or not, would set the happy mood she wanted to prevail. As sleep began to come again, she also decided to ask one of the service choirs to come in to sing some light show tunes during an intermission in the dancing.

One of the old admonitions is to live each day as if it were your last. No one had to remind those invited to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and the Eisenhower's dinner dance that this was a last-of-its-kind occasion to be savored and enjoyed. For all but a few of the guests, there would never again be a gold-embossed invitation to dine with a President of the United States.

Each had arrived, determined to enjoy this last meeting to the fullest, yet each found it difficult to enjoy the occasion at all, realizing it was his last. The guests pulled all the stops in preparing for the party. Republican women, never known as dowdy dressers, brought out their best furs and finest gowns (some purchased in expectation of a Nixon inaugural ball). Nor was this an evening for wearing paste facsimiles of family heirlooms while the genuine jewels stayed at home or in safe-deposit boxes. To go with their white ties and tails, many men had doffed the accepted homburg and rented a top hat—the evening was that special.

As the members of the Eisenhower administration, past and present, arrived at the White House, they were escorted upstairs to the First Family's private living quarters. This rare treat of a glimpse into the second-floor apartments the Eisenhowers had called "home" for eight years was a tribute to the warmth of friendship between hosts and guests.

Each course at the dinners was a repeat of one that had drawn especial praise from a member of royalty or visiting head of state when it was first served. Mrs. Eisenhower had selected the most successful items from the menus that had been prepared for the nearly seventy official foreign visitors—more than any of her predecessors—to whom she had been a gracious hostess.

The main courses were roast stuffed duckling with applesauce and wild rice, and Delmonico roast beef with Irish apple garnish. For dessert there was marron Charlotte, a chestnut custard, and frozen rum pudding with butterscotch sauce. As dinner progressed, conver-

sation rose and fell in uneasy crescendos, laughter was nervous and too quick. And by the time the diners had finished their meal, each had taken a long, detail-memorizing look at the head of the household and Mrs. Eisenhower, and, seated beside them, at the head of the guest list, the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon.

Richard Nixon and his wife appeared so naturally a part of this setting, so obviously the second in command, that guests bitterly called each other's attention to the inscription on the high mantel in the dining room. Chiseled into the marble was the prayer given in this same room by President John Adams, the first President—and Harvard graduate—to occupy the White House, on November 2, 1800. "I pray Heaven to bestow the best of blessings on this house and on all that shall hereafter inhabit it. May none but honest and wise men ever rule under this roof." Adams had written it in a letter to his wife, Abigail. The prayer was omitted in the White House restoration, but President Eisenhower had ordered it replaced.

Following dinner, the United States Air Force Singing Strings wound through the Red, Green, and Blue Rooms to serenade the guests mingling there for their coffee. At ten-thirty the activity began in the East Room. Along with other rooms of the mansion, it received the finishing touches of new paint only days before. The gold draperies had been freshly cleaned, and the thousands of prisms on each of the three 600-pound chandeliers had received their semi-annual high polish. Their glister was caught between the big mirrors over each of the four fireplaces in which great sprays of yellow carnations had been placed.

Now at the room's northern end the members of the United States Marine Orchestra, uniformed in their brilliant red and gold coats, slipped quickly into their places and began the first set of dance music. The room filled with the guests; the black and white full-dress suits of the men gave a contrast that brought out the full spectrum of color in their bejeweled, begowned, and beguiling wives. Figuratively and literally, it was a party to end all parties.

Mrs. Eisenhower had worried unnecessarily that her guests might be reluctant to move onto the dance floor. Before the first set closed all but half a dozen couples had found the Marines' music irresistible. In that half dozen were the President and Mrs. Eisenhower. Since

the First Lady was refusing invitations to dance, the President stayed on the side lines too.

"I think she would be dancing," said the President, "if someone else had asked her for the first one. But since she turned me down, I guess she has decided to sit the evening out."

The First Lady, of course, wisely had recognized that if she once moved onto the floor she would be asked to dance every dance, and to her the better alternative was not to dance at all.

At the south end of the room at two large round tables, waiters replenished glasses of mixed drinks or the champagne for which most guests seemed to think the evening called. Off this end of the room a few of the nondancers gathered in the Green Room for quiet conversations with the Nixons. Many came as far as the doorway but couldn't bring themselves to break into the picture of the Second Family gracefully holding court in this home where they seemed so to belong.

I was standing at one side of this room talking with Mrs. Gordon Moore, sister of Mrs. Eisenhower, when the entertainment the First Lady had planned began during the dancing intermission period. At the other end of the ballroom the United States Army Chorus—the third of the three branches of the service to be represented during the evening—started playing a lively collection of tunes from Broadway musicals.

Conversation at the south end of the ballroom and in the Green Room continued in subdued tones. The President had joined his former Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, his former Secretary of Commerce, Lewis Strauss, and his former director of the Bureau of the Budget, Percival Brundage, around the champagne table, and they were engaged in a quiet, animated conversation, oblivious to the chorus in the background. Suddenly the tempo of the music changed, and they realized that they were being "shushed." As the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" filled the room talk had quieted and their conversation had become a distraction. One of the guests turned around and with her finger to her lips started a long "shhh." As she realized she was reprimanding the President of the United States the sound trailed off, her jaw fell down, and she looked as if she were propping her mouth wide open with her forefinger.

The President moved up to stand beside the First Lady. The

Nixons and the group in the Green Room came into the ballroom, too, and the whole assemblage stood in silence as the chorus sang the words for them.

But it was not "Auld Lang Syne" that made the women reach for their escorts' pocket handkerchiefs, that foredoomed further dancing, and prompted Richard Nixon to slip his arm around his wife's slim waist. For the final number of the evening was "Bless This House."* "Bless this house, O Lord, we pray," they sang, "make it safe by night and day . . ."

"Bless these walls, so firm and stout,
Keeping want and trouble out;
Bless the roof and chimneys tall,
Let Thy peace lie over all;
Bless this door, that it may prove
Ever open to joy and love.

"Bless these windows shining bright,
Letting in God's heav'nly light;
Bless the hearth a-blazing there,
With smoke ascending like a prayer;
Bless the folk who dwell therein,
Keep them pure and free from sin;
Bless us all that we may be
Fit, O Lord, to dwell with Thee,
Bless us all that one day we
May dwell, O Lord, with Thee."

These were the words that filled their hearts that night as the guests collected their wraps and walked out into the crisp air under the giant portico. These were their thoughts as they stood dwarfed by the giant white columns bathed in midnight moonlight. These were their reflections as they passed along the circular drive under the centuries-old elms and past the great iron gates that shield these eighteen acres from the world outside. These were their prayers for these eighteen acres under glass that provide the never-changing frame around the ever-changing picture that is the presidency of the United States.

* Boosey & Co., Ltd.
Boosey & Hawkes Ltd.

APPENDIX A

It was no secret to the President that his White House staff was often referred to as "The Palace Guard."

In a press conference on April 2, 1958, he said, "On top of the Palace Guard . . . I have the Cabinet, I have the National Security Council, and on top of these I have this: direct orders to every member of an executive department or independent agency that he can come to me directly at any time and no staff officer can stand in his way.

"They [members of the staff] sort out the things that are interesting to government and to me and make certain that I get them . . ."

Names of those who labored in the "sorting mill" during the Eisenhower years can be found in the following list. They are ranked alphabetically, not in order of their importance, despite the coincidence in the first name listed.

STAFF

Sherman Adams	Assistant to the President	Jan. 20, 1953– Nov. 1, 1958
Dillon Anderson	Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs	Apr. 2, 1955– Sept. 1, 1956
	Consultant	June 29, 1957– Jan. 20, 1961
Jack Z. Anderson	Administrative Assistant to the President	Dec. 15, 1956– Jan. 20, 1961
Phillip E. Areeda	Economic Affairs and Higher Criticism	July, 1956– Nov. 11, 1958
	Assistant Special Counsel to the President	Nov. 12, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Evan P. Aurand	Naval Aide to the President	Feb. 15, 1957– Jan. 20, 1961

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

J. William Barba	Assistant Special Counsel to the President	Mar. 15, 1954- Mar. 12, 1957
Edward L. Beach	Naval Aide to the President	Jan. 21, 1953- Feb. 15, 1957
Stephen Gordon Benedict	Special Assistant to Dr. Hauge and Assistant Staff Secretary	Jan. 21, 1953- Apr. 17, 1955
John Stewart Bragdon	Special Assistant to the President for Public Works Planning	Aug. 15, 1955- June 28, 1960
Karl Brandt	President Council of Economic Advisers	Oct. 31, 1958- Jan. 20, 1961
Percival F. Brundage	Director of Bureau of the Budget	Apr. 2, 1956- Mar. 15, 1958
Arthur F. Burns	Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers	Aug. 8, 1953- Dec. 1, 1956
John L. Butts	Assistant to the Naval Aide to the President	July 1, 1957- Sept. 15, 1960
Paul Thomas Carroll	Staff Secretary and Defense Liaison Officer in White House	Jan. 21, 1953- Jan. 20, 1961
Earle D. Chesney	Assistant to the Deputy Assistant to the President	Mar. 4, 1954- Jan. 20, 1961
Dale Jackson Crittenberger	Assistant to the Military Aide to the President	July 23, 1956- July 8, 1959
Howard Crosby	Assistant to the Naval Aide to the President	Aug. 1955- Sept. 1957
Edward Peck Curtis	Special Assistant to the President for Aviation Facilities Planning	Mar. 1, 1956- June 15, 1957
Robert Cutler	Administrative Assistant to General Eisenhower Special Assistant for National Security Affairs	Jan. 21, 1953- Jan. 20, 1961

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Robert Cutler (<i>cont'd</i>)	U. S. Executive Director of the Inter-American Development Bank	Jan. 27, 1960— present
Frederick M. Dearborn, Jr.	Special Assistant to the President for Security Operations Coordination	May 27, 1957— Feb. 25, 1958
Joseph M. Dodge	Director of the Budget	Jan. 21, 1953— Apr. 15, 1954
William G. Draper	Pilot for the President	
John S. D. Eisenhower	Assistant Staff Secretary	Oct. 20, 1958— Jan. 20, 1961
Milton S. Eisenhower	Presidential Adviser	
Harris Ellsworth	Chairman of U. S. Civil Service Commission and President's Adviser on Personnel Management	Apr. 18, 1957— Feb. 28, 1959
Frank Sterling Evans	Assistant to the President's Air Aide	May 18, 1956— Jan. 20, 1961
William Bragg Ewald, Jr.	Special Assistant in the White House	Sept. 26, 1954— Aug. 26, 1956
Arthur S. Flemming	Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare	Aug. 1, 1958— Jan. 20, 1961
Frederick Ewing Fox	Special Assistant in White House Special Consultant to the President	July 16, 1956— Mar. 6, 1957 Mar. 7, 1957— Jan. 20, 1961
Clarence Francis	Special Consultant to the President	Mar. 8, 1954— Jan. 20, 1961
T. Keith Glennan	Head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration	Aug. 19, 1958— Jan. 20, 1961
Andrew J. Goodpaster, Jr.	Staff Secretary to the President	Oct. 10, 1954— Jan. 20, 1961

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Gordon Gray	Director of OCDM	Mar. 14, 1957– July 21, 1958
	Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs	July 22, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Robert Keith Gray	Special Assistant	May 16, 1956– May 15, 1958
	Secretary to the Cabinet	May 16, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Homer H. Gruenther	Assistant to the Deputy Assistant to the President	Jan. 21, 1953– Jan. 20, 1961
James C. Hagerty	Secretary (Press) to the President	Jan. 21, 1953– Jan. 20, 1961
John Hamlin	Executive Secretary of the Commission on Government Activities Affecting Prices and Costs	Aug. 6, 1956– Dec. 12, 1959
Robert E. Hampton	Special Assistant in the White House Office	May 4, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Bryce N. Harlow	Deputy Assistant to the President	Jan. 21, 1953– Jan. 20, 1961
Karl G. Harr, Jr.	Special Assistant to the President	Mar. 26, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Gabriel Hauge	Special Assistant to the President for Economic Affairs	Jan. 21, 1953– Sept. 30, 1958
Stephen H. Hess	Special Assistant in the White House	Feb. 20, 1959– Jan. 20, 1961
Leo Arthur Hoegh	Director of OCDM	July 1, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Emmet J. Hughes	Administrative Assistant to the President	Jan. 21, 1953– Oct. 15, 1953
Rowland R. Hughes	Director of the Budget	Apr. 16, 1954– Apr. 1, 1956

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

C. D. Jackson	Special Assistant to the President	Feb. 16, 1953– Mar. 31, 1954
William H. Jackson	Special Assistant to the President	Feb. 20, 1956– Jan. 1, 1957
A. R. Jones	Deputy Director, Bureau of the Budget	Apr. 23, 1956– Sept. 19, 1957
Roger W. Jones	Deputy Director of the Budget	1958– Mar. 9, 1959
David W. Kendall	Counsel to the President	Nov. 5, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Meyer Kestnbaum	Special Assistant to the President	Oct. 10, 1955– Dec. 14, 1960
Robert S. Kieve	Special Assistant in the White House	Jan. 21, 1953– Jan. 24, 1955
James R. Killian, Jr.	Special Assistant for Science and Technology	Nov. 8, 1957– July 15, 1959
Arthur A. Kimball	Staff Director of the President's Advisory Committee on Government Organization	Mar. 8, 1954– Sept. 14, 1960
George B. Kistiakowsky	Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology	July 15, 1959– Jan. 20, 1961
James M. Lambie, Jr.	Special Assistant in the White House Assistant Staff Secretary	Mar. 3, 1953– Sept. 3, 1960 Sept. 4, 1960– Jan. 20, 1961
Arthur Larson	Special Assistant to the President and Consultant	Oct. 28, 1957– Jan. 20, 1961
Albert N. Leman	Assistant to the Press Secretary to the President	Jan. 21, 1953– Mar. 15, 1953
Eugene J. Lyons	Special Assistant to the President for Personnel Management	Dec. 3, 1959– Jan. 20, 1961

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Edward A. McCabe	Associate Special Counsel to the President Administrative Assistant	Jan. 16, 1956– Sept. 9, 1958 Sept. 10, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Gerry M. McCabe	Office of the Naval Aide	July 28, 1960– Jan. 20, 1961
Mary Jane McCaffree	Social Secretary in the White House and Personal Secretary to the First Lady	Jan. 21, 1953– Jan. 20, 1961
Kevin McCann	Special Assistant and Consultant	Oct. 19, 1953– Feb. 1, 1957
F. Moran McConihe	Consultant to the President Commissioner of Public Buildings for General Services Administration	Jan. 30, 1956– May 7, 1956 May 7, 1956– Jan. 20, 1961
Henry Roemer McPhee, Jr.	Special Assistant Assistant Special Counsel to the President Associate Special Counsel	1954 1957 Nov. 12, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
I. Jack Martin	Administrative Assistant to the President Associate Judge, U. S. Court of Customs and Patent Appeals	Sept. 22, 1953– Aug. 27, 1958 Aug. 28, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Charles F. Masterson	Special Assistant in the White House	Sept. 14, 1953– Nov. 28, 1956
Robert E. Merriam	Deputy Assistant to the President for Interdepartmental Affairs	Sept. 10, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
L. Arthur Minnich	Assistant Staff Secretary	Jan. 21, 1953– Aug. 6, 1960
Robert Montgomery	Television Consultant to the President	Jan. 21, 1953– Jan. 20, 1961

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Malcolm Charles Moos	White House Consultant	Oct. 30, 1957– Oct. 15, 1958
	Administrative Assistant to the President	Oct. 15, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Gerald D. Morgan	Consultant	Jan. 21, 1953– Sept., 1953
	Administrative Assistant to the President	Sept., 1953– Feb. 18, 1955
	The Deputy Assistant to the President	Feb. 19, 1955– Jan. 20, 1961
E. Frederic Morrow	Administrative Officer for the Special Projects Group in the Executive Office of the President	July 11, 1955– Jan. 20, 1961
Don Paarlberg	Special Assistant to the President for Economic Affairs	Oct. 8, 1958– Apr. 13, 1960
	Coordinator for Food for Peace Program	Apr. 13, 1960– Jan. 20, 1961
Bradley H. Patterson, Jr.	White House Secretariat	1954– Mar. 13, 1955
	Assistant to the Secretary to the Cabinet	Mar. 13, 1955– Jan. 20, 1961
John S. Patterson	Deputy Director, Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization in the Executive Office of the President	July 11, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Amos J. Peaslee	Deputy Special Assistant to the President	Feb. 23, 1956– June 16, 1958
Wilton B. Persons	White House	1953
	Assistant to the President	Oct. 7, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Floyd D. Peterson	Special Assistant to the President for Public Works Planning	July 6, 1960– Jan. 20, 1961

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Val Peterson	Administrative Assistant	Jan. 21, 1953– Mar. 1, 1953
	Federal Civil Defense Administrator	Mar. 2, 1953– June 14, 1957
David W. Peyton	Assistant in White House Office	July 13, 1958– Jan. 10, 1960
Thomas P. Pike	Special Assistant to the Presi- dent White House	June 28, 1956– Dec. 15, 1956 1958
Douglas R. Price	Executive Assistant	Sept. 23, 1957– Jan. 20, 1961
Howard Pyle	Administrative Assistant to the President	Feb. 1, 1955– Jan. 31, 1959
Elwood R. Quesada	Special Assistant for Aviation	June 25, 1957– Apr. 9, 1959
	Administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency	Apr. 9, 1959– Jan. 20, 1961
Maxwell M. Rabb	Associate Counsel	Jan. 21, 1953– Oct. 18, 1954
	Secretary to the Cabinet	Oct. 19, 1954– May 15, 1958
Clarence B. Randall	Special Assistant to the Presi- dent in Area of Foreign Economic Policy	1953– Jan. 20, 1961
Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller	Special Assistant to the Presi- dent	Dec. 16, 1954– Dec. 31, 1955
Stanley M. Rumbough, Jr.	Special Assistant in the White House	June 6, 1954– Nov. 30, 1954
Christopher H. Russell	Special Assistant in the White House	Mar. 16, 1959– Jan. 20, 1961
Raymond J. Saulnier	Consultant to President's Council of Economic Ad- visers	1953–1955
	Member of President's Coun- cil of Economic Advisers	Apr., 1955– Dec. 2, 1956

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Raymond J. Saulnier (<i>cont'd</i>)	Chairman of President's Council of Economic Ad- visers	Dec. 3, 1956- Jan. 20, 1961
Robert L. Schulz	Military Aide to the Presi- dent	Jan. 8, 1953- Jan. 20, 1961
Fred A. Seaton	Special Assistant to the Presi- dent Secretary of the Interior	Feb. 21, 1955- June 7, 1956 June 8, 1956- Jan. 20, 1961
Bernard M. Shanley	Special Counsel and Ap- pointments Secretary to the President	Jan. 30, 1953- Nov. 6, 1957
Rocco C. Siciliano	Special Assistant to the Presi- dent for Personnel Man- agement	Sept. 23, 1957- Nov. 30, 1959
Howard M. Snyder	Personal Physician to the President	Jan. 21, 1953- Jan. 20, 1961
Murray Snyder	Assistant Press Secretary to the President	Jan. 20, 1953- Mar. 21, 1957
Elmer B. Staats	Bureau of the Budget Deputy Director of the Budget	Apr. 10, 1950- present
John H. Stambaugh	Special Consultant to the President	July 20, 1957- Jan. 20, 1961
Timothy W. Stanley	Special Assistant	Mar. 15, 1957- Mar. 15, 1959
Maurice H. Stans	Director of the Bureau of the Budget	Mar. 18, 1958- Jan. 20, 1961
Harold E. Stassen	Special Assistant to the Presi- dent	Mar. 19, 1955- Feb. 15, 1958
Roger Steffan	Assistant to the Assistant to the President	Jan. 21, 1953- May 22, 1954

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Thomas E. Stephens	Special Counsel to the President and Appointments Secretary	Jan. 21, 1953- Jan. 20, 1961
Lewis L. Strauss	Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and Special Assistant to the President on Atomic Energy Matters	Mar. 9, 1953- Nov. 12, 1958
Richard W. Streiff	Assistant Military Aide to the President	Jan. 1, 1953- July 23, 1956 July 8, 1959- Jan. 21, 1961
Edward T. Tait	Special Assistant in the White House	July 1, 1955- Aug. 6, 1956
William W. Thomas	Pilot of Presidential Aircraft	Jan. 21, 1953- Jan. 20, 1961
Walter R. Tkach	Assistant to the Personal Physician to the President	Jan. 20, 1953- Jan. 20, 1961
Albert P. Toner	Assistant to the Staff Secretary	June 6, 1956- May 31, 1960
Henry C. Wallich	Member of President's Council of Economic Advisers	Apr. 15, 1959- Jan. 20, 1961
W. Allen Wallis	Executive Vice Chairman of the Cabinet Committee on Price Stability for Economic Growth Special Assistant to the President	1959 June 10, 1959- Feb. 1, 1960
Wayne B. Warrington	Special Assistant in the White House	Feb. 11, 1957- May 1, 1959
Gerald H. Weyrauch	Potomac River Naval Command	July, 1957- Jan. 20, 1961
Anne W. Wheaton	Associate Press Secretary	May 2, 1957- Jan. 20, 1961

EIGHTEEN ACRES UNDER GLASS

Clyde A. Wheeler, Jr.	Staff Assistant to the President	Feb. 5, 1959– Aug. 27, 1960
Ann C. Whitman	Secretary to the President	Jan. 21, 1953– Jan. 20, 1961
Ralph E. Williams, Jr.	Assistant Naval Aide to the President	Aug. 15, 1958– Jan. 20, 1961
Charles F. Willis, Jr.	Assistant to the Assistant to the President	Jan. 21, 1953– June 30, 1955
Philip Young	Chairman of the Civil Service Commission and Adviser to the President on Personnel Management	Mar. 23, 1953– Mar. 1, 1957

APPENDIX B

THOSE ASSIGNED PLACES AT THE EISENHOWER CABINET TABLE

President Dwight D. Eisenhower

Vice President Richard M. Nixon

Secretaries of State:

John Foster Dulles

Christian Archibald Herter

Secretaries of the Treasury:

George Magoffin Humphrey

Robert Bernard Anderson

Secretaries of Defense:

Charles E. Wilson

Neil H. McElroy

Thomas Sovereign Gates

Attorneys General:

Herbert Brownell, Jr.

William Pierce Rogers

Postmaster General:

Arthur E. Summerfield

Secretaries of Interior:

Douglas McKay

Fred A. Seaton

Secretary of Agriculture:

Ezra Taft Benson

Secretaries of Commerce:

Sinclair Weeks

Lewis L. Strauss

Frederick H. Mueller

Secretaries of Labor:

Martin P. Durkin
James Paul Mitchell

Secretaries of Health, Education and Welfare:

Oveta Culp Hobby
Marion B. Folsom
Arthur S. Flemming

Chairmen, Atomic Energy Commission:

Lewis L. Strauss
John A. McCone

Directors, Bureau of the Budget:

Joseph M. Dodge
Percival F. Brundage
Maurice H. Stans

Directors, Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization:

Arthur S. Flemming
Val Peterson
Gordon Gray
Leo A. Hoegh

United States Representative to the United Nations:

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.
James J. Wadsworth

The Assistants to the President:

Sherman Adams
Wilton B. Persons

The Secretaries to the Cabinet:

Maxwell M. Rabb
Robert Keith Gray

(continued from front flap)

of the most highly coordinated and efficient advisory groups in the world — and how Vice President Richard M. Nixon emerged as a man whose political genius and high integrity made him one of the President's most valued associates . . . and whose defeat in the 1960 election was one of Eisenhower's bitterest disappointments.

With an infallible memory for fact and anecdote, Mr. Gray portrays the lightning pace of life inside and out of the White House, with its crushing responsibilities, its quiet relaxation, and its moments of hilarity, heartbreak, and defeat.

ROBERT KEITH GRAY holds a Masters Degree in Business Administration from Harvard. After a short period as a college instructor, he spent several years in private business.

In 1955 Mr. Gray joined the Navy Department as Special Assistant to Manpower. Called to the White House in 1956, he served first as Special Assistant to Sherman Adams, then acted as Appointments Secretary to President Eisenhower, and finally, in 1958, as Secretary of the Cabinet.

Mr. Gray has been the subject of numerous magazine and newspaper articles; he is currently Vice President and member of the Board of Trustees of the American Heritage Foundation.

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